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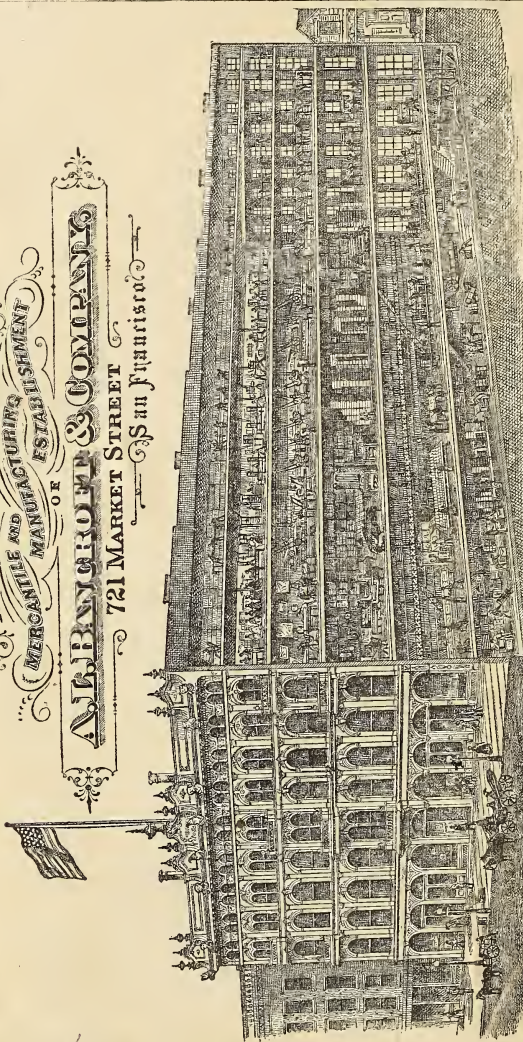
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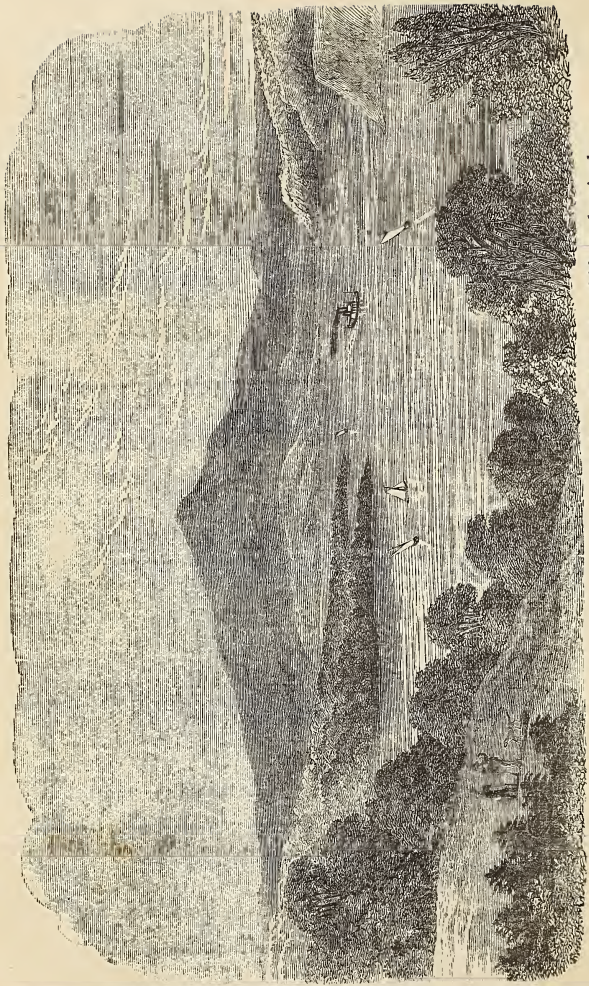
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The mountain soften'd in its shape,
Its perfect symmetry attained—

And swathed in velvet folds, and stained
With dusty purple of the grape.

See page 299.

Pacific Coast Series.

THE

PACIFIC COAST

FIFTH READER.

REVISED EDITION.



SAN FRANCISCO :

A. L. BANCROFT & COMPANY,

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

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PREFACE.

THE Analysis of Reading, which constitutes Part First of this volume, has been elaborated and extended so as to include, if possible, every important principle of Elocution. It has been our aim in this introductory portion of the work, to present, in a compact form, the accepted ideas of the best authors on the subject, interwoven with such original suggestions and modifications as were deemed necessary to harmonize the whole, and bring out principles that had been hinted at, rather than properly presented, in previous works.

The Definitions of the principles of reading, if the expectations of the author have been fulfilled, are clear and concise, and the arrangement is logical and systematic; so that, while it may be impossible for any one to learn to read well entirely by *rule*, the student will at least acquire a fixed and definite idea of what constitutes the elements of good reading.

As many select extracts, suitable for declamation, recitation and dialogue, have been scattered through the volume, a brief chapter on Oratory has been appended. As for all other matters relating to the scope and character of the elocutionary portion of the Fifth Reader, the same general system announced in the Fourth has been pursued.

In addition to the Analysis of Reading, we have deemed it expedient to give a few brief rules in Poetry and Prose Composition, in order that the pupil may have some knowledge of the subject-matter he has in hand.

PART SECOND is made up of Select Readings, and presents an array of the choicest extracts, gleaned from the whole field of English and American literature. It is not possible, within the narrow limits of a School Reader, to give selections from

all the standard authors, but it will be found that the leading and characteristic writers, in all departments of literature, have been fairly introduced. The literature of the Pacific Coast has received, as is believed to be proper, some special recognition, but not to the extent of being sectional or exclusive.

While we have made special effort to have our selections as varied as possible, we have never lost sight of the great desiderata in a School Reader—suitable matter for elocutionary work, and sound models for English composition.

The biographical sketches of the authors from whom selections have been made, are as full as the nature of the case would admit. They have been compiled with great care, and it is believed that they will serve, not only to impart much useful information, but to awaken and stimulate a love of literature which will prove of life-long value to the student.

Notes, explanatory of biographical, historical, or mythological references, have been appended in all cases where such references occur, as also spelling and defining exercises, when unusual or obsolete words are used in the text. The important habit of referring to the dictionary for more ordinary words, will thus be acquired by the pupil.

In the arrangement of the reading matter, the author has endeavored to present a constant variety, by passing from prose to poetry, and from one topic to another widely different, so as to avoid that weariness and satiety which necessarily ensue from grouping selections with reference to subject-matter.

With these prefatory remarks, the Fifth Reader is confidently submitted to the consideration of those for whose benefit it is designed.

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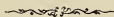
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PART FIRST.



ANALYSIS OF READING.

PART FIRST.

ANALYSIS OF READING.

READING is the translation of written into spoken language. It comprehends two general divisions; **ORTHOËPY** and **EXPRESSION**.

READING: { **ORTHOËPY**,
 { **EXPRESSION**.

ORTHOËPY relates to the correct pronunciation of words, and involves the production, by the voice, of the oral elements which constitute syllables; the correct utterance and accentuation of syllables; and the linking of syllables together in the form of spoken words.

THE ART OF READING, if confined to the principles of **Orthoëpy**, would enable us to give intelligible, but imperfect, utterance to written ideas.

EXPRESSION clothes the utterance of words with beauty and sentiment, and enables us, by modulations and intonations of the voice, to convey through the medium of sound the infinite shades of thought and emotion.

ORTHOËPY is the skeleton of speech; **Expression** puts upon that skeleton the vesture of life, and sends it forth as the faithful messenger of heart and brain.

ORTHOËPY.

Orthoëpy is the correct pronunciation of words. It embraces **Articulation**, **Syllabication** and **Accent**.

ORTHOËPY: { **ARTICULATION**,
 { **SYLLABICATION**,
 { **ACCENT**.

I. ARTICULATION.

Articulation is the distinct utterance of the sounds represented by the letters of the alphabet in syllables and words.

These sounds are called **ORAL ELEMENTS**.

ORAL ELEMENTS are divided into three classes: **VOWEL SOUNDS**, **SUBVOWEL SOUNDS** and **ASPIRATES**.

ORAL ELEMENTS: { **VOWEL SOUNDS**,
 { **SUBVOWEL SOUNDS**,
 { **ASPIRATES**.

VOWEL SOUNDS are pure tones of the voice, represented by the *vowels* of the alphabet.

SUBVOWEL SOUNDS are undertones of the voice, ending with a slight whisper, represented by *consonants*.

ASPIRATES are mere whispers, or breathings, and have no vocal sound. They are represented by *consonants*.

THE ORAL ELEMENTS are made by the voice and the organs of speech.

The student must first be made to understand the difference between the name of an oral element and the element itself, as produced by the organs of speech. In learning the following tables, speak the word containing the element distinctly, and then the element by itself, exploding it with a variety of force and on different degrees of pitch. The ability to utter the vocal elements with accuracy, results from the careful exercise and education of the vocal organs.

Frequent drill on the oral elements is of the utmost importance, both for the improvement of the voice, and the acquisition of a correct articulation, and should on no account be neglected. The practice of exploding the vowels with a consonant prefixed, first a subvowel, then an aspirate, is of great value in acquiring control of the organs of speech and giving them power, flexibility and precision. It will also be found useful in uttering the oral elements, to give them the inflections, changing from the rising to the falling, from the falling to the circumflex, as, á, à, ã, â, etc.

I. TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

ā, as in āpe.	ā, as in what.	â, as in âsk.
ă, as in căt.	ă, as in făr.	â, as in âir.
ȃ, as in făl.		
ē, as in mē.	e, as in obey.	ê, like â, as in thêre.
ě, as in pět.	ē, like û, as in tērm.	
ī, as in nice.	ĩ, like ē, as in pique.	ĩ, like ē, as in bĩrd.
ĩ, as in ĩt.		
ō, as in ōld.	o, like ōō, as in move.	ōō, as in mōōn.
õ, as in nõt.	ô, like ōō, as in wõlf.	ôō, as in gōōd.
ô, like ũ, as in sôn.	ô, like ȃ, as in fôm.	
ū, as in mûte.	û, as in ûrge.	ȳ, like ōō, as in pȳll.
ũ, as in cûp.	ȳ, as in rȳmor.	
ȳ, like ĩ, as in flȳ.	ȳ, like ĩ, as in anȳ.	

DIPHTHONGS.

oi or oy, as in oil, boy. ou or ow, as in out, owl.

SUBVOWEL SOUNDS.

æ, as in bib.	n, as in none.	y, as in yet.
ä, as in did.	ŋ, like ng, as in link.	z, as in zeal.
ē, as in ġet.	r, as in roar.	ŷ, like z, as in praise.
ġ, like j, as in ġentle.	v, as in vile.	z, as in azure.
j, as in judge.	w, as in will.	ng, as in ring.
l, as in tall.	ʒ, like gs, as in exist.	th, as in they.
m, as in main.		

ASPIRATES.

ç, like s, as in çite.	s, as in sin.	sh, as in shop.
ē, like k, as in ear.	t, as in top.	th, as in thin.
f, as in fife.	ch, as in child.	wh, as in white.
h, as in hat.	çh, like sh, as in çhaise.	ph, as in sylph.
k, as in keg.	çh, like k, as in çhorus.	

As the above table has been prepared with reference to its future use, as a key to the system of marking employed in the biographical sketches and explanatory notes, many substitutes, not usually included in a list of Oral Elements, have been given.

II. ORAL SUBSTITUTES.

ORAL SUBSTITUTES are other letters or combinations of letters used to represent the oral elements; as,

ai, au, ey, in the words *gain, gauge, they*, for *ā*.

A list of Oral Substitutes has not been given, for the reason that they are hard to remember when standing alone, and they will be sufficiently indicated, as they occur, by the pronunciation of words.

Their variety and frequency make the English language extremely irregular in its orthography.

III. ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

THE MOST COMMON errors in Articulation are four in number, as follows:

First. LEAVING OUT A SYLLABLE; as, his'try for history; int'rest for interest.

Second. LEAVING OUT AN ORAL ELEMENT OR SOUND; as, fiel's for fields; goin' for going.

Third. CHANGE OF A VOWEL SOUND; as, git for get; sence for since; winder for window; childrin for children.

Fourth. BLENDING OF WORDS; as, On neither side a notion exists, for, On either side an ocean exists.

In learning to articulate clearly, be careful not to acquire a habit of *drawing*.

AVOID CHANGING THE ACCENT; as, for instance, in giving the sound of *a* in the word *metrical* be careful not to pronounce it *met-ri-cal'*, with the accent on the last instead of the first syllable.

UNACCENTED SYLLABLES should be pronounced as *distinctly* as those which are accented, less force and prolongation of voice being used; as in *stillness*, *kindness*, *travel*.

FINAL CONSONANTS. Oral Elements, represented by final consonants, should be prolonged and uttered with great distinctness; as, *He attempts to hide his angry acts*.

II. SYLLABICATION.

Syllabication relates to the formation and correct utterance of syllables.

I. SYLLABLES.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single effort of the voice.

A MONOSYLLABLE is a word of *one* syllable; as, *house*.

A DISSYLLABLE is a word of *two* syllables; as, *house-less*.

A TRISYLLABLE is a word of *three* syllables; as, *de-range-ment*.

A POLYSYLLABLE is a word of more than three syllables; as, *con-grat-u-la-tion*.

THE ULTIMATE is the last syllable of a word; as, *gle* in *single*.

THE PENULT is the last syllable but *one* of a word; as, *tru* in *in-tru-sion*.

THE ANTEPENULT is the last syllable but *two* of a word; as, *sti* in *con-sti-tu-tion*.

II. WORDS.

A SPOKEN WORD is one or more oral elements used to express an idea.

A WRITTEN WORD is one or more letters used as the *sign* of an idea.

Words are divided into PRIMITIVE, DERIVATIVE, SIMPLE and COMPOUND.

WORDS:	{	PRIMITIVE,
		DERIVATIVE,
		SIMPLE,
		COMPOUND.

A PRIMITIVE WORD is not derived from any other word, but is a root from which other words spring; as, *fix*, *pain*.

A DERIVATIVE WORD is formed from a primitive by placing a syllable before it, called a prefix, or by adding a syllable to it, called an affix, as in *prefix*, *painful*.

A SIMPLE WORD is one that cannot be divided without destroying the sense; as, *ink*, *book*.

A COMPOUND WORD is formed by two or more simple words; as, *ink-stand*, *book-binder*.

A PHRASE is a combination of words not expressing an entire proposition,

but performing a distinct office in the structure of a sentence or of another phrase; as, He sat *in his tent*. He came *in the carriage of a friend*.

A SENTENCE is a combination of words which asserts an entire proposition; as,

God said, Let there be light!

It is not all of life to live.

Youth is the season for improvement.

III. ACCENT.

Accent is a stress of voice laid on one or more syllables of a word.

In long words, containing many syllables, *two* syllables are spoken with greater force than the others. Hence we have two accents, viz: the PRIMARY and the SECONDARY, the former being stronger than the latter.

ACCENT: { PRIMARY,
 } SECONDARY.

PRIMARY ACCENT is marked thus ('); as, man'ly, boy'ish, hap'py.

SECONDARY ACCENT is marked thus ('), more lightly; as, con'-sti-tu'-tion, fun'-da-ment'al.

Very long words sometimes have a third accent; as, in'-ter-com-mu'ni-ca'-tion.

The meaning of many words having the same form, is determined by accent.

Pres'-ent, a gift.

Pre-sent', to give.

Au'-gust, a month.

Au-gust', grand.

CHANGED BY CONTRAST. The accent of words is often changed by contrast; as,

Man *pro'*poses, but God *dis'*poses.

Be *con'*sistent and *per'*sistent.

Weapons of *of'*fense and *de'*fense.

EXPRESSION.

Expression is the utterance of written thoughts, feelings and sentiments, in such a manner as to convey them truly and impressively to the hearer.

The general divisions of Expression are, as follows:

EXPRESSION: { EMPHASIS,
 } INFLECTION,
 } PAUSE,
 } MODULATION.

I. EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is a force of voice laid upon some word or words, to give them strong meaning.

EMPHASIS is the chief resource of the reader and the orator, and is capable of gradations as varied and finely shaded as the thoughts and emotions it is used to express.

EMPHASIS is divided into ABSOLUTE AND RELATIVE.

EMPHASIS:	{ ABSOLUTE,
	{ RELATIVE.

Emphatic words are often denoted by being printed in *italics*; those more emphatic in SMALL CAPITALS; and those still more so, in LARGE CAPITALS.

ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS is the force of voice laid upon a word or words, to show the importance of the idea expressed by it or them; as,

We must obey the laws of health; the penalty of taking poison is *death*, the penalty of intemperance is *misery*, DECAY and DEATH.

The terse mandate of God falls loud and clear upon the race, "THOU SHALT NOT KILL."

Hurrah! for the Union! HURRAH! HURRAH!

The charge is *utterly*, TOTALLY, MEANLY, false.

They shouted *France!* SPAIN! ALBION! VICTORY!

A succession of important words or phrases, as in the preceding examples, usually requires a gradual increase of emphatic force, but emphasis sometimes falls on the last word of a series only; as,

These misfortunes are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the *weak*, as to the rich, the wise, and the *powerful*.

It is better to be poor, unknown and *true*, than to be rich, applauded and *false*.

RELATIVE EMPHASIS is a force of voice laid upon some word or words, to *compare* and *contrast* the idea expressed by it or them, with that expressed by some other word or words; as,

He not only *talked* Christianity, but *acted* it.

The *few* shall not forever sway,

The *many* wail in sorrow!

The powers of *Sin* are strong *to-day*,

But *Right* shall reign *to-morrow!*

MERE LOUDNESS of tone does not constitute Emphasis. On the contrary, the volume of the voice is often not great enough to express the depth and strength of our feelings, and the emphatic words are spoken with a hiss, or a husky whisper; as,

And whispered with white lips, *the foe! they come!* THEY COME!

O that I had words to paint in fitting colors the character of a man who could be guilty of an act so *mean*, and *low*, and *VILE!*

The Emphasis can be moved so as to change the entire meaning of a sentence; as,

Did you attend the Fair to-day? No.
 Did *you* attend the Fair to-day? No, my brother did.
 Did you attend the *Fair* to-day? No, I staid at home.
 Did you attend the Fair *to-day*? No, I went yesterday.

II. INFLECTION.

Inflection is the bend or slide of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

There are three inflections, as follows:

INFLECTION:	{	RISING,
		FALLING,
		CIRCUMFLEX.

THE RISING INFLECTION is the upward slide of the voice; as,

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?

THE FALLING INFLECTION is the downward slide of the voice; as,

It requires more courage to live than to die.

THE CIRCUMFLEX is the union of the *rising* and *falling* inflections on the same syllable or word, so as to produce a wave of the voice. It may begin with the *rising* and end with the *falling*, or begin with the *falling* and end with the *rising* inflection.

How MARKED. The *rising* inflection is marked thus ('); and the *falling* inflection thus ('). The *rising circumflex* is marked thus (˘); and the *falling circumflex* thus (˙).

NO RULES OF UNIVERSAL APPLICATION can be given for the inflections. A few rules of most general use are inserted below for the guidance of the pupil.

I. RISING INFLECTION.

1. DIRECT QUESTIONS, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, unless repeated with emphasis, generally take the *rising* inflection, and their answers the *falling*; as,

Can pleasure alone satisfy the soul? No'.

2. WHEN REPEATED with emphasis, direct questions take the *falling* inflection.

3. CARELESS ANSWERS to direct questions take the *rising* inflection; as,

Will you be at home early? Perhaps'.

4. **DISJUNCTIVE OR.** Words and clauses connected by the disjunctive or usually take the *rising* inflection *before*, and the *falling* after it; as,

To be', or not to be'—that's the question.

Did you say valor' or value'?

5. **CONJUNCTIVE OR.** Words and clauses connected by *or*, used *conjunctively*, require the *rising* inflection after, as well as before it, except when the clause or sentence expresses a completion of the sense; as,

Can you expect to succeed if you are idle', or vicious', or profligate'?

Show me that you are possessed of either wisdom', or valor', or virtue', and I will respect you'.

6. **THE NAME OF THE PERSON**, or object, addressed generally takes the *rising* inflection; as,

Friends', Romans', countrymen', lend me your ears.

Ye hills', and dales', ye rivers', woods' and plains',

Tell, if ye saw, how came I here'?

7. **WHEN REPEATED WITH EMPHASIS**, such words generally take the *falling* inflection.

8. **WHEN A PAUSE IS REQUIRED** by the meaning, and the sense is not complete, the *rising* inflection is generally used: as,

He tried each art', reprov'd each dull delay',
Allured to brighter worlds', and led the way'.

9. **TENDER EMOTION**, such as grief, pity, kindness, gentle joy, and mild entreaty, commonly requires the *rising* inflection; as,

Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky',
The flying cloud, the frosty light';
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die'.

I am sorry, mother', that I disobeyed you'.

REMEMBER that the *rising* inflection is often very slight, so that, in fact, the voice is merely *suspended*, rather than raised.

II. FALLING INFLECTION.

1. **INDIRECT QUESTIONS**, or those which cannot be answered by yes or no, generally take the *falling* inflection, and their answers the same; as,

Where are you going now'? To the office'.

How far is it from New York to San Francisco'?

2. **WHEN REPEATED**, however, indirect questions expect a brief and immediate answer, like direct questions, and therefore take the *rising* inflection; as,

Where did you say'? How far'?

3. THE LANGUAGE OF COMMAND, surprise, exclamation, anger, terror, and, in fact, *all strong emotion*, requires the falling inflection; as,

Command. Draw` archers`, draw your arrows to the head`!

Surprise. Well`! who would have thought` it!

Exclamation. 'Tis he`! 'tis he`! I know him well`!

Anger. Begone`! my soul abhors` thee!

Terror. The foe`! they come`! they come`!

4. The falling inflection is generally proper wherever the sense is complete, whether at the end of a sentence or not; as,

We sped the time with stories old`,
Wrought puzzles out`, and riddles told`.

5. WHEN NEGATION is opposed to *affirmation*, the former takes the *rising*, and the latter the *falling* inflection, whether the negation comes first or not; as,

I said an elder` soldier, not a better`.

6. IN CONTRAST AND ANTITHESIS, the inflections alternate, in order to set forth the contrast distinctly; as,

And it shall be, as with the people`, so with the priest`; as with the servant`, so with the master`; as with the maid`, so with her mistress`; as with the buyer`, so with the seller`; as with the lender`, so with the borrower`; as with the taker` of usury, so with the giver` of usury to him.

7. A GENERAL RULE for the use of the rising and falling inflections at the end of members and smaller sections of sentences may be stated thus:

In all loose, complex, and compound sentences whatever, those members which have the sense incomplete, or are dependent on something following, should have the *rising* inflection; and all those which have the sense finished and completed, or are independent of anything that follows, require the *falling* inflection.

8. THE EFFECT of strong emphasis usually is to give the falling inflection to words and clauses affected by the emphasis, when they would otherwise take the rising inflection. The case of *direct questions when repeated* comes under this rule, as the repetition of a question is commonly, if not invariably, accompanied with emphasis.

III. CIRCUMFLEX.

THE CIRCUMFLEX is used when the language is not sincere or earnest, but is employed in jest, ridicule, sarcasm or mockery. The *falling* circumflex is used in cases that would otherwise require the *falling* inflection; the *rising* circumflex in cases that would otherwise require the *rising* inflection; as,

Who thought that Smith would become a poet`!

He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
 His cōward lips did from their cōlor fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre.

Circumflex and emphasis are very much alike; so much so, indeed, that it is hardly necessary to give them different names.

In fact, the intimate relation of emphasis and inflection, and the marked influence of the former in determining what particular inflection shall be used in any case, render it impossible to provide a complete and unchanging system of rules for the guidance of the student in the application of the rising and falling slides of the voice; for emphasis is in its very nature too pliant, variable, and uncertain, to be the subject of definite regulation.

The *sense* of the matter to be read must be the chief reliance of the student in the use both of the inflections and of emphasis.

III. PAUSE.

Pause is the suspension of voice made in reading and speaking, in order to rest the voice, give an opportunity for breathing, and render the vocal expression of written matter intelligible and effective.

It has two general divisions, as follows:

PAUSE:	{ GRAMMATICAL, RHETORICAL.
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I. GRAMMATICAL PAUSE.

GRAMMATICAL PAUSE is used to mark the division of sentences, and thereby show more clearly their meaning and grammatical construction.

IT IS REPRESENTED by certain signs called *punctuation points*, or pauses.

The following are the principal points, or marks: the Comma (,), the Semicolon (;), the Colon (:), the Period (.), the Dash (—), the Interrogation Point (?), the Exclamation Point (!), and the Brackets [] or ().

The student is supposed to be already familiar with their use.

II. RHETORICAL PAUSE.

RHETORICAL PAUSE is a suspension of the voice, varying in length as the occasion requires, used to mark an ellipsis, a transition of thought, or to set important and significant words and phrases in strong relief.

When properly understood and practiced, rhetorical pause is one of the most effective elements of elocution. It may, or may not occur at the same points marked by punctuation. It has nothing to do with the grammatical construction of sentences, and is not designated by the use of any printed characters or signs other than the dash, which is sometimes so employed.

EXAMPLES OF RHETORICAL PAUSE.

Some—place the bliss in action, some—in ease;
Those—call it pleasure, and contentment—these.

Creation sleeps:—'tis as the general pulse of life—stood still;—
And nature made a pause,—an awful pause,—
Prophetic of her end.

The stars—shall fade away,—the sun—himself—
Grow dim—with age,—and Nature—sink—in years;
But thou—shalt flourish—in immortal youth,—
Unhurt—amidst the war of elements,—
The wreck of matter,—and the crush of worlds.

IV. MODULATION.

Modulation is the art of varying the tones of the voice in reading and speaking, so as to produce a pleasing flow of sound, and give to every word, phrase and sentence, the quality and force of utterance which best express their meaning.

Modulation is, in fact, the melody of speech, without which language would fall cold and lifeless from our lips. It has seven general divisions, as follows:

MODULATION:

{	PITCH,
	FORCE,
	QUALITY,
	RATE,
	SLUR,
	MONOTONE,
	TRANSITION.

I. PITCH.

Pitch is the place or degree of elevation a sound has in the scale of the compass of the voice.

Its principal divisions, although, of course, there are many intermediate degrees, are as follows:

PITCH:

{	HIGH,
	MODERATE,
	LOW.

HIGH PITCH is used in very spirited declamation, to express elevated, joyous feelings, and intense emotions:

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood!
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom!
Advance our standards, set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage—fair Saint George!
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets!

I come ! I come ! Ye have called me long !
I come o'er the mountains with light and song !

MODERATE PITCH is used in ordinary discourse, calm reasoning, and simple description :

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him ;—
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision ;
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are *we*, as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour, when, at God's command,
Our life dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision ;—
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own ;—
Our lives, that angel vision.

LOW PITCH is that which is used when the voice falls below the ordinary tone. It is employed in solemn and sublime description, and in composition expressing reverence, awe, and deep and tender emotions :

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

It was as if the dead youth were just at the gate of heaven, which, swinging softly open, let the inconceivable glory of the blessed city shine upon his face, and kindle it up with gentle astonishment and purest joy. It was an expression contrived by God's providence to comfort. It was as if the dead man himself showed his face out of the sky, with heaven's blessing on it, and bade the afflicted be of good cheer, and believe in immortality.

II. FORCE.

Force is the volume or loudness of the voice used in reading or speaking. It has three principal degrees, as follows :

FORCE : { **LOUD,**
 { **MODERATE,**
 { **GENTLE.**

LOUD FORCE is used in the expression of strong passion and intense emotion, and in all animated declamation :

Banished from Rome ! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact with the things I loathe ?
"Tried and convicted traitor !" Who says this ?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head ?

Banished ! I thank you for't ! It breaks my chain !
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—

But now, my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords !
 I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
 Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
 I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
 To leave you in your lazy dignities !

MODERATE FORCE is a medium degree of stress or loudness. It is employed in all ordinary discourse, narration and description :

You must be sure of two things : you must love your work, and not be always looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin. And the other is, you must not be ashamed of your work, and think it would be more honorable to you to be doing something else. You must have a pride in your own work, and in learning to do it well, and not be always saying, "There's this, and there's that—if I had this or that to do, I might make something of it." No matter what a man is, I wouldn't give two-pence for him, whether he was the Prime Minister, or a rick thatcher, if he didn't do well what he undertook to do.

Our birds of song are silent now—
 There are no flowers blooming ;
 Yet life beats in the frozen bough,
 And Freedom's Spring is coming !
 And Freedom's tide comes up alway,
 Though we may strand in sorrow ;
 And our good bark, aground to-day,
 Shall float again to-morrow !

GENTLE FORCE is a slight degree of stress, and is used to express caution, love, and all tender emotions :

Lovely art thou, O Peace ! and lovely are thy children ; and lovely are the prints of thy footsteps in the green valleys !

Blue wreaths of smoke ascend through the trees, and betray the half-hidden cottage ; the eye contemplates well-thatched ricks, and barns bursting with plenty ; the peasant laughs at the approach of winter.

White houses peep through the trees ; cattle stand cooling in the pool ; the casement of the farm-house is covered with jessamine and honey-suckle ; the stately green-house exhales the perfume of summer climates !

Children climb the green mound of the rampart ; and ivy holds together the half-demolished buttress.

III. QUALITY.

Quality treats of the kinds of tone used in reading and speaking.

QUALITY:	{	PURE,
		OROTUND,
		ASPIRATED,
		GUTTURAL,
		TREMOR.

THE PURE TONE is a smooth, flowing quality of voice, accompanied with medium pitch and stress. It is used in all calm utterances, simple narration, introductions, and ordinary conversations.

It is the tone of voice most frequently used, and should be sedulously cultivated by continued practice:

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-Year;
Of all the glad New-Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day:
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May!

The cynic puts all human actions into two classes—openly bad, and secretly bad. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The livelong day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, transfixing every character that is presented.

THE OROTUND QUALITY is the pure tone or natural voice deepened and enlarged. It is characterized by a pure, ringing fullness of sound made deep in the throat. It is highly pleasing to the ear, and is more musical and flexible than the natural voice.

It is used in sublime utterances, bold declamation, animated appeals, and apostrophe.

The possession of the Orotund Quality as a natural tone of voice is very rare, and its acquisition requires cultivation and careful management. The frequent exercise of the voice in reading and declaiming aloud, with the utmost degree of force of which it is susceptible, is a sure method of improving it, and producing the Orotund melody and fullness of sound:

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan:
Their swords are a thousand—their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!

THE ASPIRATED QUALITY is a harsh, half-whispered tone of voice, and is used in expressions of terror, horror, despair, remorse, and kindred emotions.

To master it, begin with whispering exercises, and gradually intone them until the full effect is reached:

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me!—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art!

THE GUTTURAL QUALITY is a deep undertone, used in expressions of hatred, contempt, revenge, scorn, and the like:

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence!

THE TREMOR, OR TREMBLING QUALITY, is a tremulous, sobbing tone of voice, used to express pity, tenderness, hope, and excessive grief or joy:

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door.

The birds are glad ; the briar-rose fills
The air with sweetness ; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky ;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh.

IV. RATE.

Rate is the duration or time of sound and movement in reading and speaking.

RATE : { QUICK,
 { MODERATE,
 { SLOW.

QUICK RATE is used to express joy, sudden alarm, confusion, and the like:

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain :
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,—
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,—
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,—
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

MODERATE RATE is used in ordinary discourse, narration, simple description, and the gentler forms of the emotions:

The farmer's calling is full of moral grandeur. He supports the world, is the partner of Nature, and peculiarly a "co-worker with God." The sun, the atmosphere, the dews, the rains, day and night, the seasons—all the natural agents—are his ministers in the spacious temple of the firmament.

SLOW RATE is used in expressing grandeur, solemnity, reverential awe, earnest prayer, veneration, solemn denunciation, and deep pathos. It is generally executed with moderate force:

Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations of the hills moved and shook, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens, also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet; and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters, and the thick clouds of the skies.

V. SLUR.

Slur is a gliding, wave-like movement of the voice, dropping upon unimportant words and clauses, and rising upon those which express the main ideas or emotions, so as to leave them in distinct relation to each other, and bring out their full effect.

In the following examples, the expressions to be read with the Slur are indicated by being inclosed in brackets:

When Cheerfulness, [a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,]
Blew an inspiring air.

His friend, [who was apprised of the state he was in, and who naturally concluded he was ill,] offered him some wine.

VI. MONOTONE.

Monotone is a degree of sameness of sound, employed in reading passages of sustained dignity and solemnity. It is executed with the Orotund Quality, Slow Rate, and Moderate Force.

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again ;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon.

VII. TRANSITION.

Transition is a change of voice used in reading, to represent the utterance of a different speaker, or to indicate a new train of thought or turn of sentiment.

Nothing is more disagreeable in the delivery of many public speakers than that dead monotony of voice which wearies an audience, weakens the strongest logic, and dulls the finest sentiment. By a proper attention to Transition in reading or speaking, the tamest matter can be rendered pleasing and effective.

Transition should be effected temperately and without apparent effort ; but whenever the reader enters on a new train of thought, notice thereof should be given to the ear, by such a change in pitch, time, rate, or force, as its proper rendering may require :

Rouse, ye Romans!—Rouse, ye—slaves!
 Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
 To see them die!

“Good morning, neighbor!” No answer. “Good morning,” I repeated.
 He did not look up.

What matter how the night behaved?
 What matter how the north-wind raved?
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth-fire’s ruddy glow.—
 O Time and Change! With hair as gray
 As was my sire’s that winter day,
 How strange it seems, with so much gone
 Of life and love, to still live on!

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

PHYSICAL CULTURE for the purpose of securing general health, expanding the chest and strengthening the muscles of the lungs and vocal organs, is of the utmost importance to students of Elocution. We recommend Light Gymnastics to reading classes as a regular exercise at least two or three times a week.

Full descriptions and instructions for such exercises can be found in any of the numerous school manuals on the subject.

When well understood and practiced in concert, these exercises will occupy but very little time, and will be found pleasing as well as beneficial.

VOCAL CALISTHENICS.

THE VOICE is as susceptible of improvement by cultivation as the muscles of the arm, and it should be the constant care of the student to lose no opportunity, in or out of the class, for the practice of those simple arts which never fail within reasonable time, to deepen and strengthen the voice, and give ease and accuracy to the action of the vocal organs.

The lungs constitute the bellows of the vocal instrument, and on their power and freedom depends the ability to read well, to say nothing of their sanitary relations to the physical system. For the strengthening of lung-power, deep breathing with the lips closed, inhaling as long as possible, and exhaling slowly, is highly valuable.

Having inflated the lungs to their utmost capacity, expel the breath slowly through the vocal organs. This exercise should be frequently repeated, as the compass of the voice will be augmented thereby, and the capacity of the chest much enlarged.

The best posture for deep breathing is the following: Place yourself in a perfectly erect but easy position, the weight of the body resting on one foot; the feet at a moderate distance, the one in advance of the other; the arms akimbo; the chest freely expanded and fully projected; the shoulders

held backward and downward; the head perfectly vertical. In this position draw in a very full breath and exhale it in a prolonged sound as, for instance, of the letter *h*. Repeat the same with a gradual increase of force in the expulsion of the breath, until the *h* is exploded in an abrupt kind of bark or cough with the full strength of the lungs. Then select any sentence; as,

Thou too, sail on! O Ship of State!
Sail on! O Union, strong and great!

and practice its repetition in all varieties of modulation. It will be found that these varied exercises will surround the recitations of the reading classes with an interest they do not ordinarily have, and give a new impulse to the study.

ORATORY.

ORATORY is the art of speaking in public in an effective manner, and is the result of a harmonious combination of eloquence and elocution; eloquence, depending upon natural gifts and attainments, being the animating principle of all impressive discourse.

The principles of Elocution have already been set forth in the Analysis of Reading, and it only remains to consider those outward or physical accessories of speech which constitute a material portion of the art of Oratory.

POSITIONS IN SPEAKING.

There are four principal positions of the feet in speaking.



First.—The body rests on the right foot, the left a little advanced, left knee bent.

Second.—The body rests on the left foot, the right a little advanced, right knee bent.



Third.—The left foot is advanced from the first position, the body resting upon it, leaning forward, and the right foot is brought to its support.

Fourth.—The right foot is advanced, the body resting upon it, leaning forward, and the left foot is brought to its support.



The last two positions are assumed in argument, appeal or persuasion.

In taking these positions, all movements should be made with the utmost naturalness and ease, affectation or restraint being alike avoided. Advance, retire, or change, with grace and composure.

GESTICULATION.

Gesticulation is one of the most important elements of Oratory. We can, by varying movements of the hands and body, represent our thoughts and feelings with almost the force and precision of words.

Full instructions for Gesticulation, so far as it admits of definite regulation, will be found in the various works on Elocution and Oratory.

TAKING POSITION.

The learner is now prepared to take his position before the audience. He should advance calmly, with a modest, yet assured step. A bow, being the most graceful symbol of introduction and respect, should be made just after he reaches his place on the platform. In making a becoming bow, there should be a slight and graceful bend of the whole body; the eye should not fall below the person or persons addressed; and the arms should move lightly forward and a little inward, as they naturally do when the body is bent.

On raising himself into the erect position from his bow, the speaker should fall back into the first position, before described. In this position he commences his speech, which the principles of Elocution, heretofore discussed, will enable him to deliver with proper effect.

VERSIFICATION.

A verse, or line, of poetry consists of successive combinations of syllables, called feet.

A foot includes an accented syllable, and the unaccented syllables, if there are any, which accompany it in making accentual divisions of a line.

LENGTH OF A LINE. The length of a line is expressed by the number of accents or feet it contains. Practically, we have in English verse only six varieties of lengths; namely, the Monometer, Dimeter, Trimeter, Tetrameter, Pentameter, and Hexameter, or one foot, two feet, three feet, etc.

The principal English feet are the Iambus, the Trochee, the Anapest, and the Dactyl.

1. **THE IAMBUS** is a poetic foot consisting of one short syllable, and a long one; as, *de-mand, con-fers*.

2. **THE TROCHEE** is a poetic foot consisting of a long syllable and a short one; as, *hate-ful, ho-ly*.

3. **THE ANAPEST** is a poetic foot consisting of two short syllables, and one long one; as *con-tra-vene*.

4. THE DACTYL is a poetic foot consisting of one long syllable and two short ones; as *pos-si-ble*.

OF VERSE, or poetic measure, we have, accordingly, four principal kinds or orders; namely, IAMBIC, TROCHAIC, ANAPESTIC, and DACTYLIC.

EXAMPLES.

IAMBIC OF THREE FEET, OR TRIMETER.

“But let | the sound | roll on!
It hath | no tone | of dread
For those | that from | their toils | are gone |
There slum | ber En | gland’s dead.”

ANAPESTIC OF FOUR FEET, OR TETRAMETER.

There came | to the beach | a poor ex | ile of E | rin
The dew | on his thin | robe was heav | y and chill:
For his coun | try he sighed, | when at twi | light repair | ing
To wan | der alone | by the wind | beaten hill.

TROCHAIC OF FIVE FEET, OR PENTAMETER.

“Mountain | winds! oh! | whither | do ye | call me?
Vainly | vainly | would my | steps pur | sue;
Chains of | care to | lower | earth en | thrall me,
Wherefore | thus my | weary | spirit | woo.”

DACTYLIC OF SIX FEET, OR HEXAMETER.

This is the | forest pri | meval; but | where are the |
hearts that be | neath it,
Leaped like the | roe, when he | hears in the | woodland
the | voice of the | huntsman?

POETRY.

POETRY may be defined to be the product of an excited imagination, expressed in the form of verse.

KINDS OF POETRY. Poetry may be classed under the heads of Epic, Dramatic, Lyric, Elegiac, Didactic, Satiric, and Pastoral.

AN EPIC POEM is the recital of some great and heroic enterprise. Milton’s “Paradise Lost” is an example of an Epic Poem.

DRAMATIC POETRY.

DRAMATIC POETRY ranks with Epic in dignity, and has nearly all its essential characteristics.

What the Epic Poem represents as having been done, the Drama represents as taking place before our eyes; yet, in epic poetry, the narrative often becomes dramatic, and takes the form of a dialogue.

There are two kinds of drama; Tragedy and Comedy. The greatest dramatist in English Literature, is Shakspeare.

LYRIC POETRY.

LYRIC POETRY as its name denotes, meant originally poetry intended to be sung to the accompaniment of the lyre.

The most common form of LYRIC Poetry is the ODE or SONG. Odes or Songs are of six kinds: SACRED, HEROIC, MORAL, AMATORY, COMIC, and BACCHANALIAN.

ELEGIAC POETRY.

An Elegy is a poem of a sad and mournful kind, celebrating the virtues of some one deceased. As examples of Elegies see Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," and Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

PASTORAL POETRY.

PASTORAL POETRY means properly that which celebrates rustic life. Theocritus, the first who wrote in this style, called his pieces IDYLS. Hence the term Idyllic is applied to Pastoral Poetry. See Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."

DIDACTIC POETRY.

A DIDACTIC POEM is one which aims chiefly to give instruction. "Pope's Essay on Man," "Young's Night Thoughts," and "Thompson's Seasons," come under this head.

A SATIRE is a poem intended to hold up the follies of mankind to ridicule. It exposes faults in general rather than individuals. John G. Saxe writes some excellent satiric poems.

PROSE COMPOSITION.

The term Prose is generally applied to all composition which is not written in verse. Its principal varieties are, Letters, Diaries, Reviews, Essays, Travels, History, Fiction, and Discourses.

A LETTER is a written communication by which thoughts are exchanged.

A DIARY is a daily record of events.

A REVIEW is an article, sometimes embracing many pages, in which a reviewer expresses his opinions of new publications; and in which the opinions of a monthly or quarterly magazine are given, instead of a weekly or daily paper. Among the best writers of Reviews may be classed MACAULAY, SYDNEY SMITH, JEFFREY and BROUGHAM.

ESSAYS are similar in some respects to reviews, yet they have their points of difference. They rarely base their remarks on books, and have a wider range than the more systematic reviews. They vary in size, from the brief efforts of the school-boy, to elaborate and lengthy works embracing many pages. See Pope's "Essay on Man."

TRAVELS. Books of Travel usually contain a record of events which transpire, the places of note visited, the manners and customs of the people, descriptions of the scenery, climate, etc, etc.

HISTORY is one of the most important varieties of Prose Composition. It saves from oblivion the important events of the world, and enables the present as well as the future generations to profit by the transactions of the past. MACAULAY, HUME, GIBBON, and THIERS, may be cited as excellent historians.

History is divided into MEMOIRS and BIOGRAPHY.

FICTION. A fiction is a work of the imagination. The names given to works of this kind are NOVELS and ROMANCES.

DISCOURSES are articles intended to be treated orally. They are in the form of an address to be presented by the author to an audience.

The principal kinds are, ORATIONS, ADDRESSES, SERMONS, LECTURES, and SPEECHES.

REMARK.—Let the pupil specify under which of the above named divisions the respective lessons contained in the body of this book should be classed.

FIGURES.

A **FIGURE OF SPEECH**, is a mode of giving expression to abstract or immaterial ideas, by words which suggest pictures or images from the physical world. Figures clothe language with images of beauty, which render it more pleasing to the ear and the imagination.

NAMES OF FIGURES. Some of the most common figures are the **SIMILE**, **METAPHOR**, **ALLEGORY**, **ANTITHESIS**, **EPIGRAM**, **APOSTROPHE**, **PERSONIFICATION**.

A **SIMILE** is a word or phrase by which we liken one thing to another. As, "Flowers are like stars, wherein wondrous truths are made manifest."

A **METAPHOR** is a short simile, or a word expressing similitude without comparison. Thus, "That man is a fox," is a metaphor, but "that man is like a fox," is a simile.

A **ALLEGORY** is a sort of continued Metaphor. It is a figurative discourse, in which the principal subject is described by another subject resembling it in its properties and circumstances. Parable and Fable are closely allied to Allegory, the latter being longer than the two former.

ANTITHESIS consists of words or sentiments in the same sentence, which are contrasted with each other; as, "They were enemies in war; in peace, friends."

EPIGRAMS are short sayings remarkable for brevity and point. As "Language is the art of concealing thought."

APOSTROPHE is the turning away from the real course of thought, and addressing the object in the second person. Byron's "Apostrophe to the Ocean" is a good example.

PERSONIFICATION consists in attributing life to things inanimate. It often accompanies Apostrophe; as, "Put on thy strength, O Zion."

PART SECOND.



SELECT READINGS.



PART SECOND.

LESSON I.

DAVID SWAN.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, a distinguished American novelist and essayist, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, and in 1837 published his *Twice-told Tales*, a volume of sketches and tales which had formerly appeared in the American periodicals. His retiring habits led him to take up his residence at an old manse at Concord, where, for three years, he occupied himself in writing some charming tales and sketches, which he afterwards published under the title of *Mosses from an Old Manse*. This popular work was followed by those extraordinary romances, *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of Seven Gables*, *The Blithedale Romance*, *The Marble Faun*, and many others. In his peculiar field of fiction HAWTHORNE stands unrivaled and alone, and he has done honor to the American name by the production of some of the finest literature of the time. His best works have a permanent value, and have been republished in both England and Germany. It is difficult, within the compass of a selection for a reading-book, to give an adequate example of an author's style; the following, from "*Twice-told Tales*," may, however, give a hint of his distinguishing traits. He died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, 1864.

PART FIRST.

WE can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events—if such they may be called—which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

2. We have nothing to do with David until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to

the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton Academy.

3. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh, bubbling spring, that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan.

4. He kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

5. While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, afoot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed-chamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan.

6. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that

the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the road-side. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference, were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

7. He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a stand-still nearly in front of David's resting-place. A linch-pin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage.

8. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown lest David should start up all of a sudden.

9. "How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income, for it would suppose health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like this than our wakefulness."

10. The longer they looked the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the wayside and a maple shade were as a secret chamber with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it; and having

done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

11. "Providence seems to have lain him here!" whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we wake him?"

12. "To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied the wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

13. While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest; yet Fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendor who fell asleep in poverty.

14. "Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swan enjoyed his nap.

15. The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. There was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead,—buzz, buzz, buzz,—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be

settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

16. How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms?

“How sound he sleeps!” murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now, this girl’s father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become her father’s clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here, again, had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

LESSON II.

DAVID SWAN. .

PART SECOND.

THE girl was hardly out of sight, when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the devil sent them; and now, in the interim of other

business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow,—

2. “Hist! Do you see that bundle under his head?”

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

“I warrant you,” said the first, “that the chap has either a pocket-book, or a snug little hoard of small change, stowed away among his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons-pocket.”

3. “But what if he wakes?” said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

“So be it,” muttered the second villain.

4. They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger towards his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother’s breast.

5. “I must take away the bundle,” whispered one.

“If he stirs I’ll strike,” muttered the other.

But at this moment a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

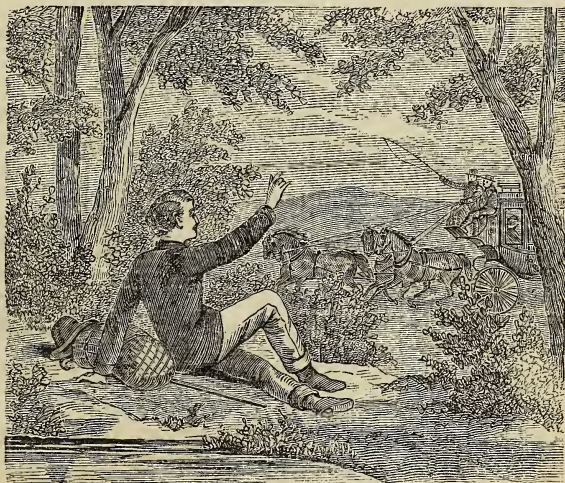
6. “Pshaw!” said one villain. “We can do nothing now. The dog’s master must be close behind.”

“Let’s be off,” said the other.

7. The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and they left the spot, with so many jests and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing.

8. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

9. He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched, from his elastic frame, the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred; now moved his lips, without a sound; now talked, in



an inward tone, to the noonday specters of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber—and there was a stage coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him. -

10. "Halloo, driver! Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top," answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily toward Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dream-like vicissitude.

11. He knew not that the phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all, in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence, that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough in mortal life, to render foresight even partially available?

LESSON III.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Robert Southey, an elegant and voluminous English writer, was born in 1774. He was educated at Westminster School, and afterward spent two years at Oxford. He resided in the Lake district, the companion and friend of the poet Wordsworth. His private life was without a stain, and he devoted his time wholly to literature, bringing to his noble labors the richest cultivation of the intellect, and the most unparalleled industry. The principal poems of Southey are *The Curse of Kehama*, *Thalaba*, *Madoc*, *Roderick the Last of the Goths*, and *the Vision of Judgment*. His most popular prose works are, a *Life of Lord Nelson* and *The Doctor*, the latter a charming medley of essay, colloquy and criticism. He was appointed poet-laureate in 1813, and died in 1843.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There's not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

2. A traveler came to the well of St Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.
3. He drank of the water, so cold and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;

And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow tree.

4. There came a man from the house hard by
To the well to fill his pail;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.
5. "Art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an' if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.
6. "Or hast thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an' if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."
7. "I have a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger made reply;
"But why should she be the better for that,
I pray you, answer why?"
8. "St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.
9. "If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.
10. "But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then."
The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

11. "You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the Cornish-man said;
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head.
12. "I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But, i' faith, she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."
-

LESSON IV.

WHO ARE DISTURBED BY REFORMS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of the most brilliant and versatile of American writers, was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. He graduated at Harvard College in 1829. He received his degree of M. D. in 1836, after some years of study, both at home and in medical schools abroad. He was chosen Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College in 1838, and was called to the same chair in Harvard College in 1847. DR. HOLMES commenced writing poetry at an early age, and has produced some of the finest verse of the time. Upon the establishment of the Atlantic Monthly in 1857, he began a series of papers entitled *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. This proved to be a literary event, and the appearance of each successive number raised the fame of the author still higher. The next year he followed the happy invention by a series on a similar plan, entitled *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*. *Elsie Venner*, a psychological novel, appeared in 1861, and *The Guardian Angei* in 1867. Another series of delightful essays, entitled *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, was begun in the Atlantic, January, 1872.

DID you never, in walking in the fields, come across a large flat stone, which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, all round it, close to its edges? and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick, or your foot, or your fingers, under its edge, and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, "It's done brown enough by this time"?

2. What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of

which you had not suspected, until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over! Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous, or horny-shelled—turtle-bugs one wants to call them; some of them softer, but cunningly spread out and compressed like Lepine watches.

3. There, too, are black, glossy crickets with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage coaches; motionless, slug-like creatures, young larvæ, perhaps more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the serpent-like writhings of maturity! But no sooner is the stone turned, and the wholesome light of day let upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them which enjoy the luxury of legs—and some of them have a good many—rush round wildly, butting each other and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for underground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine.

4. Next year you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being.

5. The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes which are found beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it. He who turns the stone over is whosoever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one.

6. The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall the nature, which had lain blanched and broken, rise in its full stature and native hues in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new born hu-

manity. Then shall beauty—Divinity taking outlines and color—light upon the souls of men as the butterfly, image of the beatified spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, which would never have found wings had not the stone been lifted:

ĖŖ'le-Ŗp'ter-oŭs, having wings covered with a case or shell.

Fil'a-ment, a thread or threadlike object or appendage.

Lär'vae, insects in the first stage after leaving the eggs; caterpillars; grubs.

Ŗr'gan-ĭ ms, organized beings having, or composed of, organs.

LESSON V.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SPIDER.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, Ireland, in 1728. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. After graduation, he studied divinity, law, and medicine successively, and met with signal failure in all. In 1755 he began a wandering career, making his way over half of Europe, with no capital but his flute and his engaging manners. He picked up considerable learning at the various Universities, and made those close studies of life which served him so well when he began to write. At the age of thirty, he returned to England, and began a life of literary work in London, where his beautiful and original genius soon asserted itself and brought him fame. He threw off an incredible amount of work within the space of a few years, producing histories, poems, plays and fiction with equal facility, and almost unvarying success. He wrote two highly successful comedies, *The Good-Natured Man*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*; those exquisite poems, *The Traveler*, and *The Deserted Village*, and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a domestic novel, which immediately attained, and still holds, a wonderful popularity. He died at London, 1774.

OF all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state, nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attacks of every other insect; and the under part of its body is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp.

3. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serves to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or defense, it has several eyes—large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

3. I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room making its web, and, though the maid frequently leveled her fatal broom against the labors of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and, I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded. In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode.

4. It frequently traversed it round, and examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labors of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbor. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole.

5. Upon this, I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost patience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive.

6. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too

strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped, and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

7. In this manner it lived, in a precarious state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life ; for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net ; but those, it seems, were irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

8. I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish ; wherefore, I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it now made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time ; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

9. Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighboring fortification, with great vigor, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession.

10. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the

spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose; the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

11. The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first, it dreaded my approach to its web; but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared for a defense or an attack.

LESSON VI.

SANDALPHON.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, in the same class with Hawthorne, and was the next year appointed Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin, being allowed the customary leave of absence that he might make the tour of Europe. In 1835, he received a similar Professorship at Harvard, and visited Europe a second time. His first volume of prose, *Outre-Mer*, appeared in 1835, followed by *Hyperion*, also prose, in 1839. In the same year his first volume of poems was published, under the title, *Voices from the Night*. Among his best known works are *The Spanish Student*, *Evangeline*, *The Song of Hiawatha*, *Miles Standish*, and *The Divine Tragedy*. His writings, both in prose and verse, are finished with the most consummate art, and breathe the purest sentiments. His sympathies are universal, his judgment is always accurate, and he never touches a subject without making a positive addition to our gallery of ideal portraits and poetic imagery. He has a true conception of the high mission of the poet; and, in song of matchless melody, teaches and inspires while he delights.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told,
Of the limitless realms of the air,—
Have you read it,—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the angel of Glory—
Sandalphon, the angel of Prayer?

2. How erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial, he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night ?
3. The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress ;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.
4. But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below ;—
5. From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore,
In the fervor and passion of prayer ;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.
6. And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red ;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.
7. It is but a legend I know,
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;

Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

8. When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon, the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

9. And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

Tál'mud, the body of the Hebrew laws,
traditions, and explanations, or the
book that contains them.

Răb'bîn, master; lord;—a Jewish title of
respect or honor, belonging to a teacher
or doctor of the land.

Mē'di-æ'val, relating to the middle ages.

LESSON VII.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

BY T. B. READ.

Thomas Buchanan Read was born in Chester County, Penn., in 1822. At the age of seventeen, he went to Cincinnati, and entered a sculptor's studio, but soon after devoted himself to painting. He visited Europe in 1850, and again in 1864, residing at Rome until the spring of 1872, when he sailed for the United States. He died shortly after his arrival at New York. He was signally successful in his profession as a painter of portraits and human figures; and as a poet also he is entitled to a high rank. *Sheridan's Ride*, his most popular poem, was published in 1865.

UP from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan—twenty miles away.

2. And wilder still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar ;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan—twenty miles away.
3. But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.
4. Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to foemen the doom of disaster ;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.
5. Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire.
But, lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire—
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

6. The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;—
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a muttered oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzahs, .
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust that black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say ;
“ I have brought you SHERIDAN all the way
From Winchester down to save the day ! ”
7. Hurrah, hurrah ! for SHERIDAN !
Hurrah, hurrah ! for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There, with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright :
“ Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying SHERIDAN into the fight
From Winchester—twenty miles away ! ”
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LESSON VIII.

THE LAST HOURS OF LITTLE PAUL DOMBEY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Charles Dickens, probably the most popular of modern novelists, was born at Landport, Portsmouth, England, in 1812. He was intended for the profession of the law, but became a newspaper reporter, and drifted into literature. His first efforts were published in the *Morning Chronicle*, as “Sketches of Life and Character.” He soon became famous, and his writings were eagerly sought and read by all classes. His pictures of life in the lower walks of London, with all its humors and sorrows, are drawn with marvelous skill. Indeed, his characters have a vitality and reality scarcely paralleled among the shadowy creations of fiction. Among his best known works are *David*

Copperfield, Old Curiosity Shop, The Pickwick Papers and Nicholas Nickleby. He died in June, 1839. The following extract is from his novel *Dombey and Son*.

PAUL had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly ; not caring much how the time went, but watching everything about him with observing eyes.

2. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and the gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city ; and now he thought how black it was, and how it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars, and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

3. As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day.

4. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands, or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out ! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself ; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

5. When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun ; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured !—he saw—the high church-towers rising up into the morning sky ; the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew.

6. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below ; the servants in the house were roused and busy ; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better, a great deal better, thank you. Tell papa so!"

7. By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and repassing ; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think!"

8. But Floy could always soothe and reassure him ; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

"You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you, now." They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him.

9. Thus, the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline ; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble down stairs, and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said) that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches.

10 But his interest was centred in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence to her arms, and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid. . . .

Paul closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep.

When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro ; then he said ; “ Floy, is it to-morrow ? Is she come ? ”

11. Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him, when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back ; but he did not open them to see her. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him.

12. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

“ And who is this ? Is this my old nurse ? ” said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at the sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

13. “ Floy ! this is a kind good face ! ” said Paul. “ I am glad to see it again. Don’t go away, old nurse. Stay here ! ”

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

“ Who was that ?—who said Walter ? ” he asked, looking round. “ Some one said Walter. Is he here ? I should like to see him very much. ”

14. Nobody replied directly, but his father soon said to Susan, “ Call him back, then ; let him come up ! ” After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smil-

ing interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand, and said, "Good-bye!"

15. "Good bye, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-bye?"

For an instant, Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah, yes," he said, placidly, "good-bye! Walter dear, good-bye!" turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. "Where is papa?"

16. He felt his father's breath upon his cheek, before the words had parted from his lips.

"Remember Walter, dear papa," he whispered, looking in his face—"remember Walter. I was fond of Walter!" The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "good-bye!" to Walter once again.

17. "Now lay me down again," he said; "and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!"

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves. They always said so!"

18. Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?

19. He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But

tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

20. The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

LESSON IX.

LANGUAGE.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the distinguished American poet, essayist, and philosopher, was born in Boston, 1803. He graduated at Harvard College in 1821, and, after teaching school for some years, entered the ministry. In 1833 he commenced his career as a lecturer, gathering his discourses from time to time, and publishing them in separate volumes. Mr. Emerson is a brilliant and original thinker, and takes rank among the best writers of the time. His leading works consist of *Essays*, *Miscellanies*, *Representative Men*, *English Traits*, *Poems*, *Conduct of Life*, and *Society and Solitude*. He resides at the historic town of Concord, Mass.

WORDS are signs of natural facts. The use of natural history is to give us aid in supernatural history: the use of the outer creation, to give us language for the beings and changes of the inward creation. Every word which is used to express a moral or intellectual fact, if traced to its root, is found to be borrowed from some material appearance. Right means straight; wrong means twisted. Spirit primarily means wind; transgression, the crossing of a line; supercilious, the raising of the eyebrow.

2. We say the heart to express emotion, the head to denote thought; and thought and emotion are words borrowed from

sensible things, and now appropriated to spiritual nature. Most of the process by which this transformation is made is hidden from us in the remote time when language was framed ; but the same tendency may be daily observed in children. Children and savages use only nouns, or names of things, which they convert into verbs, and apply to analogous mental acts.

3. But this origin of all words that convey a spiritual import—so conspicuous a fact in the history of language—is our least debt to nature. It is not words only that are emblematic; it is things which are emblematic. Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact. Every appearance in nature corresponds to some state of the mind, and that state of the mind can only be described by presenting that natural appearance as its picture. An enraged man is a lion, a cunning man is a fox, a firm man is a rock, a learned man is a torch. A lamb is innocence; a snake is subtle spite; flowers express to us the delicate affections. Light and darkness are our familiar expressions for knowledge and ignorance. Visible distance behind and before us, is respectively our image of memory and hope. * * *

4. Because of this radical correspondence between visible things and human thoughts, savages, who have only what is necessary, converse in figures. As we go back in history, language becomes more picturesque, until its infancy, when it is all poetry; or all spiritual facts are represented by natural symbols. The same symbols are found to make the original elements of all languages.

5. It has moreover been observed, that the idioms of all languages approach each other in passages of the greatest eloquence and power. And as this is the first language, so it is the last. This immediate dependence of language upon nature, this conversion of an outward phenomenon into a type of somewhat in human life, never loses its power to affect us. It is this which gives that piquancy to the conversation of a strong-natured farmer or backwoodsman which all men relish.

6. A man's power to connect his thought with its proper symbol, and so to utter it, depends on the simplicity of his character, that is, upon his love of truth, and his desire to communicate it without loss. The corruption of man is followed by the corruption of language. When simplicity of character and the sovereignty of ideas are broken up by the prevalence of secondary desires,—the desire of riches, of pleasure, of power, and of praise,—and duplicity and falsehood take the place of simplicity and truth, the power over nature as an interpreter of the will is in a degree lost; new imagery ceases to be created, and old words are perverted to stand for things which are not; a paper currency is employed when there is no bullion in the vaults.

7. In due time, the fraud is manifest, and words lose all power to stimulate the understanding or the affections. Hundreds of writers may be found in every long-civilized nation, who for a short time believe, and make others believe, that they see and utter truths, who do not of themselves clothe one thought in its natural garment, but who feed unconsciously on the language created by the primary writers of the country,—those, namely, who hold primarily on nature.

8. But wise men pierce this rotten diction, and fasten words again to visible things; so that picturesque language is at once a commanding certificate that he who employs it, is a man in alliance with truth and God. The moment our discourse rises above the ground-line of familiar facts, and is inflamed with passion or exalted by thought, it clothes itself in images.

9. A man conversing in earnest, if he watch his intellectual processes, will find that a material image, more or less luminous arises in his mind, contemporaneous with every thought, which furnishes the vestment of the thought. Hence good writing and brilliant discourse are perpetual allegories. This imagery is spontaneous. It is the blending of experience with the present action of the mind. It is proper creation. It

is the working of the original cause through the instruments he has already made.

Phe-nŏm'e-nŏn, an appearance; anything visible; sometimes a remarkable or unusual appearance.

A-nāl'o-gŏŭs, having analogy; corresponding to something else.

Piqu'an-çy, state or quality of being piquant; that is, pungent, sharp, severe.

Du-pliç'i-ty, double-dealing; deceit.

Con-tŕm-po-rā'ne-oŭs, living, acting, or transpiring at the same time.

LESSON X.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in Devonshire, England, in 1772. His early education was received at Christ's Hospital in London. He entered the University at Cambridge but left it after two years. He then enlisted as a common soldier, but was soon released through the interference of friends. He was remarkably precocious, and his first years were his purest and best. The *Ancient Mariner*, The *Hymn of the Valley of Chamouni*, the first part of *Christabel*, and other poems displaying the highest qualities of imagination, were written in his twenty-fifth year. About this time he began the use of opium, and the foul habit never relaxed its grasp upon him. He became in time unspeakably degraded, his family left him in despair, and he led a life of dreams, indolence and misery. He found shelter in the house of a certain Mr. Gillman, with whom he lived for eighteen years, until his death in 1834. His was a splendid genius in the thrall of a wasting demon, and his fame seems rather to brighten than decay with the lapse of time. The following extracts from his *Ancient Mariner*, give a fair idea of the weird richness of his imagination.

IT is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three,
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

An ancient mariner
meeteth three gallants
bidden to a wedding
feast, and detaineth
one.

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with a skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding guest is
spell-bound by the eye
of the old sea-faring
man, and constrained
to hear his tale.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right,
Went down into the sea.

The mariner tells how
the ship sailed south-
ward with a good wind
and fair weather, till it
reached the line.

And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship was driven
by a storm toward the
south pole.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and
of fearful sounds,
where no living thing
was to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled:
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great sea-bird
called the albatross
came through the snow-
fog, and was received
with great joy and hos-
pitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
 The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
 The albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariner's hollo!

And lo! the albatross
 proveth a bird of good
 omen, and followeth
 the ship as it returned
 northward through fog
 and floating ice.

"God save thee, ancient mariner!
 From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
 Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
 I shot the albatross.

The ancient mariner
 inhospitably killeth
 the pious bird of good
 omen.

The Sun now rose upon the right:
 Out of the sea came he,
 Still hid in mist, and on the left
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
 But no sweet bird did follow,
 Nor any day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariner's hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
 And it would work 'em woe:
 For all averred, I had killed the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.

His shipmates cry out
 against the ancient
 mariner, for killing the
 bird of good luck.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow followed free;
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze con-
 tinues; the ship enters
 the Pacific Ocean, and
 sails northward, even
 till it reaches the line.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea!

The ship hath been
 suddenly becalmed.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the albatross begins to be avenged.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye;
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient mariner beholdeth a sign in the elements afar off.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist;
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship: and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

See! see! (I cried,) she tacks no more!
 Hither to work us weal,
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel!

And horror follows.
 For can it be a ship
 that comes onward
 without wind or tide?

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
 At one stride comes the dark;
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight within the
 courts of the Sun.

The stars were dim, and thick the night,
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
 From the sails the dew did drip—
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The horned Moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the
 moon,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
 And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

Four times fifty living men,
 (And heard nor sigh nor groan,)
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropped down one by one.

His ship-mates drop
 down dead.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
 They fled to bliss or woe!
 And every soul, it passed me by,
 Like the whiz of my cross-bow!

Rhime, an obsolete spelling of rhyme.
 Bas-sōōn', a wind instrument of the reed
 kind, similar to the flute.
 Eft-soon₃, soon afterward; in a short
 time, (not used.)

Swound, a swoon, (not used.)
 Thōr'ough, from side to side, (not used.)
 Gra-mēr'cy, great thanks; a word formerly
 used to express thankfulness, with
 surprise.

LESSON XI.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART SECOND.

“**I** FEAR thee, ancient mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The wedding guest
feareth that a spirit is
talking to him.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.”—
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient mari-
ner assureth him of
his bodily life, and
proceedeth to relate his
horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

He despiseth the creat-
ures of the calm.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But, or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as rust.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the
moon he beholdeth
God's creatures of the
great calm.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:

Their beauty and their
happiness.

A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

He blesseth them in
his heart.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to
break.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

By the grace of the
holy mother, the an-
cient mariner is re-
freshed with rain.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth sounds, and
seeth strange sights and
commotions in the sky
and the elements.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet how the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the ship's
crew are inspired and
the ship moves on.

They groaned, they stirred, they all up-rose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,

Where they were wont to do:
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

“I fear thee, ancient mariner!”
Be calm, thou wedding-guest!
’Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corse came again,
But a troop of spirits blest.

But not by the souls
of the men, nor by de-
mons of earth or mid-
dle air, but by a bles-
sed troop of angelic
spirits, sent down by
the invocation of the
guardian saint.

I woke, and we were sailing on,
As in a gentle weather:
’Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

The supernatural mo-
tion is retarded; the
mariner awakes, and his
penance begins anew.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple, or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Oh, dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

And the ancient mar-
iner beholdeth his na-
tive country.

We drifted o’er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
 So smoothly it was strewn!
 And on the bay the moonlight lay,
 And the shadow of the moon.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
 That agony returns:
 And till my ghastly tale is told,
 This heart within me burns.

And ever and anon
 throughout his future
 life an agony constrain-
 eth him to travel from
 land to land!

I pass, like night, from land to land;
 I have strange power of speech;
 That moment that his face I see,
 I know the man that must hear me:
 To him my tale I teach.

O wedding guest! this soul hath been
 Alone on a wide, wide sea:
 So lonely 'twas, that God himself
 Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
 'Tis sweeter far to me,
 To walk together to the kirk
 With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
 And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
 To thee, thou wedding-guest!
 He prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man, and bird, and beast.

And to teach, by his
 own example, love and
 reverence to all things
 that God made and
 loveth.

He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things, both great and small;

For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone ; and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

LESSON XII.

GALILEO.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Edward Everett, an illustrious American scholar and orator, was born in Dorchester, Mass., in 1794. He entered Harvard College at the age of thirteen, and graduated with the highest honors. He was settled as pastor of Brattle Street Church, in Boston, and soon attracted attention by his finished oratory and scholarly discourse. In 1815 he was appointed Professor of Greek literature at Cambridge, and spent four years in Europe, preparing himself for the duties of the position. On his return he delivered a brilliant series of college lectures, and conducted the North American Review. He was appointed Minister to England in 1841, and on his return in 1845 was chosen President of Harvard University. He was elected a member of the United States Senate in 1853, but was compelled to resign on account of ill health in May, 1854. His orations and addresses, many in number, and extending over a great variety of subjects, were elaborately wrought and delivered with all the graces of rhetoric. He was a man of rare power and the ripest cultivation. He died at Boston, in 1865.

THERE is much, in every way, in the city of Florence, to excite the curiosity, to kindle the imagination, and to gratify the taste. But among all its fascinations, addressed to the sense, the memory, and the heart, there was none to which I more frequently gave a meditative hour, during a year's residence, than to the spot where Galileo Galilei sleeps beneath the marble floor of Santa Croce; no building on

which I gazed with greater reverence than I did upon the modest mansion at Arcetri, villa at once and prison, in which that venerable sage passed the sad closing years of his life; the beloved daughter on whom he had depended to smooth his passage to the grave laid there before him; the eyes with which he had discovered worlds before unknown quenched in blindness.

2. Of all the wonders of ancient and modern art,—statues, and paintings, and jewels, and manuscripts, the admiration and the delight of ages,—there was nothing which I beheld with more affectionate awe than that poor rough tube, a few feet in length, the work of his own hands, that very “optic glass” through which the “Tuscan Artist” viewed the moon,—

“At evening from the top of Fesolè
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.”

3. It was that poor little spy-glass (for it is scarcely more) through which the human eye first distinctly beheld the surface of the moon—first discovered the phases of Venus, the satellites of Jupiter, and the seeming handles of Saturn—first penetrated the dusky depths of the heavens—first pierced the clouds of visual error which, from the creation of the world, involved the system of the universe. There are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when, raising the newly-constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus—crescent like the moon.

4. It was such another moment as that when the immortal printers of Metz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art; like that when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th of October, 1492, (Copernicus, at the age of eighteen, was then a student at Cracow), beheld the shores of San Salvador; like that when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the

intellect of Newton; like that when Franklin saw by the stiffening fibres of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp; like that when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the planet predicted by him was found. * * *

5. Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right.—“It does move.” Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward to higher facts and bolder theories.

6. Close now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye; it has seen what man never before saw—it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spy-glass; it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse has comparatively done more. The time will come when, from two hundred observatories in Europe and America, the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies, but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten. Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens, like him scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted; in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor!

Nicholas Copernicus, a celebrated Prussian astronomer, who was the first to maintain that the sun was the fixed center of the solar system, around which the earth and the other planets revolved. Sir William Herschel, a great astronomer, who made great improvements in the telescope; and, by its aid, made many wonderful discoveries in the science of which he was so great an ornament. William Parsons, Earl of Rosse, a modern astronomer, and constructor of the magnificent instrument called the Monster Telescope.

LESSON XIII.

A P O T H E G M S.

SELF-RELIANCE.—Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakspeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.—True eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it,—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fates of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour.

2. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit,

speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object,—this, this is eloquence; or rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence: it is action, noble, sublime, God-like action.

Daniel Webster.

THE BRAIN.—Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hands of the Angel of the Resurrection.

2. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ARTICULATION.—

Once more; speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over hard to roll the British R;
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Don't,—let me beg you,—don't say "How?" for "What?"
And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.—With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

Abraham Lincoln.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.—It is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government. I will state the general principles, but not all their limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political: peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none: the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies: the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home, and safety abroad: a jealous care of the right of election by the people, absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism: a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them: the supremacy of the civil over the military authority: economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened: the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith: encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid: the diffusion of information, and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason: freedom of religion; freedom of the press; and freedom of person, under the protection of the habeas corpus: and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation, which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages, and blood of our heroes, have been devoted to their attainment: they should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

Thomas Jefferson.

LESSON XIV.

THE RAVEN.

BY E. A. POE.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Baltimore, 1811. His parents having died, he was adopted and carefully educated by Mr. John Allan, of Richmond. At an early age he entered the University of Virginia, and was the foremost scholar of his class, but was expelled for his dissolute habits. He went abroad to join the patriot Greeks; but after a year he appeared at St. Petersburg, utterly destitute, and was sent home by the American Minister. Mr. Allan then secured his appointment as a cadet at West Point, whence he was also expelled after the lapse of a few months. He published a small volume of poems in Baltimore, but was forced by poverty to enlist as a private soldier in the army, from which he deserted. He was, in turn, the editor of several different literary periodicals in the North and South, and produced many tales and sketches, remarkable for their elegant style, fertile invention, and marvelous powers of analysis. His poem, *The Raven*, appeared in the *American Review*, and gave him an immense reputation. His reckless intemperance kept him in constant trouble, and he disgraced himself in every relation of life. All his writings, brilliant and powerful as they are, seem to be haunted by the gloom of a desolate soul. He died, from his excesses, at Baltimore, in 1849.

I.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more.”

II.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor :
Eagerly I wished the morrow ;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here forevermore.

III.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;
So that now to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door ;
This it is, and nothing more.”

IV.

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you.” Here I opened wide the door :
Darkness there, and nothing more.

V.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before ;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word “Lenore !”
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word “Lenore !”—
Merely this, and nothing more.

VI.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice ;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore ;—
’Tis the wind, and nothing more.”

VII.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or staid he ;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

VIII.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore !”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

IX.

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,—
With such name as “Nevermore.”

X.

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered ; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.”
Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

XI.

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it uttered is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of ‘Never—nevermore !’ ”

XII.

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door ;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

XIII.

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore !

XIV.

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee

Respite,—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore !

Quaff, O, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore !"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

XV.

"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !—

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead ?—tell me—tell me, I implore !"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

XVI.

"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

XVII.

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !" I shrieked, upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore !

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken !

Leave my loneliness unbroken !—quit the bust above my door !

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

XVIII.

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door ;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor ;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore !

O-bē'i'sançe, a bow; a courtesy.

Plu-tō'ni-an, pertaining to Pluto; the god of the infernal regions.

Ne-pēn'the, a drug used by the ancients to relieve pain and lull sorrow.

Āi'denn, an Anglicized spelling of the Arabic form of the word *Eden*.

LESSON XV.

A DUTCH GOVERNOR.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington Irving, the most fluent and graceful of American prose writers, was born in the city of New York, 1783. He received only a common school education, and thenceforward cultivated his own mind by extensive reading and thoughtful observation. He traveled extensively in Europe from 1804 to 1806, and then returning to New York, studied law and was admitted to the bar: he never, however, practised his profession. His first literary venture of consequence was his *History of New York*, by Diedrich Knickerbocker, the most unique and elaborate burlesque in our language. He went to Europe again in 1815, and wrote *The Sketch Book*, which was first published in New York, and subsequently in London. This work was at once accepted as a classic, and placed his fame on a sure foundation. *Bracebridge Hall*, his next work, appeared in 1822, and was written in Paris. In succeeding years, his *Tales of a Traveler*, *Voyages and Discoveries of Columbus*, *Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*, *Conquest of Granada*, *The Alhambra*, *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*, *Astoria*, *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, *Life of Washington*, and other brilliant works successively appeared, and constantly brightened the luster of his name. The following extract is from his *History of New York*. He died at Sunnyside, New York, in 1859.

THE renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers.

2. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pike-staff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, “ Well, I see nothing in all that to laugh about.”

3. With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind

on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it. Certain it is, that if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look, shake his capacious head, smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that "he had his doubts about the matter;" which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief, and not easily imposed upon.

4. The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been molded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between his shoulders.

5. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament, and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusty red, like a spitzenberg apple.

6. His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four and twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was

either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

7. In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timberman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a scepter, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmine and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers.

8. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict made by his contending doubts and opinions.

9. The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was

interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle.

10. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings—or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth—either as a sign that he relished the dish or comprehended the story—he called unto him his constable, and, pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge jack-knife, despatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

11. This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun Alraschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word.

12. At length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvelous gravity counted over the leaves and weighed the books: it was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other—therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced; therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

13. This decision, being straightway made known, diffused

general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration, and the office of constable fell into such decay that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter—being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

Stät'ū-a-ry, one who professes or practices the art of carving images or making statues.

Städt'hölder, formerly the chief magistrate of the United Provinces of Holland; or the governor or lieutenant-governor of a province.

Loş'el, wasteful; slothful.

Haroun Alraschid, a celebrated Eastern Caliph, who was the patron of arts and letters, and the magnificence of whose court is still referred to in Oriental literature.

LESSON XVI.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY F. M. FINCH.

The women of Columbus, Mississippi, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and the National soldiers.

BY the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead ;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;—
 Under the one, the Blue ;
 Under the other, the Gray.

2. These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet ;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;—
 Under the laurel, the Blue ;
 Under the willow, the Gray.
3. From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
 Alike for the friend and the foe ;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;—
 Under the roses, the Blue ;
 Under the lilies, the Gray.
4. So with an equal splendor
 The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all ;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;—
 'Broidered with gold, the Blue ;
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.
5. So, when the summer calleth
 On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain ;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;—
 Wet with the rain, the Blue ;
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.
6. Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done ;

In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won ;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue ;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

7. No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red ;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead !
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.
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LESSON XVII.

THE FATE OF VASCO NUÑEZ.

BY HUBERT H. BANCROFT.

FROM the heights of Quarequa, overlooking the bay of Panamá, on the 25th of September, 1513, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa first beheld the Pacific Ocean. There it lay spread out before him, far as the eye could reach, in calm, majestic beauty, glittering like liquid crystal in the morning sun. Casting himself upon the ground, he poured forth praise and thanksgiving to the Creator of that boundless unknown sea, for the honor of its discovery. Then, with his faithful comrades, he descended to the shore, and drawing his sword, marched into the water and took possession for the king of Spain. Returning to Darien he made known his wonderful discovery. Throughout Christendom his name became famous; King Ferdinand praised him for his brilliant achievement, and made him governor of the Southern Sea which he had found; Pedrarias Dávila, governor of Darien, betrothed to him his

daughter. Flushed with his success and loaded with honors Vasco Nuñez attempted yet greater things. Desirous of ex-



tending his discoveries, he built ships upon the northern seaboard, and, with great difficulty, conveyed them in pieces across the mountains to the new South Sea.

2. Meanwhile Pedrarias, now old and petulant, grew jealous of his young, adventurous rival. "This upstart," thought he, "whom all men honor, will soon displace me in my government if I do not clip his wings." So he induced the king to make the government of the South Sea subordinate to his own; then he set afloat rumors that Vasco Nuñez, upon his broad new sea, cared little for the sovereign of Spain, or for any of his governors. About this time, one Andres Garabito—as treacherous a villain as ever betrayed friend—under many

obligations to Vasco Nuñez, and professing for him devoted attachment, told Pedrarias that the young governor was faithless to the old man's daughter and faithless to him. At this, his jealous fears took fire; but smothering his wrath, he wrote smooth letters, beseeching his dear son-in-law to come to him, that they might confer upon some projected enterprise. When the messengers had gone the old man sat down, and brooded over fancied wrongs until his hate was unto death, murderous; then he rose up and laughed as he thought upon the sweet revenge which should so soon obliterate them all. "Once within my grasp," meditated Pedrarias, "and he shall never escape me."

3. Leaving his ships at the Pearl Islands, in the bay of Panamá, Vasco Nuñez hastened to answer the summons of Pedrarias, returning with the messengers to Acla, on the northern seaboard, where the old man awaited them. Won by his courtesy and noble bearing, when about half the journey was accomplished, the messengers of Pedrarias told Vasco Nuñez that their master premediated harm to him. Conscious of no wrong, frank and unsuspicious, Vasco Nuñez could not credit their assertions. "There must be some mistake," said he, "at all events, I have nothing to fear; I will go forward." As the little party descended the mountains which separate the two great oceans and approached Acla, they were met by an armed force sent out by Pedrarias. The leader of the band, who had often served under Vasco Nuñez, stepped forward and placed his former patron under arrest. Casting upon him a reproachful look, Vasco Nuñez exclaimed, "How is this, Francisco Pizarro? You were not wont to come out in this fashion to receive me!" No attempt, however, was made to escape; no remonstrance, no complaint. He suffered himself to be placed in chains, to be conveyed to Acla and cast into prison.

4. The old man Pedrarias, could scarce conceal his exultation in having thus outwitted, as he imagined, his enemy; could scarce refrain from feasting his eyes on him; nay, he

would not,—so he visited him in prison, and with hypocritical face and dolorous voice said to him, “Be not cast down, my son, with grief, neither give way to fear; for the more clearly your past actions are brought to light, the brighter will shine out your eminent and loyal services.” Pedrarias now put forth his utmost endeavor to heap together charges which should criminate the prisoner; and in this he was so far successful as to force from the unwilling judge a sentence of death. The old man’s happiness, however, was incomplete without a fiendish triumph.

5. Once more he enters the prison. Dropping the mask of hypocrisy, relentless rage gleaming from his eyes, his voice tremulous with passion: “You thought to escape me,” he cries; “Your governor has become your tool, your plaything; his daughter an idle jest. Know that your days are numbered, and that revenge, grown ripe with age, is none the less sweet for being long delayed.” The prisoner manifested no surprise at this outburst. During the progress of the trial he had become convinced that he was prejudged and foredoomed. Calmly he answered the vindictive old man. “I am here at your bidding. Since last we pledged our friendship, I have toiled unceasingly in your behalf and mine. I have suffered many hardships, have overcome obstacles deemed insurmountable by most men. Never in my heart have I entertained one thought disloyal to my king, treasonable to you, or unfaithful to my betrothed.”

6. “And, that what I say is true,” continued Vasco Nuñez, “my actions are my witnesses. Think you with four good ships, and three hundred brave, devoted men at my command; with bright fortune beckoning me across the sea from every direction, that had I harbored treason in my breast I should not have spread my sails and sought a land unknown, beyond all fear of capture? But, unconscious of any wrong intent, unsuspecting of this black iniquitous perfidy, forgetting that my lord Pedrarias deals out chains and death, as the rewards of honest purpose and faithful service, I am here powerless, and

doomed to suffer this gross injustice at your hand." Whether innocent or guilty, little cared Pedrarias; his victim must die, and quickly. Four of his comrades were condemned to be beheaded with him.

7. The appointed day broke dark and gloomy over Acla. At an early hour the dull strokes of the carpenter's hammer were heard in the plaza, where scaffolding was being erected for the bloody work. Groups of men and women gathered at the corners of the streets, and in subdued but earnest tones, recounted the bold achievements of the men now doomed to die. The cold, dismal, murky atmosphere was not more joyless than the heavy hearts of those who thus talked of these strange doings. At length, the condemned were led forth. First came Vasco Nuñez, with firm step and lofty bearing. Fire flashed from his eye, and a flush of indignation crimsoned his cheek as he beheld the preparations made for his ignominious death.

8. Before him marched the town crier, who, as he reached the scaffold exclaimed in a loud voice, "Behold the usurper; a man recreant to his trust, disloyal to his king, and unfaithful to his governor!" "'Tis false!" cried Vasco Nuñez. "Never have I harbored a disloyal thought; never have I committed one treasonable act; I, and all my comrades, have ever served our king with fidelity. We are now to die; not by order of our sovereign, whom we dearly love and reverence, but victims of treacherous hate and gross injustice." Not one who heard these words, but felt that they were true. Tears filled the eyes of the spectators, and the very air seemed laden with suffocating wrong. The Holy Sacrament was then administered; after which, calmly and with a firm step, Vasco Nuñez mounted the scaffold. Raising his eyes to heaven; he called on God to witness his innocence; then with a rapid farewell glance at sky and earth, and the eager upturned faces of his friends, he placed his head upon the block, and in a moment Vasco Nuñez de Balboa was no more!

9. Then followed his companions, each in his turn. All

this time, not twelve paces distant, hidden behind a wall of reeds, through the crevices of which the butchery of his enemy could be witnessed unobserved, slunk reptile-like, Pedrarias. Time, which throws a misty cloud between the present and the past and strips the hideousness from many iniquitous deeds, drops no friendly mantle over the horrors of that day at Acla. One century after another rolls by, and the colors upon the canvas deepen; the red gore dripping from the scaffold becomes redder; the black heart of Pedrarias blacker, and the brilliant achievements and generous qualities of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa shine yet brighter.

LESSON XVIII.

SCENE FROM THE HUNCHBACK.

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

James Sheridan Knowles, the most prolific and popular dramatic poet of our day, was born at Cork, Ireland, in 1784. He began writing for the stage at the age of twelve, and in 1809 became an actor. He next became a teacher of elocution at Belfast, and while there wrote *Brian Boroihme* and *Caius Gracchus*, which met with the greatest success. In succeeding years he produced many plays, the most popular of which are *Virginus*, *Hunchback*, *Love Chase*, *William Tell*, *Rose of Aragon*, and *The Wife*. He afterward became a Baptist minister, and wrote several sermons and controversial works. Mr. KNOWLES was a careful student of the old dramatists, and knew thoroughly the requirements of the stage. He died in 1862. The following is a scene from *The Hunchback*.

Tinsel. Believe me. You shall profit by my training;
You grow a lord apace. I saw you meet
A bevy of your former friends, who fain
Had shaken hands with you. You gave them fingers!
You're now another man. Your house is changed,—
Your table changed—your retinue—your horse—
Where once you rode a hack, you now back blood;—
Befits it then you also change your friends!

Enter WILLIAMS.

Will. A gentleman would see your lordship.

Tin. Sir!

What's that?

Will. A gentleman would see his lordship.

Tin. How know you, sir, his lordship is at home?

Is he at home because he goes not out?

He's not at home, though there you see him, sir,

Unless he certify that he's at home!

Bring up the name of the gentleman, and then

Your lord will know if he's at home, or not.

[*WILLIAMS goes out.*]

Your man was porter to some merchant's door,

Who never taught him better breeding than

To speak the vulgar truth! Well, sir?

WILLIAMS having re-entered.

Will. His name,

So please your lordship, Markham.

Tin.

Do you know

The thing?

Rochdale. Right well! I' faith a hearty fellow,

Son to a worthy tradesman, who would do

Great things with little means; so enter'd him

In the Temple. A good fellow, on my life,

Nought smacking of his stock!

Tin.

You've said enough!

His lordship's not at home. [*WILLIAMS goes out.*] We do not go
By hearts, but orders! Had he family—

Blood—though it only were a drop—his heart

Would pass for something; lacking such desert,

Were it ten times the heart it is, 'tis nought!

Enter WILLIAMS.

Will. One Master Jones hath ask'd to see your lordship.

Tin. And what was your reply to Master Jones?

Will. I knew not if his lordship was at home.

Tin. You'll do. Who's Master Jones?

Roch. A curate's son.

Tin. A curate's. Better be a yeoman's son !
 Was it the rector's son, he might be known,
 Because the rector is a rising man,
 And may become a bishop. He goes light.
 The curate ever hath a loaded back ;
 He may be called the yeoman of the church,
 That sweating does his work, and drudges on
 While lives the hopeful rector at his ease.
 How made you his acquaintance, pray ?

Roch. We read
 Latin and Greek together.

Tin. Dropping them—
 As, now that you're a lord, of course you've done—
 Drop him—You'll say his lordship's not at home.

Will. So please your worship, I forgot to say,
 One Richard Cricket likewise is below.

Tin. Who ? Richard Cricket ! You must see him, Roch-
 dale !

A noble little fellow ! A great man, sir !
 Not knowing whom, you would be nobody !
 I won five thousand pounds by him !

Roch. Who is he ?
 I never heard of him.

Tin. What ? never heard
 Of Richard Cricket ! never heard of him !
 Why, he's the jockey of Newmarket ; you
 May win a cup by him, or else a sweepstakes.
 I bade him call upon you. You must see him.
 His lordship is at home to Richard Cricket.

Roch. Bid him wait in the ante-room.

[*WILLIAMS goes out.*]

Tin. The ante-room !
 The best room in your house ! You do not know
 The use of Richard Cricket ! Show him, sir,
 Into the drawing-room. Your lordship needs
 Must keep a racing-stud, and you'll do well

To make a friend of Richard Cricket. Well, sir.
What's that?

Enter WILLIAMS.

Will. So please your lordship, a petition.

Tin. Hadst not a service 'mongst the Hottentots
Ere thou camest hither, friend? Present thy lord
With a petition! At mechanics' doors,
At tradesmen's, shopkeepers', and merchants' only
Have such things leave to knock! Make thy lord's gate
A wicket to a workhouse! Let us see it—
Subscriptions to a book of poetry!

Cornelius Tense, A. M.

Which means he construes Greek and Latin, works
Problems in mathematics, can chop logic,
And is a conjuror in philosophy,
Both natural and moral—Pshaw! a man
Whom nobody, that is anybody, knows.
Who, think you, follows him? Why an M. D.,
An F. R. S., an F. A. S., and then
A D. D., Doctor of Divinity,
Ushering in an LL. D., which means
Doctor of Laws—their harmony, no doubt,
The difference of their trades! There's nothing here
But languages, and sciences, and arts—
Not an iota of nobility!
We cannot give our names. Take back the paper,
And tell the bearer there's no answer for him :—
That is the lordly way of saying “No.”

Sweep'stākes, the whole money or other
venture staked at a horse-race.

F. A. S., Fellow of the Society of Arts;

Fellow of the Antiquarian Society.

F. R. S., Fellow of the Royal Society.

ĩ-ō tā, the smallest letter of the Greek
alphabet, corresponding to the English
“i”; and, therefore, used to express a
very small quantity or degree.

LESSON XIX.

DAVID C. BRODERICK.

BY COL. E. D. BAKER.

Edward Dickinson Baker, the orator, statesman, and soldier, was born in London, 1811. His parents came to the United States, and settled at Philadelphia in 1816. His parents were persons of education and high character, and early instilled into the heart of their gifted son the noblest principles. In 1828, his father having died, young Baker removed to Carrolton, Illinois, and studied law. He was a Major in the Black Hawk War of 1832. He rapidly rose to distinction in the legal profession, and was elected a member of Congress from Illinois in 1845. He served with the highest distinction in the Mexican War as Colonel of an Illinois regiment. He served in the Thirty-first Congress as member from Galena District, Illinois, and removed to California in 1852, where he soon took a leading position at the bar. In 1860 Colonel Baker removed to Oregon, and in six months was returned to the U.S. Senate from that State. In 1861 he left his seat in the Senate and entered the war for the Union as the Colonel of a regiment, and died heroically fighting for the cause he loved, October 21, 1861. He was one of the most brilliant and powerful of American orators. The following is an extract from his oration over the body of Senator David C. Broderick, of California, who fell in a duel, near San Francisco, September 13, 1859.

A SENATOR lies dead in our midst! He is wrapped in a bloody shroud, and we, to whom his toils and cares were given, are about to bear him to the place appointed for all the living. It is not fit that such a man should pass to the tomb unheralded; it is not fit that such a life should steal unnoticed to its close; it is not fit that such a death should call forth no rebuke, or be followed by no public lamentation. It is this conviction which impels the gathering of this assemblage. We are here of every station and pursuit, of every creed and character, each in his capacity of citizen, to swell the mournful tribute which the majesty of the people offers to the unreplying dead.

2. He lies to-day surrounded by little of funeral pomp. No banners droop above the bier, no melancholy music floats upon the reluctant air. The hopes of high-hearted friends droop like fading flowers upon his breast, and the struggling sigh compels the tear in eyes that seldom weep. Around him are those who have known him best and loved him longest; who have shared the triumph, and endured the defeat. Near

him are the gravest and noblest of the State, possessed by a grief at once earnest and sincere; while beyond, the masses of the people whom he loved, and for whom his life was given, gather like a thunder-cloud of swelling and indignant grief.

3. In such a presence, fellow-citizens, let us linger for a moment at the portals of the tomb, whose shadowy arches vibrate to the public heart, to speak a few brief words of the man, of his life, and of his death. Up to the time of his arrival in California, his life had been passed amid events incident to such a character. Fearless, self-reliant, open in his enmities, warm in his friendships, wedded to his opinions, and marching directly to his purpose through and over all opposition, his career was checkered with success and defeat; but even in defeat his energies were strengthened and his character developed.

4. When he reached these shores, his keen observation taught him at once that he trod a broad field, and that a higher career was before him. He had no false pride: sprung from a people and of a race whose vocation was labor, he toiled with his own hands, and sprang at a bound from the workshop to the legislative hall. From that time there congregated around him and against him the elements of success and defeat—strong friendships, bitter enmities, high praise, malignant calumnies—but he trod with a free and a proud step that onward path which has led him to glory and the grave. * * * * *

5. Fellow-citizens! the man whose body lies before you was your Senator. From the moment of his election his character has been maligned, his motives attacked, his courage impeached, his patriotism assailed. It has been a system tending to one end: and the end is here. What was his crime? Review his history—consider his public acts—weigh his private character—and before the grave incloses him forever, judge between him and his enemies!

6. As a man—to be judged in his private relations—who

was his superior? It was his boast, and amid the general license of a new country, it was a proud one, that his most scrutinizing enemy could fix no single act of immorality upon him! Temperate, decorous, self-restrained, he had passed through all the excitements of California, unstained. No man could charge him with broken faith or violated trust; of habits simple and inexpensive, he had no lust of gain. He overreached no man's weakness in a bargain, and withheld from no man his just dues. Never, in the history of the State, has there been a citizen who has borne public relations, more stainless in all respects than he.

* * * * *

7. Fellow-citizens! One year ago to-day I performed a duty, such as I perform to-day, over the remains of Senator Ferguson, who died as Broderick died, tangled in the meshes of the code of honor. To-day there is another and more eminent sacrifice. To-day I renew my protest; to-day I utter yours. The code of honor is a delusion and a snare; it palters with the hope of a true courage and binds it at the feet of crafty and cruel skill. It surrounds its victim with the pomp and grace of the procession, but leaves him bleeding on the altar.

8. It substitutes cold and deliberate preparation for courageous and manly impulse, and arms the one to disarm the other; it may prevent fraud between practiced duelists who should be forever without its pale, but it makes the mere "trick of the weapon" superior to the noblest cause and the truest courage. Its pretense of equality is a lie—it is equal in all the form, it is unjust in all the substance—the habitude of arms, the early training, the frontier life, the border war, the sectional custom, the life of leisure, all these are advantages which no negotiation can neutralize, and which no courage can overcome.

9. And now, as the shadows turn toward the East, and we prepare to bear these poor remains to their silent resting-place, let us not seek to repress the generous pride which

prompts a recital of noble deeds and manly virtues. He rose unaided and alone ; he began his career without family or fortune, in the face of difficulties ; he inherited poverty and obscurity ; he died a Senator in Congress, having written his name in the history of the great struggle for the rights of the people against the despotism of organization and the corruption of power.

10. He leaves in the hearts of his friends the tenderest and the proudest recollections. He was honest, faithful, earnest, sincere, generous and brave ; he felt in all the great crises of his life that he was a leader in the ranks, that it was his high duty to uphold the interests of the masses ; that he could not falter. When he returned from that fatal field, while the dark wing of the Archangel of Death was casting its shadows upon his brow, his greatest anxiety was as to the performance of his duty. He felt that all his strength and all his life belonged to the cause to which he had devoted them.

11. "Baker," said he—and to me they were his last words—"Baker, when I was struck I tried to stand firm, but the blow blinded me, and I could not." I trust it is no shame to my manhood that tears blinded me as he said it. Of his last hour I have no heart to speak. He was the last of his race ; there was no kindred hand to smooth his couch or wipe the death-damp from his brow ; but around that dying bed strong men, the friends of early manhood, the devoted adherents of later life, bowed in irrepressible grief, "and lifted up their voices and wept."

12. But, fellow-citizens, the voice of lamentation is not uttered by private friendship alone—the blow that struck his manly breast has touched the heart of a people, and as the sad tidings spread, a general gloom prevails. Who now shall speak for California?—who be the interpreter of the wants of the Pacific coast?

"Ah! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' bank, and call us from the tomb?"

13. But the last word must be spoken, and the imperious

mandate of Death must be fulfilled. Thus, O brave heart! we bear thee to thy rest. Thus, surrounded by tens of thousands, we leave thee to the equal grave. As in life, no other voice among us so rung its trumpet blast upon the ear of free-men, so in death its echoes will reverberate amid our mountains and valleys, until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart.

Good friend! true hero! hail and farewell.

LESSON XX.

THE VAGABONDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

John Townsend Trowbridge, was born in Ogden, Western New York, 1827. He received a common school education, and at the age of nineteen went to New York city, for the purpose of devoting himself to literature. His progress in the great metropolis was slow, and he suffered many privations, sleeping in a garret, and living often on merely a crust. He went to Boston in 1850, and there his literary career began to brighten. Within a few years, *Father Brighthopes*, *Burrcliff*, and a few other stories, successively appeared, and immediately became popular. They were written for young folks, but were read by all classes. Among his other works are, *Martin Merri-vale*, *Neighbor Jackwood*, *The Old Battle-Ground*, *Cudjoe's Cave*, *Coupon Bonds*, and *The South*. He is equally well known by his poetical and miscellaneous writings.

WE are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!
Over the table—look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old:

Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out doors when nights were cold,
And ate, and drank, and starved together.

2. We've learned what comfort is, I tell you:
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow,
The paw he holds up there has been frozen),

Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings.

3. No, thank you, sir, I never drink.

Roger and I are exceedingly moral.
Aren't we Roger? see him wink.

Well, something hot then, we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty too—see him nod his head.

What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk;
He understands every word that's said,
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

4. The truth is, sir, now I reflect,

I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect,
(Here's to you, sir) even of my dog.
But he sticks by through thick and thin,
And this old coat with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

5. There isn't another creature living,

Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master.
No, sir! see him wag his tail and grin—
By George! it makes my old eyes water—
That is, there is something in this gin
That chokes a fellow, but no matter.

6. We'll have some music if you are willing,

And Roger here (what a plague a cough is, sir)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Paws up! eyes front! salute your officer!
'Bout face! attention! take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms you see.) Now hold your

Cap, while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

7. March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes

When he stands up to hear his sentence;
Now tell how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance,
Five yelps, that's five—he's mighty knowing;
The night's before us, fill the glasses;
Quick, sir! I'm ill, my brain is going;
Some brandy, thank you; there it passes.

8. Why not reform? That's easily said.

But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform,
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out Heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

9. Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love; but I took to drink;
The same old story, you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features—
You needn't laugh, sir, I was not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
I was one of your handsome men.—

10. If you had seen her, so fair, so young,

Whose head was happy on this breast;
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guess'd
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog.

11. She's married since, a parson's wife,
 'Twas better for her that we should part ;
Better the soberest, prosiest life
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once ! I was weak and spent
 On the dusty road ; a carriage stopped ;
But little she dreamed as on she went
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped.
12. You've set me talking, sir, I'm sorry ;
 It makes me wild to think of the change.
What do you care for a beggar's story ?
 Is it amusing? You find it strange ?
I had a mother so proud of me,
 'Twas well she died before. Do you know
If the happy spirits in Heaven can see
 The ruin and wretchedness here below ?
13. Another glass, and strong to deaden
 This pain ; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden, -
 Aching thing, in place of a heart ?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
 No doubt remembering things that were :
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.
14. I'm better now; that glass was warming.
 You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !
We must be fiddling and performing
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead you think ?
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink—
 The sooner the better for Roger and me.

LESSON XXI.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

Gulian Crommelin Verplanck was born in the city of New York, in 1786, and graduated at Columbia College at the early age of fifteen. He studied for the bar, was admitted, and spent several years in European travel. He was, on his return, engaged in politics, and served eight years as a member of Congress. For the forty years preceding his death, Mr. Verplanck was Vice-Chancellor of the University of New York. He was the first American who distinguished himself in the difficult walk of Shakspearean criticism. He is best known by his learned discourses delivered on many public occasions. He died in 1870.

THERE is one other influence more powerful than that of the Schoolmaster, in molding the national character, and but one. It is that of the MOTHER. The forms of a free government, the provision of wise legislation, the schemes of the statesman, the sacrifices of the patriot, are as nothing compared with this. If the future citizens of our republic are to be worthy of their rich inheritance, they must be made so principally through the virtue and intelligence of their mothers. It is in the school of maternal tenderness that the kind affections must be first roused and made habitual—the early sentiment of piety awakened and rightly directed—the sense of duty and moral responsibility unfolded and enlightened.

2. But next in rank and in efficacy to that pure and holy source of moral influence is that of the schoolmaster. It is powerful already. What would it be if in every one of those school districts, which we now count by annually increasing thousands, there were to be found one teacher, well-informed without pedantry, religious without bigotry or fanaticism, proud and fond of his profession, and honored in the discharge of its duties!

3. How wide would be the intellectual, the moral influence of such a body of men! Many such we have already among us—men humbly wise and obscurely useful; whom poverty cannot depress, nor neglect degrade. But to raise up a body of such men, as numerous as the wants and dignity of the coun-

try demand, their labors must be fitly remunerated, and themselves and their calling cherished and honored.

4. The schoolmaster's occupation is laborious and ungrateful; its rewards are scanty and precarious. He may indeed be, and he ought to be, animated by the consciousness of doing good—that best of all consolations—that noblest of all motives. But that, too, must be often clouded by doubt and uncertainty. Obscure and inglorious as his daily occupation may appear to learned pride or worldly ambition, yet to be truly successful and happy, he must be animated by the spirit of the same great principles which inspired the most illustrious benefactors of mankind.

5. If he bring to his task high talent and rich acquirements, he must be content to look into distant years for the proof that his labors have not been wasted—that the good seed which he daily scatters abroad does not fall on stony ground and wither away, or among thorns to be choked by the cares, the delusions, or the vices of the world. He must solace his toils with the same prophetic faith that enabled the greatest of modern philosophers, amidst the neglect or contempt of his own times, to regard himself as sowing the seeds of truth for posterity and the care of Heaven.

6. He must arm himself against disappointment and mortification with a portion of that same noble confidence which soothed the greatest of modern poets when weighed down by care and danger, by poverty, old age, and blindness, still

“——— in prophetic dream he saw
The youth unborn, with pious awe,
Imbibe each virtue from his sacred page.”

7. He must know, and he must love to teach his pupils, not the meager elements of knowledge, but the secret and the use of their own intellectual strength, exciting and enabling them hereafter to raise for themselves the veil which covers the majestic form of Truth. He must feel deeply the reverence due to the youthful mind fraught with mighty though undeveloped energies and affections, and mysterious and eter-

nal destinies. Thence he must have learned to reverence himself and his profession, and to look upon its otherwise ill-requited toils as their own exceeding great reward.

8. If such are the difficulties and the discouragements—such the duties, the motives, and the consolations of teachers who are worthy of that name and trust, how imperious then the obligation upon every enlightened citizen who knows and feels the value of such men to aid them, to cheer them, and to honor them!

9. But let us not be content with barren honor to buried merit. Let us prove our gratitude to the dead by faithfully endeavoring to elevate the station, to enlarge the usefulness, and to raise the character of the schoolmaster amongst us. Thus we shall best testify our gratitude to the teachers and guides of our own youth, thus best serve our country, and thus, most effectually, diffuse over our land light, and truth, and virtue.

Pēd'ant-ry, a vain show of learning; a
boastful display of knowledge of any
kind.

Big'ot-ry, unreasonable zeal or warmth

in favor of a party, sect, or opinion;
the practice or belief of a bigot.

Fa-nāt'i-qīsm, religious frenzy; enthuse-
siasm; superstition.

LESSON XXII.

THE ARIEL AMONG THE SHOALS.

BY JAMES F. COOPER.

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, N. J., 1789. His father, a gentleman of wealth, culture, and energy, was the owner of large tracts of land on the shores of Lake Otsego, N. Y., then on the border of the wilderness, where the boyhood of the future novelist was principally passed. He was sent to Yale at the age of thirteen, but remained only three years, and then entered the U. S. Navy as a common sailor. After two years service he was promoted to the rank of midshipman, and eventually to that of lieutenant. Having married in 1811, he left the service and began his career as an author. He was the first American who wielded the pen of fiction with acknowledged power. His practical knowledge of the sea, and the romantic life of the frontier furnished him with unbounded resources, and the novels he rapidly produced were received with the wildest enthusiasm. His most popular works are *The Pilot*, *The Red Rover*, *The Spy*, *The Pioneers*, *The Deerslayer*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Prairie*, and *The Last of the Mohicans*. His works are based on

nature and have a permanent charm. He died in 1851. The following is from *The Pilot*, and illustrates an incident in the life of Paul Jones.

PART FIRST.

THE extraordinary activity of Griffith, which communicated itself with promptitude to the whole crew, was produced by a sudden alteration in the weather. In place of the well-defined streak along the horizon that has been already described, an immense body of misty light appeared to be moving in with rapidity from the ocean, while a distinct but distant roaring announced the sure approach of the tempest that had so long troubled the waters.

2. Even Griffith, while thundering his orders through the trumpet, and urging the men by his cries to expedition, would pause for instants to cast anxious glances in the direction of the coming storm, and the faces of the sailors who lay on the yards were turned instinctively toward the same quarter of the heavens.

3. The pilot alone, in that confused and busy throng, where voice rose above voice and cry echoed cry in quick succession, appeared as if he held no interest in the important stake. With his eyes steadily fixed on the approaching mist, and his arms folded together in composure, he stood calmly awaiting the result.

The ship had fallen off with her broadside to the sea, and was become unmanageable, and the sails were already brought into the folds necessary to her security, when the quick and heavy fluttering of canvas was thrown across the water with all the gloomy and chilling sensations that such sounds produce, where darkness and danger unite to appall the seaman.

4. "The schooner has it!" cried Griffith; "Barnstable has held on, like himself, to the last moment—God send that the squall leave him cloth enough to keep him from the shore!"

"His sails are easily handled," the commander observed, "and she must be over the principal danger. We are falling off before it, Mr. Gray; shall we try a cast of the lead?"

The pilot turned from his contemplative posture, and moved

slowly across the deck before he returned any reply to this question—like a man who not only felt that everything depended on himself, but that he was equal to the emergency.

5. "'Tis unnecessary," he at length said; 'twould be certain destruction to be taken aback, and it is difficult to say, within several points, how the wind may strike us."

"'Tis difficult no longer," cried Griffith; "for here it comes, and in right earnest!"

The rushing sounds of the wind were now indeed heard at hand, and the words were hardly passed the lips of the young lieutenant before the vessel bowed down heavily to one side, and then, as she began to move through the water, rose again majestically to her upright position, as if saluting, like a courteous champion, the powerful antagonist with which she was about to contend.

6. All on board anxiously waited for the fury of the gale; for there were none so ignorant or inexperienced in that gallant frigate as not to know that they as yet only felt the infant efforts of the winds. Each moment, however, it increased in power, though so gradual was the alteration, that the relieved mariners began to believe that all their gloomy forebodings were not to be realized.

7. "It blows fresh," cried Griffith, who was the first to speak in that moment of doubt and anxiety; "but it is no more than a capfull of wind, after all. Give us elbow room and the right canvas, Mr. Pilot, and I'll handle the ship like a gentleman's yacht in this breeze."

"Will she stay, think ye, under this sail?" said the low voice of the stranger.

8. "She will do all that man in reason can ask of wood and iron," returned the lieutenant; "but the vessel don't float the ocean that will tack under double-reefed topsails alone against a heavy sea. Help her with the courses, pilot, and you'll see her come round like a dancing-master."

"Let us feel the strength of the gale first," returned the man who was called Mr. Gray, moving from the side of Grif-

fith to the weather gangway of the vessel, where he stood in silence, looking ahead of the ship with an air of singular coolness and abstraction.

9. It was evident to every one that the ship was dashing at a prodigious rate through the waves; and, as she was approaching, with such velocity, the quarter of the bay where the shoals and dangers were known to be situated, nothing but the habits of the most exact discipline could repress the uneasiness of the officers and men within their own bosoms. At length the voice of Captain Munson was heard calling to the pilot.

“Shall I send a hand into the chains, Mr. Gray,” he said, “and try our water?”

10. “Tack your ship, sir, tack your ship; I would see how she works before we reach the point where she *must* behave well, or we perish.”

Griffith gazed after him in wonder, while the pilot slowly paced the quarter-deck, and then, rousing from his trance, gave forth the cheering order that called each man to his station to perform the desired evolution. The confident assurances which the young officer had given to the pilot respecting the qualities of his vessel, and his own ability to manage her, were fully realized by the result.

11. The helm was no sooner put a lee, than the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind, and, dashing directly through the waves, threw the foam high into the air as she looked boldly into the very eye of the wind, and then, yielding gracefully to its power, she fell off on the other tack with her head pointed from those dangerous shoals that she had so recently approached with such terrifying velocity. The heavy yards swung round as if they had been vanes to indicate the current of the air, and, in a few moments, the frigate again moved with stately progress through the water, leaving the rocks and the shoals behind her on one side of the bay, but advancing toward those that offered equal danger on the other.

12. During this time the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl surlily as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded on its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean.

13. The ship yielded each moment more and more before the storm, and, in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of a gale of wind. Still the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where safety was alone to be found.

14. So far, the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still calm tones that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim, in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea was only to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake off his apathy and rouse himself to the occasion.

15. "Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith," he cried, "here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quarter-master of your vessel in those chains, and let an officer stand by him and see that he gives us the right water."

"I will take that office on myself," said the captain; "pass a light into the weather main-chains."

"Stand by your braces!" exclaimed the pilot with startling quickness. "Heave away that lead!"

16. These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis,

and every officer and man stood in fearful silence, at his assigned station, awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quarter-master at the cun gave out his orders to the men at the wheel in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel. While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called, "By the mark seven!" rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water spirit.

17. "'Tis well," returned the pilot, calmly; "try it again."

The short pause was succeeded by another cry, "And a half-five!"

"She shoals! she shoals!" exclaimed Griffith: "keep her a good full."

"Ay, you must hold the vessel in command now," said the pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care.

18. The third call of "By the deep four!" was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack. Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute this maneuver. The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing-master was heard shouting from the forecastle—"Breakers, breakers, dead ahead!"

19. This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried—"Breakers on our lee-bow!"

"We are in a bight of the shoals, Mr. Gray," said the commander. "She loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best-bower!" shouted Griffith, through his trumpet.

“Hold on!” cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him ; “hold on everything.”

20. The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger who thus defied the discipline of his ship, and at once demanded—“Who is it that dares to countermand my orders ? —is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there ? If another word——”

“Peace, Mr. Griffith,” interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light of his lantern ; “yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray ; he alone can save us.”

21. Griffith threw his speaking trumpet on the deck, and, as he walked proudly away, muttered in bitterness of feeling —“Then all is lost indeed, and, among the rest, the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast.”

There was, however, no time for reply ; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and, as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback.

Gás'ket (nautical), a flat, plaited cord fastened to the sail-yard of a ship, and used to furl the sail, or tie it to the yard when furled.

Reef (nautical), to contract or reduce the extent of, as a sail ; by rolling or folding a portion of it and making it fast to the yard.

LESSON XXIII.

THE ARIEL AMONG THE SHOALS.

PART SECOND.

BEFORE the crew understood their situation the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and, in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly, and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the

vessel was soon whirling round on her keel with a retrograde movement. Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation.

2. He was young, impetuous, and proud ; but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving. The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear ; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood.

3. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head sails were shaken, her after-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened, as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully toward the wind again, and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from amongst the dangerous shoals in which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

4. A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice maneuver, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill directed any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side.

5. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot

seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel, that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals, where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger, and inciting them to their duty.

6. The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government, and during those anxious moments, when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, each ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew, that can only be acquired, under such circumstances, by great steadiness and consummate skill. The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often, when the pilot, for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

7. "Now is the pinch," he said; "and, if the ship behaves well, we are safe—but, if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless."

The veteran seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this portentous notice, and, calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

8. "See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the pilot; "you may know it from the star near it by its sinking, at times, into the ocean. Now observe the hummock, a little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon—'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill, we shall do well—but, if not, we surely go to pieces."

"Let us tack again!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

9. The pilot shook his head, as he replied, "There is no more tacking or box-hauling to be done to-night. We have

barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course, and, if we can weather the 'Devil's Grip,' we clear their outermost point—but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative."

"If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed Griffith, "we should have done well."

10. "Say, also, if the tide would have let us done so," returned the pilot, calmly. "Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail."

"'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest!" observed the doubtful captain.

"It must be done," returned the collected stranger; "we perish without. See! the light already touches the edge of the hummock; the sea casts us to the leeward!"

11. "It shall be done!" cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued, and, everything being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sails seeming to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her center; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men.

12. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it! she springs her luff! observe," he said, "the light opens from the hummock already; if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!"

13. A report like that of a cannon interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drift-

ing before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

“ ’Tis the jib blown from the bolt-ropes,” said the commander of the frigate. “ This is no time to spread light duck—but the mainsail may stand it yet.”

14. “ The sail would laugh at a tornado,” returned the lieutenant ; “ but that mast springs like a piece of steel.”

“ Silence all,” cried the pilot. “ Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff you can.”

This warning effectually closed all discourse, and the hardy mariners knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them, the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols.

15. A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable’s length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water ; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed elements. Along this narrow path, the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hands he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean, and she entered the channel among the breakers with the silence of a desperate calmness.

16. Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger ; but breaker after breaker would still rise before them, following each other into the general mass to check their exultation. Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard ; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping its spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas.

17. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant, the voice of the pilot was heard shouting: "Square away the yards!—in main-sail."

A general burst from the crew echoed, "square away the yards!" and quick as thought the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the open sea."

Rē'tro-grāde, tending to move backward.
Trīm (nautical), to arrange in due order,
as a sail, for sailing.

Ma-neū'ver, to perform a movement in
military or naval tactics; a dexterous
movement.

Tāck (nautical), to change the course of
a ship by shifting the tacks and the
positions of the sails and rudder.

Lūff (nautical), to turn the head of a
ship toward the wind; to sail near the
wind.

Yācht (*yot*), a light and elegant pleasure
vessel.

A-lee' (nautical), opposite to the side on
which the wind strikes.

Hēlm (nautical), the instrument by which
a vessel is steered, consisting of a
rudder, a tiller, and, in large vessels,
a wheel.

Bight (nautical), a bend or coil.

Bow'er (nautical), an anchor carried at
the bow of a ship.

LESSON XXIV.

WAITING BY THE GATE.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Mass., 1794. He was carefully educated under the advice of his father, a man of superior talents and accomplishments. Like most poets, he began writing at an early age, publishing a small volume when he was but ten years old. He entered Williams College in 1810, but remained only two years, and then began the study of law. Having continued in the profession for ten years, he went to New York and engaged in literary pursuits. In 1826 he became connected with the *N. Y. Evening Post*, and is still one of the editors and proprietors of that paper. He has made several visits to Europe and traveled extensively in this country. He has written much and ably in prose and delivered many public addresses, which are models of their kind, embodying the purest expression and the finest thought. His verse is smooth, elegant, and yet strong. His *Thanatopsis*, *A View of Death*, written at the age of nineteen, is considered to be the best expression of his genius.

Like Wordsworth, he is always grave and thoughtful, yet always beautiful. His translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, published in 1872, are everywhere much admired. The name of Bryant is honored in American literature, and, to-day, he wears his crown of seventy-nine winters with the serene strength of some patriarch of old.

BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
 Upon whose tops the clouds in eternal shadows lie,
 While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
 I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

2. The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
 A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
 I hear the woodthrush piping one mellow descant more,
 And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.
3. Behold, the portals open, and o'er the threshold now
 There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow;
 His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
 He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.
4. In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
 Of human strength and action, man's courage and his
 power.
 I muse while still the woodthrush sings down the golden
 day,
 And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.
5. Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
 A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
 A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
 Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.
6. O glory of our race, that so suddenly decays!
 O crimson flush of morning, that darkens as we gaze!
 O breath of summer flowers, that on the restless air
 Scatters a moment's sweetness, and flies we know not where!
7. I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then with-
 drawn;
 But still the sunshines round me; the evening birds sing on.

And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft, evening twilight, I calmly stand and wait.

8. Once more the gates are opened, an infant group goes out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly
shout.

O frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the greensward strows
Its fair, young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

9. So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek, and men of pride;
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars
gray,

And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

- 10 And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank
with fear,

And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near.
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

11. I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither make the dread nor the longing to depart;
And in the sunshine streaming, on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

LESSON XXV.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

O FOR one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray-beard king!

2. Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!

Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

3. One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!
4. —My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling, said,
“If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.
5. “But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?”
6. —Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!
7. —The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
“The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!”
8. —“And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!”
9. Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond parental joys;
I could not bear to leave them all;
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!

10. The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
 “Why, this will never do;
 The man would be a boy again,
 And be a father too!”
11. And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
 The household with its noise,—
 And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
 To please the gray-haired boys.
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LESSON XXVI.

P O E T R Y .

BY LEIGH HUNT.

James Henry Leigh Hunt, an English poet, essayist and critic, was born at Southgate, Middlesex, 1784. He was educated, with Lamb and Coleridge, at Christ's Hospital, London, which he left at the age of fifteen, having already written some verses. In 1812, he was fined £500 and condemned to two years imprisonment for having characterized the Prince Regent as “an Adonis of fifty.” The joyous temper of the poet, however, and the care of his friends, especially Byron and Moore, made his prison life comfortable. His poems are characterized by a lively fancy and graceful expression. His essays and criticisms are his best works. He wrote with constant industry, yet seems to have continued in straitened circumstances until he received a pension of £200 in 1847. He died in 1859.

IF a young reader should ask, after all, What is the best way of knowing bad poets from good, the best poets from the next best, and so on? the answer is, the only and twofold way: first, the perusal of the best poets with the greatest attention; and second, the cultivation of that love of truth and beauty which made them what they are. Every true reader of poetry partakes a more than ordinary portion of the poetic nature; and no one can be completely such, who does not love, or take an interest in, everything that interests the poet, from the firmament to the daisy—from the highest heart of man to the most pitiable of the low.

2. It is a good practice to read with pen in hand, marking what is liked or doubted. It rivets the attention, realizes the

greatest amount of enjoyment, and facilitates reference. It enables the reader also, from time to time, to see what progress he makes with his own mind, and how it grows up to the stature of its exalter.

3. If the same person should ask, What class of poetry is the highest? I should say, undoubtedly, the Epic ; for it includes the drama, with narration besides ; or the speaking and action of the characters, with the speaking of the poet himself, whose utmost address is taxed to relate all well for so long a time, particularly in the passages least sustained by enthusiasm.

4. Whether this class has included the greatest poet, is another question still under trial ; for Shakspeare perplexes all such verdicts, even when the claimant is Homer ; though, if a judgment may be drawn from his early narratives, it is to be doubted whether even Shakspeare could have told a story like Homer, owing to that incessant activity and luxuriance of thought, a little less of which might be occasionally desired, even in his plays ; if it were possible, once possessing anything of his, to wish it away.

5. Next to Homer and Shakspeare come such narrators as the less universal but intenser Dante ; Milton, with his dignified imagination ; the universal, profoundly simple Chaucer ; and luxuriant remote Spenser—immortal child in poetry's most poetic solitudes ; then the great second-rate dramatists ; unless those who are better acquainted with Greek tragedy than I am demand a place for them before Chaucer ; then the airy yet robust universality of Ariosto ; the hearty out-of-door nature of Theocritus, also a universalist ; the finest lyrical poets (who only take short flights, compared with the narrators) ; the purely contemplative poets, who have more thought than feeling ; the descriptive, satirical, didactic, epigrammatic.

6. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the first poet of an inferior class may be superior to followers in the train of a higher one, though the superiority is by no means to be taken for granted ; otherwise Pope would be superior to Fletcher,

and Butler to Pope. Imagination, teeming with action and character, makes the greatest poets; feeling and thought the next; fancy (by itself) the next; wit the last.

7. Thought by itself makes no poet at all; for the mere conclusions of the understanding can at best be only so many intellectual matters of fact. Feeling, even destitute of conscious thought, stands a far better poetical chance; feeling being a sort of thought without the process of thinking—a grasper of the truth without seeking it. And what is very remarkable, feeling seldom makes the blunders that thought does.

8. An idle distinction has been made between taste and judgment. Taste is the very maker of judgment. Put an artificial fruit in your mouth, or only handle it, and you will soon perceive the difference between judging from taste or tact, and judging from the abstract figment called judgment. The latter does but throw you into guesses and doubts. Hence the conceits that astonish us in the gravest and even subtlest thinkers, whose taste is not proportionate to their mental perceptions; men like Donne, for instance, who, apart from accidental personal impressions, seem to look at nothing as it really is, but only as to what may be thought of it.

9. Hence, on the other hand, the delightfulness of those poets who never violate truth of feeling, whether in things real or imaginary; who are always consistent with their object and its requirements; and who run the great round of nature, not to perplex and be perplexed, but to make themselves and us happy. And luckily, delightfulness is not incompatible with greatness, willing soever as men may be in their present imperfect state to set the power to subjugate above the power to please.

10. Truth, of any kind whatsoever, makes great writing. This is the reason why such poets as Ariosto, though not writing with a constant detail of thought and feeling like Dante, are justly considered great as well as delightful. Their greatness proves itself by the same truth of nature, and

sustained power, though in a different way. Their action is not so crowded and weighty; their sphere has more territories less fertile; but it has enchantments of its own, which excess of thought would spoil—luxuries, laughing graces, animal spirits; and not to recognize the beauty and greatness of these, treated as they treat them, is simply to be defective in sympathy.

11. Every planet is not Mars or Saturn. There is also Venus and Mercury. There is one genius of the south, and another of the north, and others uniting both. The reader who is too thoughtless or too sensitive to like intensity of any sort, and he who is too thoughtful or too dull to like anything but the greatest possible stimulus of reflection or passion, are equally wanting in complexional fitness for a thorough enjoyment of books.

LESSON XXVII.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON.

Joseph Addison was born in 1672, and was educated at Oxford. His first literary efforts were in verse, stately, frigid and artificial; but verses in the interest of party have commonly brought their price, and Addison was at once pensioned and distinguished. He rose through several public offices to be Secretary of State, but never displayed any marked ability as a statesman. His best literary productions are his essays in the *Spectator* and *Tattler*, cited by all critics as models of the purest English. They touch upon a variety of subjects, mostly of an unambitious sort, the minor morals and domestic life, together with occasional criticisms. Sir Roger de Coverly, who figures in the *Spectator*, is a delightful creation. Addison died in 1719.

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, in one of his satires, which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

2. As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a sudden methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

3. There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders.

4. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me. There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion. Upon this occasion, I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

5. There were multitudes of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but after a few vain efforts, shook their heads, and

marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones, who stripped themselves of a tawny skin.

6. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

7. I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

8. When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask.

9. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfor-

tunes for those of another person. I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows ; though at the same time as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

10. As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such bundle as should be allotted to him. Upon this Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parceling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, who had been thrown into the heap by his angry father.

11. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out ; so that, meeting the true father, who came toward him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic ; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout instead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

12. The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features : one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle ; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders ; and a third cheapening a bad face

for a lost reputation ; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with ; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

13. I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done ; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it.

14. The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure ; after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure.

15. Her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes

toward heaven and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sank to such a degree that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterward returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

16. Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

LESSON XXVIII.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1819. He graduated at Harvard College in 1838, and two years afterward was admitted to the bar in Boston. He never, however, practiced his profession, but gave his attention wholly to literature, publishing, in 1841, a volume of poems entitled *A Year's Life*. In 1844 he published *A Legend of Brittany*; in 1845 *Conversations on the Old Poets*; in 1848 a new series of poems; and, in the same year, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, his most popular production. During the Mexican war, and the political movements that followed it, Mr. Lowell began in the *Boston Courier* a series of witty satires, in verse, purporting to have been written by Mr. Hosea Biglow. They were in the Yankee dialect, and were received with high favor, being afterward published in book form as *The Biglow Papers*. He was appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Belle Lettres in Harvard College in 1855, and in 1857 became editor-in-chief of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He wrote also for *Putnam's Monthly*, and was for a time editor of the *North American Review*. His essays in these periodicals were afterward published in three volumes: *Fireside Travels*, *Among my*

Books, and My Study Windows. The Cathedral, a poem which many consider the best expression of his genius, was published in 1869. He still resides in the house where he was born.

PART FIRST.

AND what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays ;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten ;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows green ;
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

2. The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives.
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

3. Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;
Every thing is happy now,
Every thing is upward striving ;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true,
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living :
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow.

4. " My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail ;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
- Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.
5. The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drownd the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees;
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight ;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.
6. The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,

In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright,
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall

In his siege of three hundred summers long ;
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,

Had cast them forth : so young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

7. As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,

He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate ;

And a loathing over Sir Launfal came ;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,

The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still

Like a frozen waterfall ;
For this man so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

8. The leper raised not the gold from the dust :

“Better to me the poor man's crust ;

Better the blessing of the poor,

Though I turn me empty from his door ;

That is no true alms which the hand can hold ;

He gives nothing but worthless gold

Who gives from a sense of duty ;

But he who gives a slender mite,

And gives to that which is out of sight,

That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty

Which runs through all and doth all unite,—

The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,

The heart outstretches its eager palms,

For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the last supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word and deed: but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it.

LESSON XXIX.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

PART SECOND.

WITHIN the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly.
But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was—"Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

2. Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.
3. Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,

For it was just at the Christmas time ;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago ;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And waved its signal of palms.

4. "For Christ's sweet sake I beg an alms ;"
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.
5. And Sir Launfal said,—“I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree ;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side :
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me ;
Behold, through him I give to Thee!”
6. Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust ;

He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink.
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
 'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
 And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

7. As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place ;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.
8. His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon ;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
“Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail ;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now ;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree ;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share in another's need ;
Not what we *give*, but what we *share*,—
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives *himself* with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.”
9. Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond :—
“The Grail in my castle here is found !

Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
 Let it be the spider's banquet hall ;
 He must be fenced with stronger mail
 Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

10. The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
 As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough ;
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,
 The Summer's long siege at last is o'er ;
 When the first poor outcast went in at the door
 She entered with him in disguise,
 And mastered the fortress by surprise ;
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year round.
 The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
 Has hall and bower at his command ;
 And there is no poor man in the North Countree
 But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

Grew'some, ugly ; frightful.

Churl'ish, rude ; surly ; obstinate ; unmanageable.

Holly, an evergreen tree or shrub, much used in decorating houses and churches at Christmas time.

Cor'bel, the vase or tambour of the Corinthian column ; a short piece of timber, iron, etc., in a wall, put out as occasion requires in the form of a shoulder-piece ; a niche or hollow left in walls for figures or statues.

LESSON XXX.

THE UNION.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster, the greatest of American orators, was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782. He received his early education at district schools, and at the age of fourteen was sent to Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., where he remained one year. He entered Dartmouth College in 1797, and finished his course with the highest credit. He was admitted to the bar in 1805, and, returning to N. H., began the practice of his profession in Boscawen, and afterwards at Portsmouth. He at once took a commanding position at the bar, and, in 1812, was elected a member of Congress. In 1816 he removed to Boston and for seven years devoted himself to his profession, soon establishing a reputation as the ablest advocate in the United States. He was elected a Representative in Congress from Boston district in 1822, and

held his seat for six years, when he was chosen Senator. He continued to represent the State in the Senate for twelve years and was then appointed Secretary of State by President Harrison. During these eighteen years of public life his fame was steadily rising, until he had attained a national reputation as the foremost of constitutional lawyers and parliamentary debaters. He returned to the Senate in 1845 and in 1850 was appointed Secretary of State by President Fillmore, which position he resigned in 1852, on account of failing health, and died October 24 of the same year. The following extract is taken from his famous reply to Hayne of South Carolina in the debate in the Senate on Nullification, in 1830.

MR. PRESIDENT: I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments.

2. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it without expressing once more my deep conviction that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country.

3. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

4. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below ; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this Government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed.

5. While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union ; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood !

6. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterward ;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty and Union*, now and forever, one and inseparable !

LESSON XXXI.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

BY WILLIAM WIRT.

William Wirt was born at Bladensburg, Maryland, in 1772. He received his early education in the private school of a Presbyterian clergyman, where he acquired a taste for reading, and enriched his mind with the contents of his master's library. He was admitted to the bar in his twentieth year, and began the practice of law in Virginia. Wirt was appointed Attorney-General of the United States in 1817, and held the position for twelve years. His public speeches were learned, glowing, and graced with the flowers of rhetoric, their effect being heightened by his handsome person, elegant manners, and musical voice. He published two volumes of essays, *The British Spy* and *The Old Bachelor*, and a very popular and fascinating *Life of Patrick Henry*. He died at Washington in 1834. The extract that follows is from *The British Spy*:

IT was one Sunday, as I traveled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

2. Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy, and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

3. The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But, ah! how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man. It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Savior. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times;

I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

4. As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior; his trial before Pilate, his ascent up Calvary, his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history, but never, until then, had I heard the whole circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored.

5. It was all new, and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled in every syllable, and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage; we saw the buffet. My soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

6. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness, of our Savior; when he drew, to the life, His blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; His voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on His enemies: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being nearly obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

7. It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual,

but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But, no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

8. The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God."

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody.

9. You are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few minutes of portentous death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears, and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them, both clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice, "but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

10. Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe—a kind of shuddering, delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility, and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our Savior as a fellow-creature, but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as—“a God.”

Plato, an illustrious Greek philosopher, born at Athens, B. C. 429; died 347 B. C. Jean Jacques Rousseau, a celebrated French author, born at Geneva in 1712; died in 1778. Socrates, a celebrated philosopher of Athens, born B. C. 468; died 399 B. C. Demosthenes, the greatest of Grecian orators, born at Athens B. C. 384; died 322 B. C. Homer, the most celebrated and ancient of the Greek poets; said to have lived about 900 B. C. Ossian, an ancient Scotch bard, supposed to have flourished in the third century. Jean Baptiste Massillon, a famous French prelate, born at Provence in 1663; died in 1742.

LESSON XXXII.

THE MAD ENGINEER.

ANONYMOUS.

MY train left Dantzic in the morning, generally about eight o'clock; but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from the hotel and found that my engineer had been run over by a railway carriage, and was too seriously injured to perform his work. Here was a fix. The steamer arrived, and those who were going on by rail came flocking to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start.

2. The baggage was checked and registered, the tickets were bought, the different carriages assigned to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station-house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing-house. It was past nine o'clock. "Come, why don't we start?" growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

3. And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture some one touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger by my side. I expected that he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief officer of the train.

4. However, this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant—so brilliant that I could not for the life of me gaze steadily into it; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said, in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one to hear what he said.

5. "I do," I replied. "My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place."

"Well, sir, I am going to Bromberg; I must go, and I will run the engine for you!"

"Ha!" I uttered, "are you an engineer?"

"I am, sir—one of the oldest in the country—and am now on my way to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg; and I will show you running that is running."

6. Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with a nod and a smile. I went with him to the house, where we found the iron horse in charge of the fireman, and all ready for a start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such peculiar aptness amid machinery as he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage-carriage with the most exact nicety.

7. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave my engine up to the new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterward I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff—a groaning of the heavy axletrees—a trembling of the building—and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard-carriage, and in a few minutes more the station-house was far behind us.

8. "How we go!" uttered one of the guard, some fifteen minutes after we had passed Dirsham.

"The new engineer is trying the speed," I replied, not yet having any fear.

But ere long I began to apprehend he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear exclamations of fright from the passengers.

9. "Good heavens!" cried one of the guard, coming in at that moment, "what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going."

I looked at the window, and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before traveled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees flew by in one undistinguished mass, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

10. "Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on the engine?"
"Yes," I told him.

"Holy Virgin! didn't you know him?"

"Know?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled, "what do you mean? He told me his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run the engine, and—"

11. "You took *him*!" interrupted the man. "Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but did not fully recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one that was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroller. He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off somehow."

12. The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour would launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard, and then made my way forward as quick as possible. I reached the after platform of the after tender, and there stood Kroller upon the engine-board, his hat and coat off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the front, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman, who lay motionless upon the fuel.

13. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red-hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver to pieces.

"Kroller! Kroller!" I cried, at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started and caught the pistol in his hand. O, how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked!

14. "Ha! ha! ha!" he yelled demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion.

"They swore that I could not make it! But see! see! See my new power! See my new engine! I made it, and they

are jealous of me! I made it, and when it was done, they stole it from me. But I have found it! For years I have been wandering in search of my great engine, and they swore it was not made. But I have found it! I knew it this morning when I saw it at Dantzic, and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Ho! ho! ho! we're on the way to the moon, I say! By the Virgin Mother, we'll be in the moon in four-and-twenty hours. Down, down, villain! If you move, I'll shoot you."

15. This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise, and the frightened man sank back again.

"Here's Little Oscue just before us!" cried out one of the guard. But even as he spoke the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed that we were now gone. The houses flew by like lightning. I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash. I saw a flash,—it was another engine,—I closed my eyes; but still we thundered on.

16. The officers had seen our speed, and, knowing that we would not head up in that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we went forward. But there was sure death ahead, if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles from us was the town of Schwartz, on the Vistula; and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now rose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

17. "Merciful heavens!" gasped the guardsman, "there's not a moment to lose; Schwartz is close. But hold," he added, "let's shoot him." At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and he saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a huge stick of wood, and, with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such

force and precision that he knocked the pistol from the maniac's hand.

18. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm; but I should have been nothing in his mad power, had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood which he caught as he came over the tender.

19. Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam and opened the valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes more the danger was passed. As I settled back, entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the river; and before I was fairly recovered, the fireman had stopped the train in the station-house at Schwartz.

LESSON XXXIII.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

BY F. BRET HARTE.

Francis Bret Harte was born in Albany, N. Y., in the year 1837. At the age of seventeen he went to California, where he taught school, worked in the mines, became a compositor, and at length an editor. In 1868 he founded the *Overland Monthly*, and was its first editor. In this magazine he published the poems, tales, and sketches that have made him better known, probably, than any other writer of his age in the world. His poems are in various moods,—some characterized by tender beauty, some by manly vigor,—but most of them full of rollicking humor, and expressed in the audaciously picturesque slang of the Pacific miners. His genius is most conspicuous, we think, in his prose. We use the word genius advisedly, for the power to create characters and place them in living relations with each other in vivid scenes, as we see them in *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, and *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, is an original gift,—as far beyond the reach of art as the creation of a rose. The vices of the miners, gamblers, and ruffians are unfortunately inseparable from their other strong features, and these stories, though they may be read by pure-minded people (with charitable allowances), are not at all milk for babes, and could not be properly included in a work like this. *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Tales* was published in 1869; *Poems* in 1870, also *Condensed Novels*; *East and West Poems* in 1872. Mr. Harte is now engaged in writing for the *Atlantic Monthly*.

A BOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below ;
The dim Sierras, far beyond,
 uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

2. The roaring camp-fire, with rude
 humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and
 fainted
In the fierce race for wealth ;



- 3 Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;
4. And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."
5. Perhaps 't was boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall:
6. The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.
7. And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.
8. Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!
9. Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.
10. And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
This spray of Western pine!

LESSON XXXIV.

THE PURITANS.

BY T. B. MACAULAY.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, the most illustrious of modern English essayists and historians, was born in 1800, and was educated at Cambridge University, where his reputation for classical scholarship stood very high. He was called to the bar in 1825, but before that time he had written his ringing poem *The Battle of Ivry*, the *Essay on Milton*, and other brilliant papers. The *Lays of Ancient Rome* appeared in 1842, and added much to his reputation. In 1830, he became a member of Parliament. Four years after he went to India as a member of the Council, and there framed a Civil Code, intended to secure to the natives their rights in the courts. The fame of Macaulay rests principally, however, on his *History of England*. Two volumes appeared in 1848, and were received with universal acclamation. Very large editions were sold in America as well as in England. Dramatic art of arrangement, splendid learning, brilliancy of style, and pictorial presentations of society and manners, rendered them more fascinating to all classes than the finest fiction. Two more volumes of the work were published in 1855, and another after his death in 1859. He was elected to Parliament again in 1852, and in 1857 was raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Macaulay.

THE Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul.

2. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to

superiority but his favor ; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world.

3. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the register of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands, their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away.

4. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt ; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language : nobles by the right of an earlier creation ; and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

5. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God !

6. Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men—the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion ; the

other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker ; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatic Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire.

7. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the scepter of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them.

8. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or on the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were, in fact, the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world.

9. Enthusiasm had made them stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artegale's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but

having neither part nor lot in human infirmities ; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain ; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Charles Fleetwood, one of the Parliamentary generals in the English civil war of 1642. Sir Henry Vane, an English patriot who took an active part, on the parliamentary side, in the civil war of 1642. Talus, a brazen man made by Vulcan for Minos to guard the island of Crete. Spenser, in the Faery Queen, represents him as an attendant upon Sir Artegale, and as running continually round the island of Crete, administering correction to offenders by flooring them with an iron flail.

LESSON XXXV.

BARBARA.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

Alexander Smith, a Scotch Poet of pronounced genius, was born at Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, in 1830. He was intended for the ministry, but circumstances having conspired to prevent his entering upon the necessary course of study, he was put to the business of a lace-designer in Glasgow. During this period he devoted his leisure to literature. Having forwarded some extracts from his *Life Drama* to the Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee, that gentleman was so highly pleased with the young poet's verses that he procured their insertion in the Critic. He afterward wrote *City Poems*, and *Edwin of Deira*, and three volumes of prose, entitled *Dreamthorp*, *A Summer in Skye*, and *Alfred Hagart's Household*. In 1854 he was appointed Secretary to the University of Edinburgh, and died in 1867.

ON the Sabbath day,
 Through the churchyard old and gray,
 Over the crisp and yellow leaves I held my rustling way;
 And amid the words of mercy, falling on the soul like balms;
 'Mong the gorgeous storms of music in the mellow organ-calms;
 'Mong the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich and solemn psalms,
 I stood heedless, Barbara!

2. My heart was elsewhere,
 While the organ filled the air,
 And the priest, with outspread hands, blessed the people with a prayer.
 But when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saintlike shine
 Gleamed a face of airy beauty, with its heavenly eyes on mine—
 Gleamed and vanished in a moment. O the face was like to thine,
 Ere you perished, Barbara!
3. O that pallid face!
 Those sweet, earnest eyes of grace!

When last I saw them, dearest, it was in another place;
 You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift on your wrist,
 And a cursed river killed thee, aided by a murderous mist.
 O, a purple mark of agony was on the mouth I kissed,
 When last I saw thee, Barbara!

4. Those dreary years, eleven,
 Have you pined within your heaven,
 And is this the only glimpse of earth that in that time was given?
 And have you passed unheeded all the fortunes of your race—
 Your father's grave, your sister's child, your mother's quiet face—
 To gaze on one who worshiped not within a kneeling place?
 Are you happy, Barbara?
5. 'Mong angels do you think
 Of the precious golden link
 I bound around your happy arm while sitting on yon brink?
 Or when that night of wit and wine, of laughter and guitars,
 Was emptied of its music, and we watched through lattice-bars
 The silent midnight heaven moving o'er us with its stars,
 Till the morn broke, Barbara?
6. In the years I've changed,
 Wild and far my heart has ranged,
 And many sins and errors deep have been on me avenged;
 But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I've lacked;
 I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact,
 Like a mild, consoling rainbow o'er a savage cataract.
 Love has saved me, Barbara!
7. O Love! I am unblest,
 With monstrous doubts opprest
 Of much that's dark and nether, much that's holiest and blest.
 Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore,
 The hunger of my soul were stilled; for Death has told you more
 Than the melancholy world doth know—things deeper than all lore.
 Will you teach me, Barbara?
8. In vain, in vain, in vain!
 You will never come again;
 There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain,
 The gloaming closes slowly round, unblest winds are in the tree,
 Round selfish shores forever moans the hurt and wounded sea;
 There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and thee—
 I am weary, Barbara!

LESSON XXXVI.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

John Greenleaf Whittier, The Quaker Poet, was born in Haverhill, Mass., in 1807. He worked on his father's farm until his eighteenth year, when he attended an academy for two years. His skill with the pen came from his early connection with the newspaper press. He edited a political newspaper in Boston, afterward a literary weekly at Hartford, Conn., and still later an anti-slavery journal in Philadelphia. His religious education among the Society of Friends made him a strong opponent of slavery. One of his earliest prose works was a discussion of that question, and the volume of poems that first gave him reputation was entitled *Voices of Freedom*. His principal prose works are: *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*, a *Sketch of Puritan Intolerance*, *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches*, and *Literary Recreations*. His poems were collected in an elegant volume in 1850. Other productions appeared later: *Songs of Labor* in 1851, *The Chapel of the Hermits* in 1852, *The Panorama* in 1856, *Home Ballads* in 1860, *In War Time* in 1863, *Snow Bound* in 1865, *The Tent on the Beach* in 1867, and *Among the Hills* in 1868. Mr. Whittier owes little to the graces taught in schools, and is eminently a national poet. He resides in Amesbury, Mass. The following poem has been cut down to the dimensions required for a reading exercise.

O 'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched hands
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,
I see, beyond the valley lands,
The sea's long level dim with rain.
Around me all things, stark and dumb,
Seem praying for the snows to come,
And, for the summer bloom and greenness gone,
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn atone.

2. Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod ;
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar-plume of the golden-rod.
And on a ground of somber fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild-rose.

3. With mingled sound of horns and bells,
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,

Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,
Like a great arrow through the sky,
Two dusky lines converged in one,
Chasing the southward-flying sun ;
While the brave snow-bird and the hardy jay
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them stay.

4. I passed this way a year ago :
The wind blew south ; the noon of day
Was warm as June's ; and save that snow
Flecked the low mountains far away,
And that the vernal-seeming breeze
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,
I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft wind at play.

5. Since then, the winter blasts have piled
The white pagodas of the snow
On these rough slopes, and, strong and wild,
Yon river, in its overflow
Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,
Crashed with its ices to the sea ;
And over these gray fields, then green and gold,
The summer corn has waved, the thunder's organ rolled.

6. Rich gift of God ! A year of time !
What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our Northern clime
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay,
What airs outblown from ferny dells,
And clover-bloom and sweetbrier smells,
What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and flowers,
Green woods and moonlit snows, have in its round been ours.

7. I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and go ;
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,

What purple lights on Alpine snow!
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveler's tale.

8. Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails;
And he who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to prayer.

9. The eye may well be glad, that looks
Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall;
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.
The marble palaces of Ind
Rise round him in the snow and wind;
From his lone sweetbrier Persian Hafiz smiles,
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland aisles.

10. And thus it is my fancy blends
The near at hand and far and rare;
And while the same horizon bends
Above the silver-sprinkled hair
Which flashed the light of morning skies
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,
Within its round of sea, and sky, and field,
Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos stands revealed.

11. What greetings smile, what farewells wave,
What loved ones enter and depart!
The good, the beautiful, the brave,
The Heaven-lent treasures of the heart!

How conscious seems the frozen sod
And beechen slope whereon they trod!
The oak leaves rustle, and the dry grass bends
Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or absent friends.

12. Then ask not why to these bleak hills
 I cling, as clings the tufted moss,
To bear the winter's lingering chills,
 The mocking spring's perpetual loss.
I dream of lands where summer smiles,
And soft winds blow from spicy isles,
But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be sweet,
Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my feet!
13. Home of my heart! to me more fair
 Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,
The painted, shingly town-house where
 The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!
The simple roof where prayer is made,
Than Gothic groin and colonnade ;
The living temple of the heart of man,
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired Milan!
14. And sweet homes nestle in these dales,
 And perch along these wooded swells ;
And blessed beyond Arcadian vales,
 They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
Nor woman winged before her time,
But with the faults and follies of the race,
Old home-bred virtues hold their not unhonored place.
15. Then let the icy north-wind blow
 The trumpets of the coming storm,
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
 Yon slanting lines of rain transform.

Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,
As gayly as I did of old ;
And I, who watch them through the frosty pane,
Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again.

LESSON XXXVII.

RIP VAN WINKLE'S RETURN.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Rip Van Winkle, the name of one of the Dutch colonists of New York, whose adventures are related in Irving's Sketch Book. He is represented as having met a strange man with a keg of liquor in a ravine of the Kaatskill Mountains, and as having obligingly assisted him to carry the load to a wild retreat among the rocks, where he found a company of odd-looking persons playing at ninepins, with the gravest of faces and the most mysterious silence. His superstitious awe having by degrees subsided, he ventured, when no eye was fixed on him, to steal a drink from the keg of liquor. He repeated the draught so often that his senses were overcome, and he fell into a deep sleep which lasted for twenty years. Meanwhile his wife had died, his daughter was married, his old cronies were dead or scattered, and the Revolutionary War had taken place.

HE now hurried forth from the cave where he had slept for years, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible.

2. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe ; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters,

GENERAL WASHINGTON. There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity.

3. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Von Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

4. The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded around him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator hustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?"

5. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

6. Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

7. "Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder!"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

8. "Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Von Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

9. Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: War—Congress—Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

10. Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of him-

self, as he went up the mountain ; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name ?

“ God knows,” exclaimed he, at his wit’s end ; “ I’m not myself—I’m somebody else—that’s me yonder—no—that’s somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they’ve changed my gun, and every thing’s changed, and I’m changed, and I can’t tell what’s my name, or who I am ! ”

11. The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. “ Hush, Rip,” cried she, “ hush, you little fool ; the old man won’t hurt you.” The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

12. “ What is your name, my good woman ? ” asked he.
“ Judith Gardenier.”

“ And your father’s name ? ”

“ Ah ! poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it’s twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him ; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.”

13. Rip had but one question more to ask ; but he put it with a faltering voice :

“ Where’s your mother ? ”

“Oh, she too died, but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.”

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. “I am your father!” cried he—“Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?”

14. All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, “Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?”

Rip’s story was soon told, for the whole twenty long years had been to him but as one night.

15. To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip’s daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back.

The old Dutch inhabitants almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle’s flagon.

LESSON XXXVIII.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Wendell Phillips, one of the most popular of living American authors and lecturers, was born in Boston, Mass., in 1811. He graduated at Harvard College in 1831, and at the Cambridge Law School two years later. He made his first

appearance as an orator in December, 1837, at a public meeting held in Faneuil Hall, to take some notice of the murder of Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, at Alton, Ill. Mr. Lovejoy had been slain while defending the office of his anti-slavery journal from the attack of a violent mob, and Wendell Phillips, though young and unknown, rose with the occasion, and carried away the audience with his impassioned eloquence. He was one of the boldest apostles of emancipation, and contributed much to inspire and strengthen the party whose principles finally triumphed in the tempest of the civil war. He is also a strong advocate of woman suffrage, and vehement in the support of laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks. Both in matter and manner Mr. Phillips is one of the most accomplished and impressive speakers of the time. His speeches have been collected in a handsome volume.

SOME men look upon this temperance cause as whining bigotry, narrow asceticism, or a vulgar sentimentality, fit for little minds, weak women, and weaker men. On the contrary, I regard it as second only to one or two others of the primary reforms of this age, and for this reason: Every race has its peculiar temptation; every clime has its specific sin. The tropics and tropical races are tempted to one form of sensuality; the colder and temperate regions, and our Saxon blood, find their peculiar temptation in the stimulus of drink and food. In old times our heaven was a drunken revel.

2. We relieve ourselves from the over-weariness of constant and exhausting toil by intoxication. Science has brought a cheap means of drunkenness within the reach of every individual. National prosperity and free institutions have put into the hands of almost every workman the means of debauching for a week on the labor of two or three hours. With that blood and that temptation, we have adopted democratic institutions, where the law has no sanctions but the purpose and virtue of the masses. The statute-book rests not on bayonets, as in Europe, but on the hearts of the people.

3. A drunken people can never be the basis of a free government. It is the corner-stone neither of virtue, prosperity, nor progress. To us, therefore, the title-deeds of whose states and the safety of whose lives depend upon the tranquillity of the streets, upon the virtue of the masses, the presence of any vice which brutalizes the average mass of mankind, and tends to make it more readily the tool of

intriguing and corrupt leaders, is necessarily a stab at the very life of the nation.

4. Against such a vice is marshaled the Temperance Reformation. That my sketch is no fancy picture, every one of you knows. Every one of you can glance back over your own path, and count many and many a one among those who started from the goal at your side, with equal energy and perhaps greater promise, who has found a drunkard's grave long before this. The brightness of the bar, the ornament of the pulpit, the hope, and blessing, and stay of many a family—you know, every one of you who has reached middle life, how often on your path you set up the warning, "Fallen before the temptations of the streets!"

5. Hardly one house in this city, whether it be full and warm with all the luxury of wealth, or whether it find hard, cold maintenance by the most earnest economy—no matter which—hardly a house that does not count among sons or nephews some victim of this vice. The skeleton of this warning sits at every board. The whole world is kindred in this suffering. The country mother launches her boy with trembling upon the temptations of city life; the father trusts his daughter anxiously to the young man she has chosen, knowing what a wreck intoxication may make of the house-tree they set up. Alas! how often are their worst forebodings more than fulfilled!

6. Like all other appetites, the sateless thirst for drink finds resolution weak when set against the constant presence of temptation, and it should be met by every force and stratagem that human will and ingenuity can lift against its deadly march. Be it ours to build up defenses in the thousand avenues of its approach, and guard our weak humanity from the touch of its pestilential hand. The rose of beauty that will wither under its envenomed breath, the strength of manhood that will fall before its treacherous wiles, and age that it will hasten in sorrow to the grave, alike incite us to endeavor, that we may face the monster Intemperance wherever it rears its hydra-head, and drive it from the land of Freedom.

LESSON XXXIX.

GEMS FROM THE SPEECHES OF COL. E. D. BAKER.

The following beautiful specimens of Col. Baker's oratory are taken from his speeches on various occasions. The second and fourth extracts are from his oration, on the occasion of celebrating the laying of the Atlantic cable, made in San Francisco, in 1858. The third extract is from his great Union speech, made in Platt's Hall, San Francisco, while on his way to Washington, as Senator-elect from Oregon.

L OYALTY.—Let the laws be maintained and the Union preserved at whatever cost. By whatever constitutional process, through whatever of darkness or danger there may be, let us proceed in the broad luminous path of duty, till danger's troubled night be passed and the star of peace returns.

SCIENCE.—Oh, Science! thou thought-clad leader of the company of pure and great souls that toil for their race and love their kind! Measurer of the depths of earth and the recesses of heaven! Apostle of civilization, handmaid of religion, teacher of human equality and human right, perpetual witness for the Divine wisdom, be ever, as now, the great minister of peace! Let thy starry brow and benign front still gleam in the van of progress, brighter than the sword of the conqueror, and welcome as the light of heaven.

FREEDOM.—Here, then, long years ago, I took my stand by Freedom, and where the feet of my youth were planted, there my manhood and my age shall march. And, for one, I am not ashamed of Freedom. I know her power; I glory in her strength. I have seen her again and again struck down on a hundred chosen fields of battle. I have seen her foes gather round her, and bind her to the stake. I have seen them give her ashes to the winds, regathering them again, that they might catter them yet more widely. But when they turned to exult, I have seen her again meet them, face to face, clad in complete steel, and brandishing in her strong right hand a flaming

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sword, red with insufferable light. And, therefore, I take courage. The people gather around her once more. The Genius of America will at last lead her sons to Freedom.

THE COMET.—Even while we assemble to rejoice at the completion of the laying of the Atlantic cable, whose mysterious coil, hidden in the bosom of the sea, is to carry, in throbs of fire, the responsive heart-beats of great and kindred nations, the Almighty, as if to impress us with our weakness when compared with his power, has set a new signal of his reign in heaven. If to-night, fellow-citizens, you will look out from the glare of your illuminated city into the northwestern heavens, you will perceive low down on the edge of the horizon a bright stranger pursuing its path across the sky. Amid the starry host that keep their watch, it shines, attended by a brighter pomp, and followed by a broader train. No living man has gazed upon its splendors before. No watchful votary of science has traced its course for nearly ten generations.

2. It is more than three hundred years since its approach was visible from our planet. When last it came it startled an Emperor on his throne, and while the superstition of his age taught him to perceive in its presence a herald and a doom—his pride saw in its flaming course and fiery train the announcement that his own light was about to be extinguished. In common with the lowest of his subjects, he read omens of destruction in the baleful heavens, and prepared himself for a fate which alike awaits the mightiest and the meanest. Thanks to the present condition of scientific knowledge, we read the heavens with a far clearer perception. We see in the predicted return of the rushing, blazing comet through the sky, the march of a heavenly messenger along its appointed way and around its predestined orbit.

3. For three hundred years he has traveled amid the regions of infinite space. “Lone, wandering, but not lost,” he has left behind him shining suns, blazing stars, and gleaming

constellations, now nearer the eternal throne, and again on the confines of the universe—he returns with visage radiant and benign; he returns with unimpeded march and unobstructed way; he returns, the majestic, swift electric telegraph of the Almighty, bearing upon his flaming front the tidings that throughout the universe there is still peace and order; that amid the immeasurable dominions of the Great King, His rule is still perfect; that suns, and stars, and systems tread their endless circle and obey the eternal law.

LESSON XL.

SCENE FROM THE CRITIC.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the brilliant orator and dramatist, was born in Dublin in 1751. His father was a teacher of elocution, and his mother, an amiable and accomplished woman, was herself an authoress. His first comedy was *The Rivals*, which, after a partial failure, was highly successful. *The Duenna*, one of the most charming of English operas, followed. By some stroke of policy, he became one of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theater, London; and in 1777 he produced *The School for Scandal*, perhaps the finest comedy in our language. The Critic followed in 1779. In 1780, he was brought into Parliament, and uniformly supported the Whig party. His talents as an orator were no less splendid, although he is said to have degenerated much in his latter days. He died in 1816.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dangle. Beg him to walk up. [*Exit SERVANT.*] Now, Mrs. Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs. Dangle. I confess he is a favorite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

Sneer. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

Dangle. But, egad, he allows no merit to any author but himself, that's the truth on't—though he's my friend.

Sneer. Never. He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any

of his works can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dangle. Very true, egad—though he is my friend.

Sneer. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though at the same time he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism; yet is he so covetous of popularity that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

Dangle. There's no denying it—though he is my friend.

Sneer. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dangle. Oh, yes, he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dangle. Why, between ourselves, egad, I must own—though he is my friend—that it is one of the most—he's here [*Aside*—finished and most admirable perform—

Sir Fretful (without). Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?

Enter SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.

Dangle. Ah, my dear friend! Egad, we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

Sir Fret. You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours—and Mr. Dangle's.

Mrs. Dangle. They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful, for it was but just now that—

Dangle. Mrs. Dangle! Ah, Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle—my friend Sneer was rallying just now. He knows how she admires you, and—

Sir Fret. Certainly. I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—a double-faced fellow! [*Aside.*

Dangle. Yes, yes: Sneer will jest, but a better humored—

Sir Fret. Oh, I know—

Dangle. He has a ready turn for ridicule. His wit costs him nothing—

Sir Fret. No, egad,—or I should wonder how he came by it.
[*Aside.*

Mrs. Dangle. Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

Dangle. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet? Or can I be of any service to you?

Sir Fret. No, no, I thank you; I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it. I thank you, though. I sent it to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre this morning.

Sneer. I should have thought, now, that it might have been better cast (as they call it) at Drury Lane.

Sir Fret. Oh, Lud! No, never send a play there while I live—Hark'ee!
[*Whispers SNEER.*

Sneer. Writes himself!—I know he does—

Sir Fret. I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune—I say nothing. But this I will say—through all my knowledge of life, I have observed—that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

Sneer. I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

Sir Fret. Besides, I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

Sneer. What, they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary?

Sir Fret. Steal! to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

Sneer. But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and *he*, you know, never—

Sir Fret. That's no security. A dexterous plagiarist may do anything. Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take some of the best things in my tragedy and put them into his own comedy.

Sneer. That might be done, I dare be sworn.

Sir Fret. And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is very apt to take the merit of the whole.

Dangle. If it succeeds.

Sir Fret. Ay; but, with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it.

Sneer. I'll tell you how you may hurt him more.

Sir Fret. How?

Sneer. Swear he wrote it.

Sir Fret. Plague on't now, *Sneer*, I shall take it ill. I believe you want to take away my character as an author.

Sneer. Then I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me.

Sir Fret. Hey, sir!

Dangle. Oh, you know he never means what he says.

Sir Fret. Sincerely, then, do you like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir Fret. But, come now, there must be something that you think might be amended, hey? Mr. *Dangle*, has nothing struck you?

Dangle. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing, for the most part, to——

Sir Fret. With most authors, it is just so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious! But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection, which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir Fret. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir Fret. You surprise me!—wants incident!

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir Fret. Believe me, Mr. *Sneer*, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference. But I protest to you, Mr. *Sneer*, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear *Dangle*, how does it strike you?

Dangle. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the first four acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir Fret. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dangle. No, I don't, upon my word.

Sir Fret. Yes, yes, you do—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you. No, no; it don't fall off.

Dangle. Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs. Dangle. No, indeed, I did not; I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir Fret. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges, after all.

Mrs. Dangle. Or, if I make any objection, I am sure it was nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir Fret. Pray, madam, do you speak as to the duration of time, or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs. Dangle. Oh, no, indeed. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir Fret. Then I am very happy—very happy indeed—because the play is a short play—a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. Dangle. Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir Fret. Oh, if Mr. Dangle read it, that's quite another affair! But, I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs. Dangle. I hope to see it on the stage next.

Dangle. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir Fret. The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous — licentious—abominable—infernal—not that I ever read them. No. I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dangle. You are quite right—for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir Fret. No! quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric—I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that's true—and that attack, now, on you the other day——

Sir Fret. What? Where?

Dangle. Ay, you mean in the paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir Fret. Oh, so much the better. Ha! ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dangle. Certainly, it is only to be laughed at; for——

Sir Fret. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious.

Sir Fret. Oh, no! not anxious—not I—not in the least. I——But one may as well hear, you know.

Dangle. Sneer, do you recollect? Make out something. [*Aside.*

Sneer. I will.—[*To DANGLE.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir Fret. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir Fret. Ha! ha! ha!—very good!

Sneer. That, as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

Sir Fret. Ha! ha! ha!—very pleasant.

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill

even to steal with taste ; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you ; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir Fret. Ha! ha!

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression ; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic incumbrance of its fine language—like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

Sir Fret. Ha! ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey ; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir Fret. Ha!

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you ; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what is not in their power to fertilize!

Sir Fret. [*After great agitation.*] Now another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir Fret. I know it—I *am* diverted. Ha! ha! ha! not the least invention! Ha! ha! ha!—very good! very good!

Sneer. Yes—no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

Dangle. A severe rogue! Ha! ha! ha! but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir Fret. To be sure—for, if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it ; and, if it is abuse, why one is always sure to hear of it from one good-natured friend or other.

LESSON XLI.

THE NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO.

BY LORD BYRON.

George Gordon (Lord Byron), one of the greatest of English poets, was born in London, in 1788. He came of a noble family, his ancestors having come over with William the Conqueror, of which fact the poet was sufficiently proud, and which he never seemed to forget. In 1807 he published his *Hours of Idleness*, a collection of youthful effusions, which were severely criticised in the *Edinburgh Review*. Two years later appeared his reply, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, a stinging satire, which obtained immediate celebrity. He then went to the Continent, and, in 1812, gave the world the fruits of his travels in the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. The effect of this poem was electric, and lifted him suddenly to the highest pinnacle of poetic fame. In April, 1816, BYRON left England with the avowed intention of never seeing it again; and, after extensive travel on the Continent, took up his abode in Venice, then at Pisa, and afterward at Genoa. During this period he wrote *The Corsair*, *The Giaour*, *The Siege of Corinth*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *Parisina*, *Beppo*, *Mazeppa*, *Manfred*, *Cain—a Mystery*, *The Lament of Tasso*, and Cantos three and four of *Childe Harold*. At the end of December, 1823, he sailed for Cephalonia, to take part with the Greeks in their war for independence, but died, through exposure on the voyage, at Missoloughi, April 19, 1824. The following well-known extract is from his most perfect poem, *Childe Harold*:

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

2. Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
 No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

3. Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.
4. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!
5. And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come, they
come!"
6. And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers

With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

7. And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

8. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

LESSON XLII.

THE SOLDIER'S DIRGE.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

George Henry Boker was born in Philadelphia, in 1823, and graduated at Princeton College, New Jersey, in 1842. Like many American authors, he studied law, but never engaged in practice. In 1847 he published a volume entitled, *The Lesson of Life, and other Poems*. The following year he wrote *Calaynos*, a tragedy, which was brought upon the stage in London with success. His second tragedy, *Anne Boleyn*, appeared soon after, and was followed by several other plays, which were produced upon the stage, and gave the author a wide celebrity. He has also published two later volumes of poems: *War Lyrics*, and *Konigsmark, the Legend of the Hounds*, and other poems. Mr. Boker was appointed Minister to Constan-

tinople in 1872. The Soldier's Dirge is from his War Lyrics, and was written in memory of Gen. Phil. Kearney.

CLOSE his eyes ; his work is done ;
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman ?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low !

2. As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor ;
Let him sleep in solemn right,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low !

3. Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley ;
What to him are all our wars,
What but death-bemocking folly ?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low !

4. Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him,
Mortal love sweeps idly by—
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low !

LESSON XLIII.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY ALFRED DOMMETT.

IT was the calm and silent night !
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain :
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

2. 'Twas in the calm and silent night,
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home:
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago ?
3. Within that province far away,
Went plodding home a weary boor ;
A streak of light before him lay
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed, for nought
Told what was going on within ;
How keen the stars !—his only thought,—
The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

4. O strange indifference, low and high,
Drownsd over common joys and cares ;
The earth was still—but knew not why!
The world was listening,—unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever !
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

5. It is the calm and solemn night !
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness,—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given :
For in that stable lay, new born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

Apollo (myth.), the son of Jupiter and Latona, distinguished in Homer as the god of archery, prophecy, and music. Pallas (myth.), an appellation given to Minerva, an ancient Italian deity, goddess of all the liberal arts and sciences. Jove (myth.) the supreme Roman deity, ruler over heaven and earth, gods and men. Mars (myth.) the Roman god of war.

LESSON XLIV.

OUR GUIDE IN GENOA AND ROME.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, whose well-known pseudonym is Mark Twain, was born in Monroe County, Missouri, in 1835. He began life as a printer; afterward, having worked his way over most of the Eastern States, to see the world, he returned to the West at the age of eighteen, and was for some time engaged as a steamboat pilot on the Mississippi, from St. Louis to New Orleans. His brother having been appointed Secretary of Nevada Territory, Mr. Clemens went with him to that country for the sake of the trip, became fascinated with the wild life of Silverland, and there remained. He began his literary career as a reporter on the Virginia City Enter-

prise, in which capacity he served three years, and then went to San Francisco, where he was engaged in a like capacity for a year or more, on various papers. In the summer of 1867 he visited the Holy Land, and, on returning, published an account of his travels under the unique title of *Innocents Abroad*, which in two years reached a sale of 110,000 copies. His *Roughing It*, which embodied his experience in Silverland, was subsequently published and also met with flattering success. Mr. Clemens is decidedly the most popular humorous writer in America.

EUROPEAN guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make nothing of it. They know their story by heart,—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it, and tell it as a parrot would,—and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long, they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration.

2. It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say “smart” things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways “show off” when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere.

3. After we discovered this, we never went into ecstasies any more,—we never admired anything,—we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of these people savage, at times, and we have never lost our serenity.

4. The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him. The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because

Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation,—full of impatience. He said:—

5. “Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!”

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide’s eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:—

“What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo?—write it himself!”

6. We looked indifferent,—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest,—

“Ah,—Ferguson,—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?”

“Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!”

Another deliberate examination.

“Ah,—did he write it himself, or—or how?”

“He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he’s own handwriting, write by himself!”

7. Then the doctor laid the document down and said,—

“Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that.”

“But zis is ze great Christo—”

“I don’t care who it is! It’s the worst writing I ever saw. Now you must n’t think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you have n’t, drive on!”

8. We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said,—

“ Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, O, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!”

He brought us before the beautiful bust,—for it was beautiful,—and sprang back and struck an attitude:—

“ Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand, — bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!”

9. The doctor put up his eye-glass,—procured for such occasions:—

“ Ah,—what did you say this gentleman’s name was?”

“ Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!”

“ Christopher Colombo,—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?”

“ Discover America!—”

“ Discover America? We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo,—pleasant name,—is—is he dead?”

10. “ O, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!”

“ What did he die of?”

“ I do not know. I cannot tell.”

“ Small-pox, think?”

“ I do not know, genteelmen—I do not know what he die of.”

“ Measles, likely.”

“ May be—may be. I do not know—I think he die of some-things.”

11. “ Parents living?”

“ Im-posseeble!”

“ Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?”

“ Santa Maria!—zis ze bust!—zis ze pedestal!”

“ Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy combination indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?”

That joke was lost on the foreigner. Guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

12. We have made it interesting for this Roman guide.

Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest sometimes, even admiration. It was hard to keep from it. We succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered, nonplussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder to the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:

13. "See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah—Ferguson—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name?—he got no name! Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No. 'Gyptian mummy."

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No, not Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

14. "Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy—mummy. How calm he is—how self-possessed! Is—ah!—is he dead?"

"O! been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely:

"Here now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on us! Thunder and lightning! I've a notion to—to— If you've got a nice fresh corpse, fetch him out!—or we'll brain you!"

15. We make it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. However, he paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel, this morning, to ask if we were up, and he endeavored, as well as he could, to describe us, so that the landlord would know what persons he meant. He finished

with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harassed with doubts.

LESSON XLV.

GEMS OF PROSE.

THE TOMBS OF THE GREAT.—When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.—*Addison*.

THE SPHYNX.—And near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once-worshiped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mold of beauty—some mold of beauty now for-

gotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly-wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphynx.

2. Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols; but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travelers—Herodotus yesterday, Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphynx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx!—*A. W. Kinglake.*

NOT ENOUGH TO BE SINCERE.—It is often said, it is no matter what a man believes if he is only sincere. This is true of all minor truths, and false of all truths whose nature it is to fashion a man's life. It will make no difference in a man's harvest whether he thinks turnips have more saccharine mat-

ter than potatoes—whether corn is better than wheat. But let the man sincerely believe that seed planted without plowing is as good as with, that January is as favorable for seed-sowing as April, and that cockle-seed will produce as good a harvest as wheat, and will it make no difference? A child might as well think he could reverse that ponderous marine engine which, night and day, in calm and storm, plows its way across the deep, by sincerely taking hold of the paddle-wheel, as a man might think he could reverse the action of the elements of God's moral government through a misguided sincerity. They will roll over such a one, and overwhelm him in endless ruin.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE POWER OF LANGUAGE.—The soul is like a musical instrument. It is not enough that it be framed for the very most delicate vibration, but it must vibrate long and often before the fibers grow mellow to the finest waves of sympathy. I perceive that in the veery's caroling, the clover's scent, the glistening of the water, the waving wings of butterflies, the sunset tints, the floating clouds, there are attainable infinitely more subtle modulations of delight than I can yet reach the sensibility to discriminate, much less describe. If, in the simple process of writing, one could physically impart to this page the fragrance of this spray of azalea beside me, what a wonder would it seem! And yet one ought to be able, by the mere use of language, to supply to every reader the total of that white, honeyed, trailing sweetness which summer insects haunt, and the Spirit of the Universe loves. The defect is not in language, but in men. There is no conceivable beauty of blossoms so beautiful as words—none so graceful, none so perfumed. It is possible to dream of combinations of syllables so delicious that all the dawning and decay of summer cannot rival their perfection, nor winter's stainless white and azure match their purity and their charm. To write them, were it possible, would be to take rank with Nature. Nor

is there any other method, even by music, for human art to reach so high.—*T. W. Higginson.*

DEMORALIZATION CONSEQUENT ON IRRELIGION.—Once let men thoroughly believe that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is everything to us, and that death is total, everlasting extinction; once let men thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow! We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches would illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize, the creation! What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man be the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering having no solace of hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be—a companion for brutes.—*Channing.*

LIFE.—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace around the mill of habit and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be.

Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart; the tears which freshen the dry wastes within; the music which brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardships that force us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust—these are the true nourishments of our natural being.—*Anon.*

Joseph Addison, a distinguished scholar, poet, and essayist, was born in England in 1672, and died in 1719. Alexander William Kinglake, an English barrister and author, was born in 1802. His chief work is an admirable History of the Crimean War. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, an American author of established fame, was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1823. His style is remarkably pure and beautiful. William Ellery Channing, a learned and eloquent divine and author, was born in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1780, and died in 1842. Cytherea, a surname of Venus, from her rising out of the ocean near the Island of Cythera. Herodotus, a celebrated Greek historian, was born 484 B. C., and died about 408 B. C. Ot-to-man, pertaining to, or derived from, the empire of Turkey.

LESSON XLVI.

HASSAN, THE CAMEL DRIVER.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

William Collins, an eminent English peer, was born in 1720, and died in 1756. About 1744 he went to London, where he suffered extreme poverty, but was relieved from utter wretchedness by a legacy of £2,000 left him by his uncle. His Ode on the Passions is the poem by which he is best known.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past:
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light srip contained a scanty store:
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh:
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roared the winds, and dreary was the view!

With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
 Thrice sighed, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!



2. " Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 The thirst, or pinching hunger that I find!
 Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
 When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
 Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?
3. " Ye mute companions of my toil, that bear
 In all my griefs a more than equal share!
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,

Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :
Here rocks alone, and ceaseless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds forever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

4. "Cursed be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmur, and the valley's pride,—
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
5. "O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumbered scenes of wo.
What if the lion in his rage I meet!
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger roused, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train :
Before them, death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
6. "At that dread hour, the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :

Or some swol'n serpent twist his scales around,
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
 From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find:
 Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
 Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

7. "O, hapless youth, for she thy love hath won,
 Thy tender Zara will be most undone!
 Big swelled my heart, and owned the powerful maid,
 When fast she dropped her tears, as thus she said:—
 'Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!
 Yet, as thou go'st, may every blast arise
 Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
 Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
 No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.'
 O, let me safely to the fair return,
 Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
 O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 Recalled by wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears."
8. He said, and called on Heaven to bless the day,
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

LESSON XLVII.

AN OLD EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

BY MATTHEW P. DEADY.

Matthew P. Deady, was born in Maryland in 1824. He was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1847 and went to Oregon in 1849. There he engaged in the practice of the law, and sat in the legislature during 1850-1-2-3. In 1853 he went upon the Supreme bench, where he remained until Oregon became a State, in 1859, when he was appointed U. S. District Judge, which position he still holds. During this time, he was also a member and President of the Constitu-

tional Convention, and prepared the civil and criminal codes of the State, and prepared two compilations of its laws. This article is taken from his correspondence to the San Francisco Bulletin, some years ago.

NOT long since, on dropping into the salesrooms of an eloquent knight of the hammer, I found him vociferously engaged in distributing to the highest bidder some two or three score of miscellaneous books, that had erewhile formed the private library of some citizen of the old capital, Oregon City. A number of venerable-looking octavos, eight in all, bound in calf, and brown, spotted, and frayed with use and age, attracted my attention.

2. Having a morsel of weakness for old books, I drew near; and learning from the desultory discourse of the man upon the platform, that these musty tomes were the works of one *Mr. Shakspeare*, I edged my way into the crowd, and made one among the few bidders. Soon the word came—"going! gone!" and I became the owner of the books.

3. Upon examination, they proved to be the Theobald edition of Shakspeare, printed at London in 1773. It is profusely illustrated, and represents the characters of Shakspeare in a somewhat different garb and style from the modern editions. The frontispiece of the first volume is a likeness of the Bard of Avon himself. He looks young, gay, and forward, compared with the highly improved ideal Shakspeare of to-day.

4. The outline is the same, but the marked difference between this merely human face and the almost supernatural countenance now known as the poet's, proves that we have been gradually expanding and elevating the merely natural Shakspeare into the superior and more spiritual ideal which our fancy and admiration have fashioned under the inspiration and influence of his own drama.

5. Thus, we have come near realizing his own prophetic words, and given him—

"A combination and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

By some such process, in the progress of time, the world has elevated its seers and heroes above the common plane of humanity, until, by the aid of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor, they are raised to the sphere of the gods, and become immortal.

6. And what a life these old volumes have had ; and if they could speak, what tales they could tell of people long since gone to dust. Published in London, when George III. was on the throne, and the thirteen colonies were yet debating the momentous questions of separation and independence; after the lapse of nearly a century, they were knocked down to the highest bidder, upon the banks of the Wallamet, within the ebb and flow of the Pacific. They have outlived three generations of men, and the cunning compound of ink and paper still remains to charm the fancy and to feed the mind; Truly, "Life is short and Art is long."

LESSON XLVIII.

TRUE GREATNESS.

BY CHARLES SUMNER.

Charles Sumner, a distinguished lawyer, orator and statesman, was born in Boston, Mass., January 6, 1811, and died March 11, 1874. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, practiced law in Boston, and was appointed Reporter in the Circuit Court of the United States. He rose to eminence in his profession, and in 1851, was elected to the United States Senate, where for twenty years he bore a prominent part in the councils of the nation. He was the author of several volumes of speeches and works on law. His speeches are among the finest specimens of forensic eloquence in the language.

GOD ONLY IS GREAT! is the admired and triumphant exclamation with which Massillon commences his funeral discourse on the deceased monarch of France, called in his own age Louis the Great. It is in the attributes of God that we are to find the elements of true greatness. Man is great by the godlike qualities of justice, benevolence, knowledge, and power. And as Justice and Benevolence are higher than Knowledge and Power, so are the just and benevolent higher than those who are intelligent and powerful only.

2. Should all these qualities auspiciously concur in one person on earth, then we might look to behold a mortal, supremely endowed, reflecting the image of his Maker. But even Knowledge and Power, without those higher attributes, cannot constitute true greatness. It is by His goodness that God is most truly known; so, also, is the Great Man. When Moses said unto the Lord: "Show me thy glory," the Lord said: "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." It will be easy now to distinguish between those who are only memorable in the world's annals and those who are truly great. If we pass in review the historic names to whom flattery or a false appreciation of character has expressly awarded this title, we shall find its grievous inaptitude.

3. Alexander, drunk with victory and wine, whose remains after death, at the early age of thirty-two, were borne on a golden car through conquered Asia, was not truly great. Cæsar, the ravager of distant lands, and the trampler upon the liberties of his own country, with an unsurpassed combination of intelligence and power, was not truly great. Peter, of Russia, the organizer of the material prosperity of his country, the murderer of his own son—despotic, inexorable, unnatural, vulgar, was not truly great. Frederic, of Prussia, the heartless and consummate general, skilled in the barbarous act of war, who played the game of robbery with "human lives for dice," was not truly great. Surely there is no Christian grandeur in their careers. None of the beatitudes showered upon them a blessed influence. They were not poor in spirit, or meek, or merciful, or pure in heart. They did not hunger and thirst after justice. They were not peacemakers. They did not suffer persecution for justice's sake.

4. It is men like these that the good Abbé St. Pierre, of France, in works that deserve well of mankind, has termed *illustrious* in contradistinction to *great*. Their influence has been extensive, their power mighty, their names famous; but they were groveling, selfish, and inhuman in their aims, with little of love to God, and less to man.

5. There is another and a higher company, who thought little of praise or power, but whose lives shine before men with those good works which truly glorify their authors. There is Milton, poor and blind, but "bating not a jot of heart or hope;" in an age of ignorance, the friend of education; in an age of servility and vice, the pure and uncontaminated friend of freedom; turning his heart to those magnificent melodies which angels might stoop to hear; and confessing his supreme duties to Humanity in words of simplicity and power. "I am long since persuaded," was his declaration, "that to say or do aught worth memory or imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us than love of God and mankind."

6. There is St. Vincent de Paul, of France, once in captivity in Algiers. Obtaining his freedom by a happy escape, this fugitive slave devoted himself with divine success to labors of Christian benevolence—to the establishment of hospitals, to visiting those in prison, to the spread of amity and peace. Unknown, he repaired to the galleys at Marseilles, and touched by the story of a poor convict, personally assumed his heavy chains, that he might be excused to visit his wife and children. And when France was bleeding with war, this philanthropist appears in a different scene. Presenting himself to her powerful minister, the Cardinal Richelieu, on his knees, he says: "Give us peace; have pity upon us; give peace to France."

7. There is Howard, the benefactor of those on whom the world has placed its brand—whose charity, like that of the Frenchman, inspired by the single desire of doing good—penetrated the gloom of the dungeon, as with angelic presence. "A person of more ability," he says, with sweet simplicity, "with knowledge of facts, would have written better, but the object of my ambition was not the fame of an author. *Hearing the cry of the miserable, I devoted my time to their relief.*"

8. Such are some of the exemplars of True Glory. Without rank, office, or the sword, they accomplished immortal good. While on earth, they labored for their fellow-men; and now,

sleeping in death,—by their example and their works,—they continue the same sacred office. To all, in whatever sphere or condition of life, they teach the same commanding lessons of magnanimous duty. From the heights of their virtue, they call upon us to cast out the lust of power, of office, of wealth, of praise, of a fleeting popular favor, which “a breath can make, as a breath has made;” to subdue the constant, ever-present suggestions of *self*, in disregard of those neighbors, near or remote, whose happiness should never be absent from our mind; to check the madness of party, which so often, for the sake of success, renounces the very objects of success, and, finally, to introduce into our lives those lofty sentiments of Conscience and Charity which animated them to such godlike labors.

9. Nor should these be mere holiday virtues, marshaled on great occasions only. They must become a part of us, and of our existence; ever present in season and out of season, in all the amenities of life; in those daily offices of conduct and manner which add so much to its charm, as also in those grander duties whose performance evince an ennobling self-sacrifice. The first are as the flowers, whose odor is pleasant, though fleeting; the latter are like the precious ointment from the box of alabaster poured upon the head of the Lord.

10. To the supremacy of these principles let us all consecrate our best purposes and strength. So doing, let us reverse the very poles of the worship of past ages. Men have thus far bowed down before stocks, stones, insects, crocodiles, golden calves,—graven images, often of cunning workmanship, wrought with Phidian skill, of ivory, of ebony, of marble,—but all *false gods*. Let them worship in future the true God, our Father as he is in heaven, and in the beneficent labors of his children on earth. Then farewell to the Syren song of a worldly ambition! Farewell to vain desire of mere literary success or oratorical display! Farewell to the distempered longings of office! Farewell to the dismal, blood-red phantom of martial renown! Fame and Glory may then continue,

as in times past, the reflection of public opinion; but of our opinion, without change or fickleness, enlightened by those two suns of Christian truth, love to God and love to man.

11. From the serene illumination of these duties, all the forms of selfishness shall retreat, like evil spirits at the dawn of day. Then shall the happiness of the poor and lowly, and the education of the ignorant, have uncounted friends. The cause of those who are in prison shall find fresh voices; the majesty of Peace other vindicators; the sufferings of the slave new and gushing floods of sympathy. Then, at last, shall the brotherhood of mankind stand confessed: ever filling the souls of all with a more generous life, ever prompting to deeds of beneficence; conquering the heathen prejudices of country, color, and race; guiding the judgment of the historian; animating the verse of the poet and the eloquence of the orator; ennobling human thought and conduct, and inspiring those good works by which alone we may attain to the heights of true glory. Good works! Such even now is the heavenly ladder on which angels are ascending and descending, while weary humanity, on pillows of stone, slumbers heavily at its feet.

LESSON XLIX.

LITERATURE AS A VOCATION.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Horace Greeley, a leading American journalist, was born at Amherst, N. H., February 3, 1811. At the age of fifteen he learned the art of printing, and soon afterward went to New York City "to seek his fortune." After being connected with several newspapers, he founded the *New York Daily Tribune* in April, 1841. He was thoroughly conversant with the politics of the country, had strong convictions on every question, and, through his powerful editorials, contributed largely to the shaping of political opinion throughout the nation. He was the author of *What I Know About Farming*, *Recollections of a Busy Life*, *The American Conflict*, and several other works. In 1872 he became an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency, nominated by the "Liberal Republican Party." He died at his home at Chappaqua, N. Y., November 29, 1872.

IT is a very common but a very mischievous notion, that the writing of a book is creditable *per se*. On the contrary, I

hold it discreditable and only to be justified by proof of lofty qualities and generous aims embodied therein. To write a book when you have nothing new to communicate,—nothing to say that has not been better said already,—that is to inflict a real injury on mankind. A new book is only to be justified by a new truth. If Jonas Potts, however illiterate and commonplace, has been shipwrecked on Hudson's Bay, and has traveled thence overland to Detroit or Montreal by a route previously unknown, then he may give us a book—if he will attempt no more than to tell us as clearly as possible what he experienced and saw by the way,—which will have a genuine value, and which the world may well thank him for; and so of a man who, having manufactured charcoal all his days, should favor us with a treatise on burning charcoal, showing what was the relative value for that use of the various woods; how long they should be on fire respectively; how much wood should be burned in one pit, and how the burning should be managed. Every contribution, however rude and humble, to our knowledge of nature, and of the means by which her products may most advantageously be made subservient to our needs, is beneficent, and worthy of our regard.

2. But the fabrication of new poems, or novels, or essays, or histories, which really add nothing to our stock of facts, to our fund of ideas, but, so far as they have any significance, merely resay what has been more forcibly, intelligibly, happily, said already,—this is a work which does less than no good,—which ought to be decried and put down, under the general police duty of abating nuisances. I would have every writer of a book cited before a competent tribunal and made to answer the questions: "Sir, what proposition is this book intended to set forth and commend? What fact does it reveal? What is its drift, its purport?" If it embodies a new truth, or even a new suggestion, though it seem a very mistaken and absurd one, make way for it! and let it fight its own battle; but if it has really *no* other aim than to be readable, therefore salable, and thus to win gold for its author and his accomplices, the printer and publisher, then let a bonfire be made

of its manuscript sheets, so that the world may speedily obtain from it all the light it is capable of imparting.

3. I once received a letter from a somewhat noted novelist, pressing me to read thoroughly one of his works just issued, which the cover proclaimed his "greatest novel," and which he wished me to commend to general favor, saying he was anxious to do his part toward the emancipation of the poor from their unmerited degradations and miseries. I was not able to read the book,—editors receive too many requests like this; but I replied to the letter; saying, in substance: "You wish to improve the condition of the poor. Well: allow me to suggest a way. Take hold of the first piece of vacant earth you can gain permission to use, plant an acre with potatoes, cultivate and gather them, give one half to such poor creatures as really need them, and save the balance for your own subsistence while you grow more next year. In this way, you will do more toward meliorating the condition of the poor than you could by writing novels from July to eternity." My philanthropic friend did not take my advice,—he did not even thank me for it; but he soon after started a newspaper, whereof he sent me the first five numbers, in every one of which I received a most unmerciful flagellation. The paper is since dead; but I have no doubt its editor continued his castigations to the last, and died laying it on with whatever vigor he had left. I could not help that. I never made any reply; but my convictions, as expressed in my letter to him, remain unchanged to this day.

4. Yet let us not seem to disparage the Author's vocation; nay: we dare not, we cannot. There is no other earthly exercise of power so Olympian, pervasive, enduring. Reflect how many generations, dynasties, empires, have flourished and vanished since the Book of Job was written; and how many more will rise and fade, leaving that sublime old poem still fresh and living. See Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Livy, still studied and admired by the patrician youth of nations unknown to Rome in her greatness, while all other power pertaining to the Pagan era of the Eternal City has long since

passed away forever. Nay: consider how Plutarch, Æshylus, Plato, living in a world so very different from ours,—in many respects, so infantile compared with ours,—can still instruct the wisest and delight the most critical among us, and you may well conclude that to write nobly, excellently, is a far loftier achievement than to rule, to conquer, or to kill, and that the truly great author looks down on the little strifes and agitations of mankind from an eminence which monarchs can but feebly emulate, and the ages can scarcely wear away.

5. But eminence in any good or great undertaking implies intense devotion thereto,—implies patient, laborious exertion, either in the doing or in the preparing for it. He who fancies greatness an accident, a lucky hit, a stroke of good fortune, does sadly degrade the achievement contemplated, and undervalue the unerring wisdom and inflexible justice wherewith the universe is ruled. Ask who among modern poets have written most admirably, so far as manner and finish are regarded, and the lover of Poetry least acquainted with Literary History will unhesitatingly answer,—Pope, Goldsmith, Gray, Moore, Campbell, Bryant, Longfellow, Tennyson. He may place others above any or all of these in power, in genius, in force; but he cannot doubt that these have most smoothly, happily, faultlessly, sung what they had to sing,—that their thoughts have lost less than almost any others' by inharmony or infelicity of expression.

6. Then let him turn to Biography, and he will find that these men have excelled nearly or quite all others in patient study, in fastidious determination to improve, so long as improvement was practicable; in persistent labor, so long as labor could possibly avail. It was quite easy for Pope to say, "The things I have written fastest have always pleased most;" for he always studied and thought himself full of a subject before he began to write about it, and his composition was merely a setting down and arranging of ideas already present in his mind. And yet I apprehend that Posterity has not ratified his judgment; I mean, that his works which "pleased most"

when first published, have not stood the test of time as well as some others. The world of letters knew him as a pains-taking, laborious, correct writer, even before he had established his claim to be honored as a great one. And the works he wrote so rapidly he afterward revised, corrected, altered, recast, before allowing the public to see them, to the sad encouragement of blasphemy among his printers, so that on one occasion his publisher decided that it would be easier to compose in type afresh than attempt to correct one of his proofs. No man ever wrote better so far as style is regarded; because no man was ever more determined to publish nothing that he could improve. So Goldsmith considered four lines of his "Deserted Village" a good day's work, and the world has ratified his judgment.

LESSON L.

THE VICTIM.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson, one of the most illustrious poets of the age, was born at Somerby, in Lincolnshire, in 1809. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained the Chancellor's Medal for an English poem in blank verse, entitled *Timbuctoo*. His first efforts were condemned by the critics, but his genius soon asserted itself and compelled them, first to silence, then applause. He succeeded William Wordsworth as poet-laureate in 1851, and a pension of £200 was added to the small salary attached to that office. His principal poems are *The May Queen*, *The Miller's Daughter*, *Locksley Hall*, *Dora*, *Ulysses*, *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, *The Idyls of the King*, *Enoch Arden*, and *The Holy Grail*. His poems are characterized by beauty of imagery, richness of thought, and purity of measure. He resides at Farringford, on the Isle of Wight.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
 A famine after laid them low,
 Then thorpe and byre, arose in fire,
 For on them brake the sudden foe.
 So thick they died, the people cried
 "The Gods are moved against the land!"
 The Priest in horror about his altar,
 To Thor and Odin lifted a hand.

“ Help us from famine,
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us,
Human life ?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer)
We give you his life.”

2. But still the foeman spoiled and burned,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turned,
And whiten'd all the rolling flood ;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame ;
And ever and aye the Priesthood moaned
Till at last it seemed that an answer came :

“ The King is happy
In child and wife ;
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life.”

3. The Priest went out by heath and hill ;
The King was hunting in the wild ;
They found the mother sitting still ;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seemed a victim due to the Priest.

The Priest beheld him,
And cried with joy,
“ The Gods have answered ;
We give them the boy.”

4. The king returned from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand ;

The mother said, " They have taken the child
To spill his blood and heal the land;
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea;
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is he your dearest?
Or I, the wife?"

5. The King bent low, with hand on brow,
He stayed his arms upon his knee:
"O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for me."
The King was shaken with holy fear;
"The Gods," he said, " would have chosen well;
You both are dear, you both are near,
And which is the dearest I cannot tell!"
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won.
" We have his dearest,
His only son."

6. The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone:
" Me! not my darling—no!"
He caught her away with a sudden cry;
Suddenly from him brake his wife,
And shrieking, " I am his dearest, I—
I am his dearest!" rushed on the knife.
And the Priest was happy.
"O, Father Odin,
We give you a life.
Which was his nearest?"

Which was his dearest?
The Gods have answered;
We give them the wife!"

Ó-din (myth., the supreme deity of the Scandinavians.
Thorpe, a small village,

Thor (myth.), the son of Odin, and the god who presides over thunder. From his name we have Thursday.

LESSON LI.

THE FIRST ECLIPSE.

BY O. M. MITCHEL.

Ormsby Macknight Mitchel, a native of Kentucky and graduate of West Point, was born in 1810. In 1834, he became Professor of Mathematics, Philosophy, and Astronomy at Cincinnati, Ohio. It was due to his suggestion and efforts that an Observatory was erected at Cincinnati, and through his exertions, also, that the institution, over which he became director, was provided with one of the finest telescopes to be found in the United States. He delivered popular lectures on astronomy at various places, and published, besides other works, *The Orbs of Heaven and Planetary and Stellar Worlds*. In August, 1861, he was appointed a Brigadier-General in the Union army, rose to the rank of Major-General, and was appointed Commander of the Department of the South in 1862. He died in October, 1862. The extract which follows is from his *Orbs of Heaven* :

TO those who have given but little attention to the subject even in our day, with all the aids of modern science, the prediction of an eclipse seems sufficiently mysterious and unintelligible. How then was it possible thousands of years ago to accomplish the same great object, without any just views of the structure of the system, seems utterly incredible. Follow me, then, while I attempt to reveal the train of reasoning which led to the prediction of the first eclipse of the sun, the most daring prophecy ever made by human genius.

2. Following in imagination this bold interrogator of the skies to his solitary mountain summit, withdrawn from the world, surrounded by his mysterious circles, there to watch and ponder through the long nights of many, many years. But hope cheers him on, and smooths his rugged pathway. Dark and deep is the problem; he sternly grapples with it, and resolves never to give over till victory crown his efforts.

He has already remarked that the moon's track in the heavens crossed the sun's, and that this point of crossing was in some way intimately connected with the coming of the dread eclipse.

3. He determines to watch and learn whether the point of crossing was fixed, or whether the moon in each successive revolution crossed the sun's path at a different point. If the sun in its annual revolution could leave behind him a track of fire marking his journey among the stars, it is found that this same track was followed from year to year, and from century to century, with undeviating precision. But it was soon discovered that it was far different with the moon. In case she, too, could leave behind her a silver thread of light sweeping round the heavens, in completing one revolution, this thread would not join, but would wind around among the stars in each revolution, crossing the sun's fiery track at a point west of the previous crossing.

4. These points of crossing were called the moon's nodes. At each revolution the node occurred further west, until, after a circle of about nineteen years, it had circulated in the same direction entirely round the ecliptic. Long and patiently did the astronomer watch and wait; each eclipse is duly observed, and its attendant circumstances are recorded; when at last the darkness begins to give way, and a ray of light breaks in upon his mind. He finds that no eclipse of the sun ever occurs unless the new moon is in the act of crossing the sun's track. Here was a grand discovery. He holds the key which he believes will unlock the dread mystery, and now, with redoubled energy, he resolves to thrust it into the wards and drive back the bolts.

5. To predict an eclipse of the sun, he must sweep forward from new moon to new moon, until he finds some new moon which should occur while the moon was in the act of crossing from one side to the other of the sun's track. This certainly was possible. He knew the exact period from new moon to new moon, and from one crossing of the ecliptic to another. With eager eye he seizes the moon's place in the heavens, and

her age, and rapidly computes where she will be at her next change. He finds the new moon occurring far from the sun's track; he runs round another revolution; the place of the new moon falls closer to the sun's path, and the next yet closer, until, reaching forward with piercing intellectual vigor, he at last finds a new moon which occurs precisely at the computed time of her passage across the sun's track.

6. Here he makes his stand, and on the day of the occurrence of that new moon, he announces to the startled inhabitants of the world, that the sun shall expire in dark eclipse! Bold prediction! Mysterious prophet! With what scorn must the unthinking world have received this solemn declaration! How slowly do the moons roll away, and with what intense anxiety does the stern philosopher await the coming of that day which should crown him with victory, or dash him to the ground in ruin and disgrace. Time to him moves on leaden wings. Day after day, and, at last, hour after hour, roll heavily away. The last night is gone; the moon has disappeared from his eagle gaze in her approach to the sun, and the dawn of the eventful day breaks in beauty on a slumbering world.

7. This daring man, stern in his faith, climbs alone to his rocky home, and greets the sun as he rises and mounts the heavens, scattering brightness and glory in his path. Beneath him is spread out the populous city, already teeming with life and activity. The busy morning hum rises on the still air, and reaches the watching-place of the solitary astronomer. The thousands below him, unconscious of his intense anxiety, buoyant with life, joyously pursue their rounds of business, their cycles of amusement. The sun slowly climbs the heaven, round, and bright, and full-orbed. The lone tenant of the mountain-top almost begins to waver in the sternness of his faith, as the morning hours roll away. But the time of his triumph, long delayed, at length begins to dawn; a pale and sickly hue creeps over the face of nature.

8. The sun has reached his highest point, but his splendor is dimmed, his light is feeble. At last it comes! Blackness

is eating away his round disc; onward with slow but steady pace the dark veil moves, blacker than a thousand nights; the gloom deepens; the ghastly hue of death covers the universe; the last ray is gone, and horror reigns! A wail of terror fills the murky air, the clangor of brazen trumpets resounds, an agony of despair dashes the stricken millions to the ground; while that lone man, erect on his rocky summit, with arms outstretched to heaven, pours forth the grateful gushings of his heart to God, who had crowned his efforts with triumphant victory.

9. Search the records of our race, and point me, if you can, to a scene more grand, more beautiful. It is to me the proudest victory that genius ever won. It was the conquering of nature, of ignorance, of superstition, of terror, all at a single blow, and that blow struck by a single arm. And now do you demand the name of this wonderful man? Alas! what a lesson of the instability of earthly fame are we taught in this simple recital. He who had raised himself immeasurably above his race, who must have been regarded by his fellows as little less than a god, who had inscribed his name on the very heavens, and had written it in the sun, with "a pen of iron, and the point of a diamond," even this one has perished from the earth; name, age, country, are all swept into oblivion. But his proud achievement stands!

10. The monument reared to his honor stands; and, although the touch of time has effaced the lettering of his name, it is powerless and cannot destroy the fruits of his victory. A thousand years roll by; the astronomer stands on the watch-tower of old Babylon, and writes for posterity the records of an eclipse; this record escapes destruction, and is safely wafted down the stream of time. A thousand years roll away; the old astronomer, surrounded by the fierce but wondering Arab, again writes, and marks the day which witnesses the sun's decay.

11. A thousand years roll heavily away; once more the astronomer writes from amidst the gay throng that crowds the

brightest capital of Europe. Record is compared with record, date with date, revolution with revolution, the past and the present are linked together; another struggle commences, and another victory is won. Little did the Babylonian dream that he was observing for one, who, after the lapse of three thousand years, should rest upon this very record the successful resolution of one of nature's darkest mysteries.

LESSON LII.

HORATIUS.

BY T. B. MACAULAY.

PART FIRST.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
 By the Nine Gods he swore
 That the great house of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more.
 By the Nine Gods he swore it,
 And named a trysting day,
 And bade his messengers ride forth,
 East and west and south and north,
 To summon his array.

2. East and west and south and north
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower and town and cottage
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.
 Shame on the false Etruscan
 Who lingers in his home
 When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome.
3. But by the yellow Tiber
 Was tumult and affright :
 From all the spacious champaign
 To Rome men took their flight.
 A mile around the city,

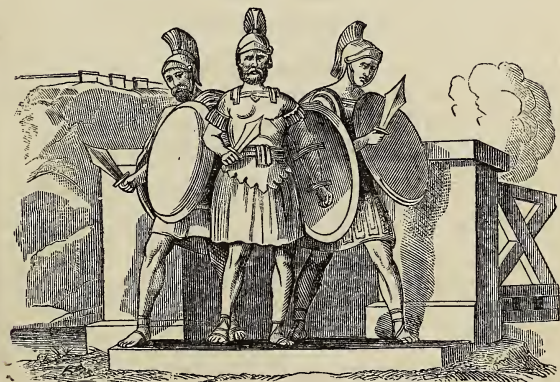
The throng stopped up the ways ;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

4. Now from the rock Tarpeian,
 Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
 Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
 They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
 With tidings of dismay.
5. They hold a council standing
 Before the River-gate ;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly :
 “ The bridge must straight go down ;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Naught else can save the town.”
6. Just then a scout came flying,
 All wild with haste and fear :
“ To arms! to arms! Sir Consul ;
 Lars Porsena is here.”
On the low hills to westward
 The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
 Rise fast along the sky.
7. Fast by the royal standard,
 O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
 Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latin name ;
And by the left false Sextus,
 That wrought the deed of shame.

8. But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat toward him and hissed ;
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.
9. But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
“ Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town ? ”
10. Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the gate :
“ To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods ? ”
11. “ Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ? ”
12. Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
A Ramnian proud was he :
“ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,

And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius ;
Of Titian blood was he :
" I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

13. " Horatius," quoth the Consul,
" As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Went forth the dauntless Three.



14. The Three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.
15. Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;

Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow.
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !
 No more aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
 The track of thy destroying bark.
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly
 To woods and caverns when they spy
 Thy thrice accursed sail."

LESSON LIII.

HORATIUS.

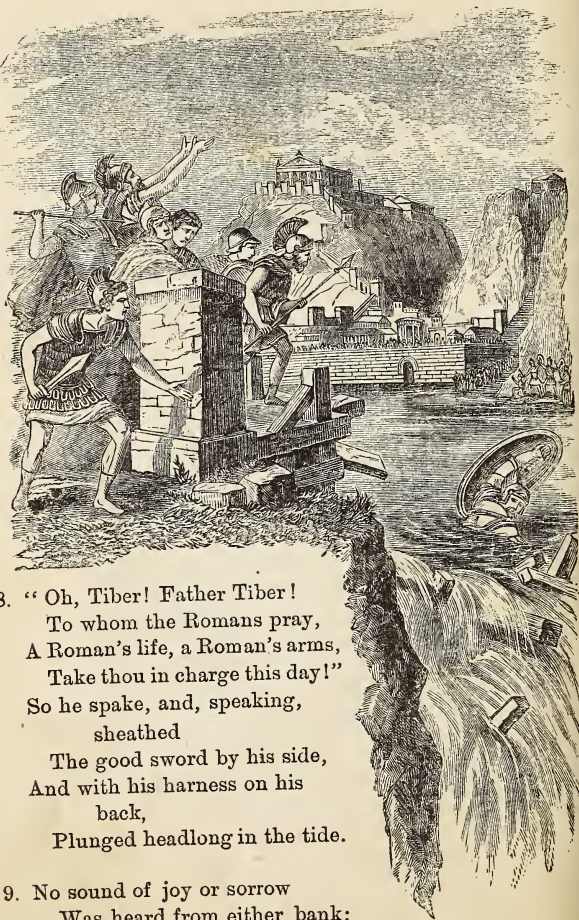
PART SECOND.

BUT now no sound of laughter
 Was heard among the foes.
 A wild and wrathful clamor
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' length from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.

2. Yet one man for a moment
 Strode out before the crowd ;
 Well known was he to all the Three,
 And they gave him greeting loud.
 "Now, welcome, welcome, Sextus !
 Now welcome to thy home !
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?
 Here lies the road to Rome."
3. But meanwhile ax and lever
 Have manfully been plied,
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius !"

Loud cried the Fathers all.
“ Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
Back, ere the ruin fall.”

4. Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
Herminius darted back :
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.
5. But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream ;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.
6. Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“ Down with him ! ” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“ Now yield thee,” cries Lars Porsena,
“ Now yield thee to our grace.”
7. Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he :
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.



8. "Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber!

To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"

So he spake, and, speaking,
sheathed

The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his
back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

9. No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;

But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parting lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

10. "Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus:

 "Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
 "And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before."

11. And now he feels the bottom;

 Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

12. They gave him of the corn-land

 That was of public right
As much as two strong oxen
 Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

13. It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.
14. And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north-winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;
15. When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;
16. When the good man mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the good wife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LESSON LIV.

SOUTH SEA IDYLS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Charles Warren Stoddard was born in Rochester, N.Y., in 1845, and came to California with his parents when quite young. At an early age he displayed a talent for literary pursuits. In 1859 he published a volume of poems entitled *Poems by Stoddard*. He has traveled extensively in the South Seas, and as a result, has written *The South Sea Idyls* (1873). He is still traveling in foreign countries, and contributing to various periodicals. The following selection is from his *South Sea Idyls*.

SUNSET in the valley of Méha. The air full of floating particles, that twinkled like diamond-dust; the great green chasm at the head of the valley illuminated by one broad bar of light shot obliquely through it, tipped at the end with a shower of white rockets that fringed a waterfall, and a fragment of rainbow like a torn banner. That deep, shadowy ravine seemed, for a moment, some mystery about to be divulged; but the light faded too soon, and I never learned the truth of it.

2. The sea quieter than usual; very little sound save the rhythmical vibration of the air, that suggested flowing waters and quivering leaves; the lights shifted along the upper cliffs; a silver-white tropic-bird sailed from cloud to cloud, swiftly and noiselessly, like a shooting-star. A delicious moment, but a brief one; soon the sun was down, and the deepening shadows and gathering coolness set all the valley astir.

3. Camp-fires were kindled throughout the village; column after column of thin blue smoke ascended in waving spirals, separating at the top in leaf-shaped clouds. It was like the spiritual resurrection of some ancient palm-grove; and when the moon rose, a little later, flooding the Vale of Solitude with her vague light, the illusion was perfected; and a group of savages, scenting the savory progress of their supper, sat, hungry and talkative, under every ghostly palm.

4. Clear voices ascended in monotonous and weird recitative; they chanted a monody on the death of some loved one,

prompted, perhaps, by the funereal solemnity of the hour ; or sang an ode to the moon-rise, the still-flowing river, or the valley of Méha, so solitary in one sense, though by no means alone in its loneliness.

5. Kahéle patronized me extensively. I was introduced to camp after camp, and in rapid succession repeated the experiences of a traveler who has much to answer for in the way of color, and the peculiar cut of his garments. I felt as though I was some natural curiosity, in charge of the robustious Kahéle, who waxed more and more officious every hour of his engagement ; and his tongue ran riot as he descanted upon my characteristics, to the joy of the curious audiences we attracted.

6. Some hours must have passed before we thought of sleep. How could we think of it, when every soul was wide awake, and time alone seemed to pass us by unconsciously ? But Kahéle finally led me to a chief's house, where, under coverlets of *kapa*, spiced with herbs, and in the midst of numerous members of the household, I was advised to compose my soul in peace, and patiently await daylight.

7. I did so, for the drowsy sense that best illustrates the end of a day's journey possessed me, and I was finally overcome by the low, monotonous drone of a language that I found about as intelligible as the cooing of the multitudinous pigeon. The boy sat near me, still descanting upon our late experiences, our possible future, and the thousand trivial occurrences that make the recollections of travel forever charming.

8. The familiar pipe, smoked at about the rate of three whiffs apiece, circulated freely, and kept the air mildly flavored with tobacco ; and night, with all that pertains to it, bowed over me, as, in an unguarded moment, I surrendered to its narcotizing touch.

9. There was another valley in my sleep, like unto the one I had closed my eyes upon, and I saw it thronged with ancients. No white face had yet filled those savage and sen-

suous hearts with a sense of disgust, which, I believe, all dark races feel when they first behold a bleached skin.

10. Again the breathless heralds announced the approach of a king, and the multitudes gathered to receive him. I heard the beating of the tom-toms, and saw the dancers ambling and posing before his august majesty, who reclined in the midst of a retinue of obsequious retainers. The spearsmen hurled their spears, and the strong men swung their clubs; the stone-throwers threw skillfully, and the sweetest singers sang long *mêles* in praise of their royal guest.

11. A cry of fear rent the air as a stricken one fled toward the city of refuge; the priests passed by me in solemn procession, their robes spotted with sacrificial blood. War-canoes drew in from the sea, and death fell upon the valley. I heard the wail for the slaughtered, and saw the grim idols borne forth in the arms of the triumphant; then I awoke in the midst of that dream-pageant of savage and barbaric splendor.

12. It was still night; the sea was again moaning; the cool air of the mountain rustled in the long thatch at the doorway; a ripe bread-fruit fell to the earth with a low thud. I rose from my mat and looked about me. The room was nearly deserted. Some one lay swathed like a mummy in a dark corner of the lodge. A rush, strung full of oily *kukui* nuts, flamed in the center of the room, and a thread of black smoke climbed almost to the peak of the roof; but, falling in with a current of fresh air, it was spirited away in a moment.

13. I looked out of the low door. The hour was such a one as tinges the stoutest heart with superstition; the landscape was complete in two colors—a moist, transparent gray, and a thin, feathery silver, that seemed almost palpable to the touch.

14. Out on the slopes, near the stream, reclined groups of natives, chatting, singing, smoking, or silently regarding the moon. I passed them unnoticed. Dim paths led me through guava jungles, under orange groves, and beside clusters of jasmine, overpowering in their fragrance. Against the low

eaves of the several lodges sat singers, players upon the rude instruments of the land, and glib talkers, who waxed eloquent, and gesticulated with exceeding grace.

15. Footsteps rustled before and behind me. I stole into the thicket, and saw lovers wandering together, locked in each other's embrace, and saw friends go hand-in-hand, conversing in low tones, or perhaps mute, with an impressive air of the most complete tranquillity. The night-blooming cereus laid its ivory urn open to the moonlight, and a myriad of crickets chirped in one continuous jubilee.

16. Voices of merriment were wafted down to me; and, stealing onward toward the great meadow by the stream, where the sleepless inhabitants of the valley held high carnival, I saw the most dignified chiefs of Méha sporting like children, while the children capered like imps, and the whole community seemed bewitched with the glorious atmosphere of that particular night.

Mŏn'-o-dy, a species of poem of a mourn-
ful character.

Tŏm-tŏm, a large flat drum.

LESSON LV.

GEMS FROM MOORE.

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin on the 28th of May, 1779. He was the son of humble and respectable parents. He was sent to the Grammar School of Samuel White, and in 1795 to the University of Dublin. At the University his poetic genius displayed itself. There he commenced the translation of the Odes of Anacreon. He took his degree as Bachelor of Arts in 1793, and in 1799 he left the University. He afterward studied law in the Middle Temple, London. In 1801 he published his translation of the Odes of Anacreon. Other poems followed, among which are Lalla Rookh, The Loves of the Angels, Irish Melodies, etc. He died on the 26th of February, 1852.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.

But oh ! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write
With a pencil of light,
That illum'ed the whole volume, her Wellington's name !

2. "Hail, Star of my Isle !" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams such as break from her own dewy skies—
"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
For though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame ;—
But oh ! there is not
One dishonoring blot
On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name !

3. "Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, even thou hast yet known ;
Though proud was thy task other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
And, bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name !"

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

4. Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

5. Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.
-

SWISS AIR.

6. But wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior men!
O War! when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the laboring storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And like heaven's lightning sacredly destroys!
Nor, Music! through thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of him who made all harmony,
Than the blest sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty!
-

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

7. From life without freedom, oh! who would not fly?
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?
Hark, hark! 'tis the trumpet, the call of the brave,
The death-song of tyrants, and dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding, oh! fly to her aid;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.
8. In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains;
The dead fear no tyrants; the grave has no chains.
On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind, are heroes indeed!
And oh! even if Freedom from this world be driven,
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven!

FAREWELL.

9. Farewell!—but whenever you welcome the hour
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
 His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
 Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
 Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.
10. And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
 And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"
11. Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy,
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
 Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd—
 You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Dēs'-ti-ny (myth.), the Three Fates; the supposed powers which preside over human life, and determine its circumstances and duration.

Wel'-ling-ton (first Duke of), a celebrated British general and statesman, born in Dublin, Ireland, on the 1st of May, 1769.

LESSON LVI.

THE LAST DAYS OF FREDERICK II. OF PRUSSIA.

BY LOUISE MÜHLBACH.

Louise Mühlbach, born January 5, 1814, was the daughter of the chief burgo-master of the city of Neubrandenburg, Prussia. Her real name was Clara Müller. At the age of twenty-five she married Theodore Mundt, a novelist of some repute, who left her a widow when she was forty-seven years old. Her first novel appeared about the year 1839, and was received with so much favor, that she soon followed it with others, and in a short time ranked with the best writers of the age; and was particularly successful as a historical novelist. Some of her most popular works are *Bernthal*, *Joseph II. and his Court*, *The Empress Josephine*, *Marie Antoinette and her Son*, *Frederick the Great and his Court*, *Goethe and Schiller*, *Andreas Hofer*, etc. She died September 26, 1873.

HOW long and dreary was the year from the spring of 1785 to the spring of 1786, to Frederick the Second, the old philosopher of Sans-Souci, who day by day grew more hopeless, and into whose ear was daily whispered the awful tidings, "You must die!" He did not close his ears to these mutterings of age and decrepitude, nor did he fear death. For him life had been a great battle—a continuous conflict. He had ever faced death bravely, and had fought against all sorts of enemies; and truly, the worst and most dangerous among them, were not those who opposed him with visible weapons, and on the battle-field.

2. It is easier to conquer on the field of battle, than to combat prejudices and extirpate abuses. And after the days of real battle were over, Frederick was compelled to wage incessant war against these evils.

Commerce flourished under his rule—the fruits of Prussian industry found a market in the most distant lands. The soldiers of war had become soldiers of peace, who were now warring for the prosperity of the people. This warfare was certainly, at times, a little severe, and the good and useful had to be introduced by force. But what of that?

3. Were the potatoes less nutritious because the peasants of Silesia were driven into the fields by armed soldiers and com-

pelled to plant this vegetable? Were not vast sums of money retained in the land by the cultivation of the potato, which would otherwise have been used to purchase rice and other grains in foreign markets? Had not the king succeeded in introducing the silkworm into his dominions? Had not the manufacture of woollen goods been greatly promoted by the adoption of a better method of raising sheep?

4. But Frederick had not only fostered agriculture and industry; he had also evinced the liveliest sympathy for the arts and sciences. Scholars and artists were called to his court, and every assistance was rendered them. Universities and academies were also endowed. His life was drawing to a close; and the poor decrepit body reminded the strong and active mind that it would soon leave its prison, and soar to heaven, or into illimitable space.

5. There were several hours in which he suffered but little, and these were in the early morning, when he felt refreshed after having slept one or two hours. One or two hours sleep! These were all that Nature accorded the royal invalid, who had watched over Prussia's honor for half a century, and whose eyes were now weary and longed for repose.

6. But he wished to employ his hours of wakefulness in the night for the good of the people, and ordered that the members of his cabinet assemble in his room with their reports at four o'clock in the morning. After he had ridden in his gardens, and taken a last leave of the scenes so dear to him, he was carried again into his dark house, and into his library. "All is finished," he said loudly. "I have seen my gardens for the last time, and have taken leave of Nature. When my body leaves this house again it will be borne to eternal rest, but my spirit will fly to you, my friends, and roam with you in endless light and knowledge. But," he continued in firmer tones, "my sun has not yet set, and as long as it is light, I must and will work."

7. No one dared disturb him, as he sat writing at his desk. Yet his favorite companion, his faithful greyhound Alkmene

sat watching him intently, and when the king spoke to her, barked joyously and jumped into his lap. The king pressed the little greyhound to his breast; deep silence reigned in the room. The wind howled dismally through the trees in the garden, and whispered and murmured as if the voices of the night and the spirits of the flowers and trees wished to bring the king a greeting. Suddenly Alkmene uttered a long and dismal howl, and ran to the door, and scratched and whined until the servants took heart and entered the room. The king lay groaning in his arm-chair, his eyes glazed, and blood flowing from his pale lips. His physician and a surgeon were summoned at once, and the king was bled, and his forehead rubbed with strengthening salts.

8. He awoke once more to life and its torments; and for a few weeks the heroic mind conquered death and bodily decrepitude. When the king of the desert, the lion, feels that his end is approaching, he goes into the forest, seeks the densest jungle and profoundest solitude, and lies down to die. Nature has ordained that no one shall desecrate by his presence the last death-agony of the king of the desert. His *Sans Souci* was the great Frederick's holy and solitary retreat; and there it was that the hero and king breathed his last sigh on earth, without murmur or complaint. He died on the morning of the seventeenth of August, in the year 1786.

9. A great man had ceased to live. There lay the inanimate form of him who had been called Frederick the Second. But a star arose in the heavens, and wise men gave it the name in Frederick's honor. The same star still shines in the firmament, and seems to greet us and Prussia: Frederick's Honor!

Sans Souci (without care). The name of the palace of Frederick the Great.

LESSON LVII.

THE LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

ANONYMOUS.

AMONG the stories in the Arabian Nights which first fix the attention of most people, is that of the merchant who understood the language of animals, and a delightful story it is. The youthful imagination sees no absurdity in the idea; and I often ask myself, is fable entirely wrong in this matter? Have not all animals a language of their own? Have not birds a language which other birds understand? and insects? and, for that matter, even fishes?

2. We know that there are many creatures on the earth utterly unconscious of the existence of man; and we might, if we were not too proud, ask ourselves, in like manner, if there may not be many things in the animal creation of which man is necessarily unconscious. If I walk through the woods on a bright summer's day, or sit under the oaken or beechen shadows, I am conscious of a tide and tremor of life around me. I hear the birds singing, and twittering, and chattering, each species with its own peculiar note.

3. I hear the bees and the flies buzzing with more or less vigor, pertinacity, and volume of sound; while a faint echo comes from the distant pastures of the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle, and the barking of the shepherds' dogs. I ask myself whether all these various sounds may not be so many languages, perfectly intelligible to the creatures which speak them to each other, though unintelligible to me. I know that some animals—the dog especially—understand many words that I employ, if I speak emphatically, and that my own dog will do what I tell him; but if I do not understand what one dog says to another, whose fault is it, mine or the dog's?

4. A single sound, with a rising or a falling accent, or a stronger or weaker emphasis, may express different meanings;

and the same sound repeated twice, thrice, or four times, with the rising or falling accent at the first, second, third, or fourth repetition, may contain a whole vocabulary for the simple creatures who emit and understand the sound, and whose wants and emotions are as circumscribed as their speech.

5. Professor Max Müller supplies us with an illustration in point. He says that in the Chinese, the Annamitic, and likewise in the Siamese and Burmese languages, one single sound does duty in this way for a great variety of meanings. "Thus," he says, "in Annamitic, '*ba*,' pronounced with a grave accent, means a lady or an ancestor; pronounced with a sharp accent, it means the favorite of a prince; pronounced with the semi-grave accent, it means what has been thrown away; pronounced with the grave circumflex, it means what is left of fruit after having been squeezed; pronounced with no accent, it means three; and pronounced with the interrogative accent, it means a box on the ear. Thus: *Ba bà bâ bá*, is said to mean, if properly pronounced, 'Three ladies gave a box on the ear to the favorite of the prince.'"

6. If we consider this subject without prejudice, may we not see reason to think that the "Bow, wow, wow," of our estimable friend the dog, may be susceptible of a great variety of meanings, according to the tone and accentuation he gives to those fundamental words or syllables of his language, or the number of repetitions either of the "*bow*" or the "*wow*?" Sometimes when a dog barks he will omit the "*bow*" altogether, and say, "*wow, wow, wow*," very sharply and rapidly; and it can be scarcely supposed that so very intelligent a creature has no reason for this little change in his customary phraseology.

7. Not only could I cite instances of the language of dogs, but of many other animals, did not my limited space forbid, yet I will refer to a few others. Take, for instance, such an humble creature as the crow. It is difficult to believe that this bird has not two or three, and the nightingale at least a dozen notes in its voice, and that these notes may not, in their

interchange, reiteration, and succession, express ideas with which crows are familiar, and whole poems or histories, such as nightingales love to repeat to one another; and that any one of the many notes in the sweet song of the skylark may not, according to its accentuation, or even its place in the gamut, express as many shades of meaning as the Annamitic "ba" of which Mr. Max Müller discourses.

8. If animals cannot understand our language, unless in a very few instances of ordinary occurrence, and when accompanied by sign, gesture, and the expression of the eye, neither can we understand their language, except it have the same mute accompaniments. Emerson says that, "we are wiser than we know;" I say, it is possible, with all our undoubted superiority, and all our pride of intellect, that we are not so wise as we think.

Max Müller. An eminent German, versed in Eastern languages and literature, born at Dessau, 1823.

LESSON LVIII.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on the fifteenth of August, 1771. After having undergone the usual routine of juvenile instruction, Sir Walter became a pupil in the High School of Edinburgh; but as a scholar, he appears to have been by no means remarkable for proficiency. At the age of twenty-one, he was called to the bar as an advocate; but it was not his lot to acquire either wealth or distinction at the bar. It was in the field of literature that he was to win the immortality he so well deserved. As a poet or novelist, of whatever age or country, Scott may justly claim to stand in the foremost ranks. Some of his best poems are, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and *Rokeby*: while the *Waverley Novels* are among the purest and brightest gems of English literature. He died at Abbotsford, on the twenty-first of September, 1832.

"BUT see! look up—on Flodden bent
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent."—
 And sudden, as he spoke,
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,
 All downward to the banks of Till,

Was wreathed in sable smoke ;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke ;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march ; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne,
King James did rushing còme.

2. Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust,
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious squires ; their eye
Could in the darkness naught descry.
3. At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast :
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears :
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave ;
But naught distinct they see :
Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain ;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

4. Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight ;
 Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
 With Huntley, and with Home.
5. Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied :
'Twas vain.—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
 The Howard's lion fell.
6. Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry ;
 Loud were the clanging blows ;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
 The pennon sunk and rose ;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It wavered 'mid the foes.
7. But, as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,

In headlong charge their horse assailed :
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,

That fought around their king.

But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,

Unbroken was the ring.

8. The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark, impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;—
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skillful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands,
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.

9. Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swollen and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,

Shall many an age that wail prolong:
 Still from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
 Of Flodden's fatal field,
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
 And broken was her shield!

King James, King James V., son of James IV., of Scotland. He died in December, 1542, in the 31st year of his age, leaving the crown to his daughter the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. Mār'-mi-on, an English knight, valiant and wise, but unscrupulous, who fell upon the field of Flodden. Sl3'-gan, the war cry, or gathering word of a Highland clan in Scotland.

LESSON LIX.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE INTERMENT OF COL. E. D. BAKER.

BY THOMAS STARR KING.

Thomas Starr King, an American Unitarian Divine, was born in New York, 1824. He became in 1848 pastor of the church in Hollis street, Boston, and in 1860 sailed for San Francisco, where he assumed charge of the Unitarian church in that city. He had a high reputation as a lecturer, and published, among other works, *The White Hills: Their Legends, Landscapes, and Poetry*, 1859. He died in 1864. His loss was deeply felt, and looked upon as a public calamity, for, during his four years residence on the Pacific Coast he had so identified himself with its best interests, that scarcely one public institution or enterprise of philanthropy existed that did not feel it had lost a champion.

THE story of our great friend's life has been eloquently told. We have borne him now to the home of the dead, to the cemetery which, after fit services of prayer, he devoted in a tender and thrilling speech, to its hallowed purposes. In that address, he said: "Within these grounds public reverence and gratitude shall build the tombs of warriors and statesmen * * * who have given all their lives and their best thoughts to their country." Could he forecast, seven years ago, any such fulfillment of those words as this hour reveals? He confessed the conviction before he went into the battle which bereaved us, that his last hour was near. Could any slight shadow of his destiny have been thrown across his

path, as he stood here when these grounds were dedicated, and looked over slopes unfurrowed then by the plowshare of death?

2. His words were prophetic. Yes, warrior and statesman, wise in council, graceful and electric as few have been in speech, ardent and vigorous in debate, but nobler than for all these qualities, by the devotion which prompted thee to give more than thy wisdom, more than thy energy and weight in the hall of senatorial discussion, more than the fervor of thy tongue and the fire of thy eagle eye in the great assemblies of the people—even the blood of thy indomitable heart—when thy country called with a cry of peril—we receive thee with tears and pride. We find thee dearer than when thou camest to speak to us in the full tide of life and vigor. Thy wounds through which thy life was poured are not “dumb mouths,” but eloquent with the intense and perpetual appeal of thy soul.

3. We receive thee to “reverence and gratitude,” as we lay thee gently to thy sleep; and we pledge to thee, not only a monument that shall hold thy name, but a memorial in the hearts of a grateful people, so long as the Pacific moans near thy resting-place, and a fame eminent among the heroes of the Republic so long as the mountains shall feed the Oregon! The poet tells us, in pathetic cadence, that the paths of glory lead but to the grave. But this is true only in the superficial sense. It is true that the famous and the obscure, the devoted and the ignoble, “alike await the inevitable hour.” But the path of true glory does not end in the grave. It passes through it to larger opportunities of service. Do not believe or feel that we are burying Edward Baker. A great nature is a seed. “It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.” It germinates thus in this world as well as in the other.

4. Was Warren buried when he fell on the field of a defeat, pierced through the brain, at the commencement of the Revolution, by a bullet that put the land in mourning? No; the monument that has been raised where his blood reddened the

sod, granite though it be in a hundred courses, is a feeble witness of the permanence and influence of his spirit among the American people. He mounted into literature from the moment that he fell; he began to move the soul of a great community; and part of the principle and enthusiasm of Massachusetts to-day is due to his sacrifice, to the presence of his spirit as a power in the life of the State.

5. Did Montgomery lose his influence in the Revolution because he died without victory, on its threshold, pierced with three wounds, before Quebec? Philadelphia was in tears for him, as it has been for our hero. His eulogies were uttered by the most eloquent tongues of America and Britain, and a thrill of his power beats in the volumes of our history, and runs yet through the onset of every Irish brigade beneath the American banner, which he planted on Montreal.

6. Did Lawrence die when his breath expired in the defeat on the sea, after his exclamation, "Don't give up the ship!" What victorious captain in that naval war shed forth such power? His spirit soared and touched every flag on every frigate, to make its red more commanding, and its stars flame brighter. It went abroad in songs, and every sailor felt him and feels him now as an inspiration.

7. God is giving us new heroes to be enthroned with those of the earlier struggles. Before our greatest victories come, He gives us, as in former years, names to rally for, and examples to inflame us with the old and the unconquerable fire. Ellsworth, Lyon, Winthrop, Baker, our patriots who have fallen in ill-success, will hallow our new contest, and exert wider influence as spirit-heroes than over their regiments and battalions, while they shall ascend to a more tender honor in the nation's memory and gratitude.

8. And other avenues of service than those of the earth are opened for such as he whom we are waiting to lay in the tomb. "It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory," saith the Sacred Word. God has higher uses for such spirits. In the Father's house are many mansions; and Christ hath pre-

pared the place for all ranks of mortals for whom He died. The mysteries¹ of the other world are not revealed. The principles of judgment, the tests of acceptance and of the Supreme eminence are unfolded. Intellect, genius, knowledge, faith, shall be as nothing before humility, sacrifice, charity. But in the uses of charity the fiery tongue, the furnished mind, the unquailing heart, shall have ample opportunities, and ampler than here. Paul goes to an immense service still as an Apostle; Newton to reflect from grander heavens a vaster light.

9. As we shut the door of the tomb of genius, let it be with gratitude to God for its splendor here, and with a hope for its future that swells our bosom, though its outline be dim. And let us not be tempted, in view of the sudden close of our gifted friend's career, in any sad and skeptical spirit, to say, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" The soul is not a shadow. The body is. Genius is not a shadow. It is a substance. Patriotism is not a shadow. It is light.

10. Great purposes, and the spirit that counts death nothing in contrast with honor and the welfare of our country,—these are the witnesses that man is not a passing vapor, but an immortal spirit. Husband and father, brother and friend, Senator and soldier, genius and hero, we give thee, not to the grave and gloom—we give thee to God, to thy place in the country's heart, and to the great services that may await thee in the world of dawn beyond the sunset, with tears, with affection, with gratitude, and with prayer.

LESSON LX.

THE DREAMS OF AN OPIUM-EATER.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Thomas De Quincey, an eminent English author, was born in Manchester in 1785. About the age of twelve he was sent to the grammar school at Bath, where he attained such proficiency in Greek that his teacher declared he could harangue an Athenian mob. He subsequently left the grammar school surreptitiously, and fled to

London, where, for several months, he lived a life of harrowing poverty and distress, the story of which he has told with wonderful eloquence in his *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*. In 1803 he entered the University of Oxford, where he remained five years, and became addicted to the use of opium. At this time he was noted for his remarkable conversational powers and vast erudition. After he had indulged in the excessive use of opium for many years, he finally overcame the deadly habit, and in 1821 published his *Confessions*, which purport to be an autobiography, and created a great sensation. He wrote much, but published little under his own name. His collected works, comprising some eighteen or twenty volumes, have been published in America, but our space will not allow an extended list of them. He was most at home in the regions of pure speculation, and is acknowledged to be one of the most brilliant writers in English literature. He died at Edinburgh, in 1859.

I KNOW not whether others share in my feelings on this point, but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons.

2. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Hindostan. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories and modes of faith is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed.

3. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life.

4. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also,

into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze.

5. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery, and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas : and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms ; I was the idol ; I was the priest : I was worshiped ; I was sacrificed.

6. I fled from the wrath of Brahma through all the forests of Asia ; Vishnu hated me ; Siva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris ; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles, and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, among reeds and Nilotic mud.

7. I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed for awhile in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later, came a reflux of feelings that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what

I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness.

8. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses. All the feet of the tables and sofas soon became instinct with life; the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated.

9. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke; it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside, come to show me their colored shoes or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest, that so awful was the transition from the crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams to the sight of innocent human natures, and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

10. As a final specimen, I cite a dream of a different character. It commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense—a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity.

11. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama or piece of music, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it.

12. I had the power if I could raise myself, to will it ; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. “Deeper than ever plummet sounded,” I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake ; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed.

13. Then came sudden alarms ; hurryings to and fro ; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad ; darkness and lights ; tempest and human faces ; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells! And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—“I will sleep no more!”

Brāh'mā, the first person in the trinity of the Hindoos ; the creator.

Vīsh'nu, a Hindoo divinity, one of the higher gods of the later religion ; the preserver.

Sī'va, the Hindoo divinity who has the character of avenger or destroyer.

Ni-lō't'ic, pertaining to the river Nile, in Egypt.

Īsis, the principal goddess worshiped by the Egyptians. They adored her as the great benefactress of their country, who instructed their ancestors in the art of cultivating wheat and barley.

O-sī'ris, an Egyptian divinity, brother of Isis, who was worshiped as having first reclaimed them from barbarism, and taught them agriculture and the arts and sciences.

LESSON LXI.

BY THE SUN-DOWN SEAS.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Cincinnatus H. Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," was born in Indiana in 1841. When he was thirteen years of age, his parents removed to Oregon, and settled in the Willamette valley. In 1860 he began the study of law, which he relinquished the next year, and went to Idaho. He subsequently returned to Oregon and edited a newspaper. In 1866 he was elected County Judge in Eastern Oregon, which office he held for four years. In 1870 he published a small volume of poems, under the name of Joaquin (Wau-keen) Miller. He afterward went to England and published another volume, *The Songs of the Sierras*, which made him famous as a poet. His latest work, *Songs of the Sun-Lands*, published in 1873, has met with much favor, both in America and England. From this volume, the following selection has been taken.

- A TALE half told and hardly understood;
The talk of bearded men that chanced to meet,
That lean'd on long quaint rifles in the wood,
That look'd in fellow faces, spoke discreet
And low, as half in doubt and in defeat
Of hope; a tale it was of lands of gold
That lay toward the sun. Wild wing'd and fleet
It spread among the swift Missouri's bold
Unbridled men, and reach'd to where Ohio roll'd.
2. The long chain'd lines of yoked and patient steers;
The long white trains that pointed to the west,
Beyond the savage west; the hopes and fears
Of blunt untutored men, who hardly guess'd
Their course; the brave and silent women, dress'd
In homely spun attire, the boys in bands,
The cheery babes that laugh'd at all, and bless'd
The doubting hearts with laughing lifted hands,
Proclaim'd an exodus for far untraversed lands.
3. The Plains! The shouting drivers at the wheel;
The crash of leather whips; the crush and roll
Of wheels; the groan of yokes and grinding steel

And iron chain, and lo ! at last the whole
Vast line, that reach'd as if to touch the goal,
Began to stretch and stream away and wind
Toward the west, as if with one control ;
Then hope loom'd fair and home lay far behind ;
Before, the boundless plain, and fiercest of their kind.

4. The way lay wide and green and fresh as seas
And far away as any reach of wave ;
The sunny streams went by in belt of trees ;
And here and there the tassell'd, tawny brave
Swept by on horse, look'd back, stretch'd forth and gave
A yell of hell, and then did wheel and rein
Awhile, and point away, dark-brow'd and grave,
Into the far and dim and distant plain
With signs and prophecies, and then plunged on again.
5. Some hills at last began to lift and break ;
Some streams began to fail of wood and tide,
The somber plain began betime to take
A hue of weary brown, and wild and wide
It stretch'd its naked breast on every side.-----
A babe was heard at last to cry for bread
Amid the deserts ; cattle low'd and died,
And dying men went by with broken tread,
And left a long black serpent line of wreck and dead.
6. Strange hunger'd birds, black-wing'd and still as death,
And crown'd of red with hooked beaks, blew low
And close about, till we could touch their breath—
Strange unnamed birds, that seem'd to come and go
In circles now, and now direct and slow.
Continual, yet never touch the earth ;
Slim foxes shied and shuttled to and fro
At times across the dusty, weary dearth
Of life, look'd back, then sank like crickets in a hearth.

7. The dust arose, a long dim line like smoke
From out a riven earth. The wheels went by,
The thousand feet in harness and in yoke,
They tore the ways of ashen alkali,
And desert winds blew sudden, swift and dry.
The dust! it sat upon and fill'd the train!
It seem'd to fret and fill the very sky.
Lo! dust upon the beasts, the tent, the plain,
And dust, alas! on breasts that rose not up again.
8. They sat in desolation and in dust
By dried-up desert streams; the mother's hands
Hid all her bended face; the cattle thrust
Their tongues and faintly call'd across the lands.
The babes, that knew not what the way through sands
Could mean, would ask if it would end to-day....
The panting wolves slid by, red-eyed, in bands
To streams beyond. The men look'd far away,
And silent saw that all a boundless desert lay.
9. They rose by night; they struggled on and on
As thin and still as ghosts; then here and there
Beside the dusty way, before the dawn,
Men silent laid them down in their despair,
And died. But woman! Woman, frail as fair!
May man have strength to give to you your due;
You falter'd not, nor murmured anywhere,
You held your babes, held to your course, and you
Bore on through burning hell your double burthens through.
10. They stood at last, the decimated few,
Above a land of running streams, and they----?
They push'd aside the boughs, and peering through,
Beheld afar the cool, refreshing bay;
Then some did curse, and some bend hands to pray;
But some look'd back upon the desert, wide

And desolate with death, then all the day,
They wept. But one, with nothing left beside
His dog to love, crept down among the ferns and died.

11. I stand upon the green Sierra's wall;
Toward the east, beyond the yellow grass,
I see the broken hill-tops lift and fall,
Then sands that shimmer like a sea of glass,
In all the shining summer days that pass.
There lies the nation's great highroad of dead.
Forgotten, aye, unnumber'd, and, alas!
Unchronicl'd in deed or death; instead,
The stiff aristocrat lifts high a lordly head.
12. My brave and unremember'd heroes, rest;
You fell in silence, silent lie and sleep.
Sleep on unsung, for this, I say, were best;
The world to-day has hardly time to weep;
The world to-day will hardly care to keep
In heart her plain and unpretending brave.
The desert winds, they whistle by and sweep
About you; brown'd and russet grasses wave
Along a thousand leagues that lie one common grave.
13. The proud and careless pass in palace car
Along the line you blazon'd white with bones;
Pass swift to people, and possess and mar
Your lands with monuments and letter'd stones
Unto themselves. Thank God! this waste disowns
Their touch. His everlasting hand has drawn
A shining line around you. Wealth bemoans
The waste your splendid grave employs. Sleep on;
No hand shall touch your dust this side of God and dawn.

LESSON LXII.

WARWICK CASTLE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Henry Ward Beecher, the most popular of American pulpit orators, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1813, and graduated at Amherst College in 1834. He studied theology at Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, and, in 1847, after having already presided over two different churches in Indiana, removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., and became pastor of the Plymouth Church. His literary works, with the exception of *Norwood*, a novel, published in 1866, are the result of his labors as a preacher and as a contributor to religious journals. He wrote for the *New York Independent* a series of articles which were published in a volume, entitled *Star Papers*. A regular report of his sermons is issued under the title of *Notes from Plymouth Pulpit*. *Life Thoughts* is a collection of passages taken from his extemporaneous discourses. His other works are *Lectures to Young Men*, *Eyes and Ears*, *Freedom and War*, two volumes of sermons, *Yale Lectures on Preaching*, first and second series, and *Life of Christ*. Mr. Beecher is still the pastor of Plymouth Church, and sustains his high position with undiminished power and reputation. The following, *Warwick Castle*, is from his *Star Papers*, revised and republished in 1873.

HERE we come to Warwick! What bands of steel-clad knights have tramped these streets before us! Here is, doubtless, the old gate of the town renewed with modern stone. Ordering dinner at six o'clock, I start for the castle, without the remotest idea of what I shall see. Walking along a high park wall which forms one part of the town, I come to the gateway of approach.

2. A porter opens its huge leaf. Cut through a solid rock, the road, some twenty feet wide, winds for a long way in the most solemn beauty. The sides, in solid rock, vary from five to twenty feet in height—at least so it seemed to my imagination—the only faculty I allowed to conduct me. Winding in graceful curves, it at last brings you to the first view of the Castle, at a distance of some hundred rods before you.

3. It opens on a sight of grandeur! On either corner is a huge tower, apparently one hundred and fifty feet high; in the center is a square tower, called properly a gateway; a huge wall connects this central access with the two corner towers. I stood for a little, and let the vision pierce me through. Who can tell what he feels in such a place! Pri-

meval forests, the ocean, prairies, Niagara, I had seen, or felt. But never had I seen any pile around which were historic associations, blended not only with historic men and deeds, but savoring of my own childhood.

4. And now, too, am I to see and understand by inspection the things which Scott has made so familiar to all as mere words : moats, portcullises, battlements, keeps or mounds, arrow-slit windows, and watch-towers. I had never seen them, yet the moment I did behold, all was instantly plain ; I knew the name and use, and seemed in a moment to have known them always.

5. I came up to the moat, now dry, and lined with beautiful shrubs and trees, crossed the bridge, and entered the outer gateway or arched door, through a solid square tower. The portcullis was drawn up, but I could see the projecting end. Another similar gateway further on, showed the care with which the defense was managed. This passed, a large court opened, surrounded on every side with towers, walls, and vast ranges of buildings. Here I beheld the pictures which I had seen on paper, magnified into gigantic realities. Drawings of many-faced, irregular, Gothic mansions, measuring an inch or two, with which my childhood was familiar, here stood before me measuring hundreds and hundreds of feet. It was the first sight of a real baronial castle ! It was a historic dream breaking forth into a waking reality.

6. It is of very little use to tell you how large the court is, by feet and rods ; or that Guy's tower is 128 feet high, while Cæsar's tower is 147. But it may touch your imagination, and wheel it suddenly backward with a long flight and wide vision, to say that Cæsar's tower has stood for eight hundred years, being coeval with the Norman Conquest ! I stood upon the mute stones, and imagined the ring of the hammer upon them when the mason was laying them to their bed of ages. What were the thoughts, the fancies, the conversations of these rude fellows at that age of the world !

7. I was wafted backward and backward, until I stood on the

foundations upon which old England herself was builded, when as yet there was none of her. There, far back of all literature, before the English tongue itself was formed, earlier than her jurisprudence, than all modern civilization, I stood, in imagination, and reversing my vision, looked down into a far future, to search for the men and deeds which had been, as if they were yet to be ; thus making a prophecy of history: and changing memory into a dreamy foresight.

8. When these stones were placed, it was yet to be two hundred years before Gower and Chaucer should be born. Indeed, since this mortar was wetted and cemented these stones, the original people—the Normans, the Danes, the Saxons—have been mixed together into one people. When this stone on which I lean took its place, there was not then a printed book in England. Printing was invented hundreds of years after these foundations went down.

9. When the rude workmen put their shoulders to these stones, the very English language lay unborn. The men that laughed and jested as they wrought, and had their pride of skill ; the architect, and the lord for whose praise he fashioned these stones ; the villagers that wondered as they looked upon the growing pile, why, they are no more now to men's memories than the grass they trod on, or the leaves they cast down in felling the oak.

10. Against these stones on which I lay my hand, have rung the sounds of battle. Yonder, on these very grounds, there raged, in sight of men that stand where I do, fiercest and deadliest conflicts. All this ground has been fed on blood. I walked across to Guy's tower, up its long stone stairway into some of its old soldiers' rooms. The pavements were worn, though of stone, with the heavy, grinding feet of men-at-arms. I heard them laugh between their cups, I saw them devouring their gross food, I heard them recite their feats, or tell the last news of some knightly outrage, or cruel oppression of the despised laborer. I stood by the windows out of which the archer sent his whistling arrows. I stood by the openings

through which scalding water or molten lead was poured upon the heads of assailants, and heard the hoarse shriek of the wretched fellows from below as they got their shocking baptism.

11. I ascended to the roof of the tower, and looked over the wide glory of the scene, still haunted with the same imaginations of the olden time. How many thoughts had flown hence beside mine! Here, where warriors looked out, or ladies watched for their knights' return. How did I long to stand for one hour, really, in their position and in their consciousness, who lived in those days, and then come back with the experience, to my modern self!

12. Already the sun was drooping far down the west, and sending its golden glow sideways through the trees; and the glades in the park were gathering twilight as I turned to give a last look at these strange scenes. I walked slowly through the gateway, crossed the bridge over the moat, turned and looked back upon the old tower, whose tops reddened yet in the sun, though I was in deep shadow. Then, walking backward, looking still, till I came to the woods, I took my farewell of Warwick Castle.

Warwick Castle (War'-rick), the castle of the Earl of Warwick, who was one of the family of Newburgh, and whose title was given him by William the Conqueror. Chaucer (Geoffrey), sometimes called the father of English poetry, was born in London 1328; died 1400. Gower (John), an English poet, born about 1320, is supposed to be a native of Yorkshire. He died in 1402. Pōrt eūl'-lis, an assemblage of timbers joined to one another, and each pointed with iron, hung over the gateway of a fortified town or castle, to be let down to prevent the entrance of an enemy.

LESSON LXIII.

MOTHER AND POET.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, one of the most gifted of female poets, was born in England, in 1807. Her father was Mr. Barrett, an opulent merchant of London. She received a high education, and was well versed in the Greek and Latin languages. Among her first published works was *The Battle of Marathon*. In the succeeding interval of thirty years, from 1826 to 1856, she produced an *Essay on Mind*, and *Other*

Poems, Prometheus Bound, a translation from the Greek of Æschylus, The Seraphim, and Other Poems, The Romaunt of the Page, The Drama of Lilo, Casa Guidi Windows, a poem which treats of the political condition of Italy, and Aurora Leigh, a novel in verse. The poetry of Mrs. Browning is certainly of the highest order, but is characterized by a shadowy luxuriance of fancy and expression which renders it sometimes difficult to understand, and her writings are therefore better appreciated by poets than by the masses of the people. She was the wife of the eminent poet, Robert Browning, and died at Florence in 1861.

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
 And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
 Dead! both my boys! when you sit at the feast,
 And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
 Let none look at me!

2. Yet I was a poetess only last year,
 And good at my art, for a woman, men said ;
 But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
 The east sea, and the west sea, rhyme on in her head
 Forever instead!
3. What's art for a woman? To hold on her knees
 Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
 Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees,
 And 'broider the long clothes and neat little coat ;
 To dream and to dote.
4. To teach them. It stings there ; I made them, indeed,
 Speak plain the word country,—I taught them, no doubt,
 That a country's a thing men should die for at need,
 I prated of liberty, rights, and about
 The tyrant turned out.
5. And when their eyes flashed—O, my beautiful eyes!
 I exulted! Nay, let them go forth at the wheels
 Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
 When one sits quite alone! then one weeps, then one
 kneels!
 —God! how the house feels!

6. At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp life and glory, and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel bough.
7. Then was triumph at Turin, Ancona was free,
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet
While they cheered in the street.
8. I bore it! friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy yet remained
To be leant on, and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.
9. And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. I was not to faint.
One loved me for two; would be with me ere long;
And "Viva Italia" he died for, our saint,
"Who forbids our complaint."
10. My Nanni would add he "was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls, was imprest
It was Guido himself who knew what I could bear,
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest."
11. On which without pause up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:
Shot. Tell his mother. Ah! ah! "his," "their" mother,
not "mine."
No voice says my mother again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

12. Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that love and that sorrow that reconciles so
The Above and below.
13. O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'st thro' the dark
To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate—mark
Whose sons not being Christ's, die with eyes turned
away,
And no last word to say!
14. Both boys dead! but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'Twere imbecile hewing out roads to a wall.
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?
15. Ah! ah! ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death, crashing souls out of men,
When the guns of Cavalli, with final retort,
Have cut the game short.
16. When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its green, white
and red,
When you have a country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
And I have my dead—
17. What then? Do not mock me. Ah! ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly. My country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;
My Italy's there, with my brave civic pair,
To disfranchise despair.

18. Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the west,
And one of them shot in the east by the sea.
Both! both my boys! If, in keeping the feast,
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me.
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LESSON LXIV.

THE WRECK OF THE "WRIGHT."

BY SAMUEL L. SIMPSON.



THE sun has set, and all alone
The steamer battles with the sea ;
Her plume of smoke is backward blown,

- Beneath her prow, with bodeful moan,
The conquering wave bends sullenly.
And, chill and drear, a shadow creeps
Along the wild and misty deeps
That roll to windward and a-lee.
2. With maniac laughter, deep and low,
The hungry caverns mock her way;
A pallid sea-bird, wheeling slow,
Shrieks to his mother sea, below
The hopeless flight of human prey;
And o'er the waste of water broods
The dreariest of Nature's moods,
Bereft of all save bleak dismay.
3. A sudden blenching strikes the sea
To windward, and the fearful twang
Of Neptune's trident hums a glee
Of might, and wrath, and agony,
Far where the breakers boom and clang :
Like flying shrouds from rifled graves,
The pallid foam drifts on the waves,
Whence ocean's slumbering furies sprang.
4. Into the jeweled arms of night
The mad storm leaps, his vap'ry hair
Drifts o'er her queenly breast bedight,
And quenches all its gemmy light ;
And down the corridors of air,
'Mong tapestries of cloud, the moon
Flits by with white, scared face, and soon
Night and the storm hold empire there !
5. The stricken billows leap away
With trampling thunders in the gale,
And, staggering blindly to the fray,
The strong ship starts each bolt and stay;

Her cordage shrieks, and with a wail
 She plunges downward in the gloom
 Of roaring gorges, hoarse with doom,
 And none alive may tell the tale.

6. What thoughts there came of home and friends ;
 What prayers were said, what kisses thrown,
 Were lost upon the wind, that lends
 Its borrowed wealth no more, yet blends
 A sigh of trouble with the moan
 That sadly haunts the restless waves—
 Forever rolling o'er the caves
 Where richer things than pearls are strewn.
7. They sailed one day, and came—no more !
 All else is wrapt in mystery ;
 The surges kneel upon the shore,
 And tell their sorrows o'er and o'er ;
 And still above the northern sea,
 A pensive spirit, pale and slow,
 The gray gull, wheeling to and fro,
 Keeps watch and ward eternally.

LESSON LXV.

EULOGY ON DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY RUFUS CHOATE.

Rufus Choate was born in Essex, Massachusetts, in 1799. He received his education at Dartmouth College, graduating with the highest honors of his class in 1819. He studied law in the office of William Wirt, at Washington, and was admitted to the bar in 1824. He soon distinguished himself in his profession, and was elected a member of Congress in 1832. At the expiration of his term he declined a re-election, and moved to Boston for a wider field. In 1841 he was chosen to succeed Daniel Webster in the United States Senate, and afterward returned to the practice of law. He went abroad for his health in 1849, and died at Halifax in July of that year. Rufus Choate was a man of brilliant intellect, strong in reason, and splendid in imagination. For ready, fervid, magnificent, and overpowering eloquence, he has had no superior, and scarcely a peer, in American history.

IN looking over the public remains of Webster's oratory, it is striking to remark how, even in that most sober and

massive understanding and nature, you see gathered and expressed the characteristic sentiments and the passing time of our America. It is the strong old oak which ascends before you; yet our soil, our heaven, are attested in it as perfectly as if it were a flower that could grow in no other climate and in no other hour of the year or day. Let me instance in one thing only.

2. It is a peculiarity of some schools of eloquence that they embody and utter, not merely the individual genius and character of the speaker, but a national consciousness—a national era, a mood, a hope, a dread, a despair—in which you listen to the spoken history of the time. There is an eloquence of an expiring nation, such as seems to sadden the glorious speech of Demosthenes; such as breathes grand and gloomy from the visions of the prophets of the last days of Israel and Judah; such as gave a spell to the expression of Grattan and of Kossuth—the sweetest, most mournful, most awful of the words which man may utter, or which man may hear—the eloquence of a perishing nation.

3. There is another eloquence, in which the national consciousness of a young or renewed and vast strength, of trust in a dazzling, certain, and limitless future, an inward glorying in victories yet to be won, sounds out, as by voice of clarion, challenging to contest for the highest prize of earth; such as that in which the leader of Israel in its first days holds up to the new nation the Land of Promise; such as that which in the well-imagined speeches scattered by Livy over the history of the “majestic series of victories,” speaks the Roman consciousness of growing aggrandizement which should subject the world; such as that through which, at the tribunes of her revolution, in the bulletins of her rising soldier, France told to the world her dream of glory.

4. And of this kind somewhat is ours; cheerful, hopeful, trusting, as befits youth and spring; the eloquence of a State beginning to ascend to the first class of power, eminence, and consideration, and conscious of itself. It is to no purpose

that they tell you it is in bad taste; that it partakes of arrogance and vanity; that a true national good breeding would not know, or seem to know, whether the nation is old or young; whether the tides of being are in their flow or ebb; whether these coursers of the sun are sinking slowly to rest, wearied with a journey of a thousand years, or just bounding from the Orient unbreathed.

5. Higher laws than those of taste determine the consciousness of nations. Higher laws than those of taste determine the general forms of the expression of that consciousness. Let the downward age of America find its orators, and poets, and artists to erect its spirit, or grace and soothe its dying; be it ours to go up with Webster to the rock, the monument, the capitol, and bid "the distant generations hail!" . . .

6. We seem to see his form and hear his deep grave speech everywhere. By some felicity of his personal life; by some wise, deep, or beautiful word spoken or written; by some service of his own, or some commemoration of the services of others, it has come to pass that "our granite hills, our inland seas and prairies, and fresh, unbounded, magnificent wilderness;" our encircling ocean; the resting-place of the Pilgrims; our new-born sister of the Pacific; our popular assemblies; our free schools; all our cherished doctrines of education, and of the influence of religion, and material policy and law, and the Constitution, give us back his name.

7. What American landscape will you look on; what subject of American interest will you study; what source of hope or of anxiety, as an American, will you acknowledge that does not recall him? . . . But it is time that this eulogy was spoken. My heart goes back into the coffin there with him, and I would pause. I went—it is a day or two since—alone, to see again the home which he so dearly loved, the chamber where he died, the grave in which they laid him—all habited as when

"His look drew audience still as night,
Or summer's noontide air,"

till the heavens be no more.

8. Throughout that spacious and calm scene all things to the eye showed at first unchanged. The books in the library, the portraits, the table at which he wrote, the scientific culture of the land, the course of agricultural occupation, the coming-in of harvests, fruits of the seed his own hand had scattered, the animals and implements of husbandry, the trees planted by him in lines, in copses, in orchards, by thousands, the seat under the noble elm on which he used to sit to feel the southwest wind at evening, or hear the breathings of the sea, or the not less audible music of the starry heavens, all seemed at first unchanged.

9. The sun of a bright day, from which, however, something of the fervors of midsummer was wanting, fell temperately on them all, filled the air on all sides with the utterances of life, and gleamed on the long line of ocean. Some of those whom on earth he loved best still were there. The great mind still seemed to preside ; the great presence to be with you ; you might expect to hear again the rich and playful tones of the voice of the old hospitality.

10. Yet a moment more, and all the scene took on the aspect of one great monument, inscribed with his name, and sacred to his memory. And such it shall be in all the future of America! The sensation of desolateness, and loneliness, and darkness, with which you see it now, will pass away ; the sharp grief of love and friendship will become soothed ; men will repair thither as they are wont to commemorate the great days of history ; the same glance shall take in, and the same emotions shall greet and bless the harbor of the Pilgrims, and the tomb of Webster.

Henry Grattan, a distinguished Irish orator, was born in Dublin in 1750, and died in London in 1820. After the Union he sat in Parliament as a member from Matton, and afterward in the Imperial Parliament as a member from Dublin. Louis Kossuth (Kosh'oot), an eminent Hungarian orator and statesman, was born at Monoth in 1820. In 1849, when the Hungarians renounced allegiance to the house of Hapsburg, he was chosen dictator. During the same year he resigned his office and went into exile. He visited the United States in 1851, and was warmly received. Titus Livy, an illustrious Roman historian who wrote a history of Rome from the foundation of the city to the death of Drusus, B. C. 9. His style is peculiarly beautiful. He was born B. C. 59 ; died 17 B. C.

LESSON LXVI.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER AND SCHOOLMASTER.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place:
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour.

2. Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed:
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
3. Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,

He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

4. Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last, faltering accents whispered praise.
5. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
6. His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
7. Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face.

8. Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
9. The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But passed is all his fame: the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

LESSON LXVII.

GEORGE III. OF ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta in 1811, his father being in the service of the East India Company. At seven years of age he was sent to England, stopping on the way at St. Helena, where he saw the exile Napoleon. He was placed at the Charter-house School in London, and afterward went to Cambridge, but did not graduate. Having inherited a fortune, he at first devoted himself to art, and pursued his studies abroad for some years, when, having met with pecuniary losses, he relinquished art for literature. His first works of any note were *The Paris Sketch Book*, *The Great Haggarty Diamond*, *The Irish Sketch Book*, *Jeams' Diary*, *The Yellowplush Papers*, *The Book of Snobs*, *From Cornhill to Cairo*, and *Mrs. Perkins' Ball*. His reputation was of slow growth, and he first became popular through his inimitable sketches in *Punch*. Then followed those brilliant and entertaining novels, *Vanity Fair*, *The History of Pendennis*, *The History of Henry Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, and *Lovel, the Widower*. He wrote, also, a

great number of excellent Christmas stories. Equally charming are his Lectures on the English Humorists, and on The Four Georges. He visited the United States in 1856, and died December, 1863. The following is from The Four Georges.

I HOLD old Johnson (and shall we not pardon James B. well some errors for embalming him for us?) to be the great supporter of the British monarchy and church during the last age—better than whole benches of bishops, better than Pitts, Norths, and the great Burke himself. Johnson had the ear of the nation; his immense authority reconciled it to loyalty, and shamed it out of irreligion. When George III. talked with him, and the people heard the great author's good opinion of the sovereign, whole generations rallied to the King. Johnson was revered as a sort of oracle; and the oracle declared for church and king.

2. What a humanity the old man had! He was a kindly partaker of all honest pleasures; a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners. "What, boys, are you for a frolic?" he cries, when Topham Beauclerc comes and wakes him up at midnight: "I'm with you." And away he goes, tumbles on his homely old clothes, and trundles through Covent Garden with the young fellows. When he used to frequent Garrick's theatre, and had the "liberty of the scenes," he says, "All the actresses knew me, and dropped me a courtesy as they passed to the stage." That would make a pretty picture. It is a pretty picture, in my mind, of youth, folly, gayety, tenderly surveyed by wisdom's merciful, pure eyes.

3. His mother's bigotry and hatred he inherited with the courageous obstinacy of his own race; but he was a firm believer where his fathers had been free-thinkers, and a true and fond supporter of the Church, of which he was the titular defender. Like other dull men, the King was all his life suspicious of superior people. He did not like Fox; he did not like Reynolds: he did not like Nelson, Chatham, Burke. He was testy at the idea of all innovations, and suspicious of all innovators. He loved mediocrities; Benjamin West was his favor-

ite painter; Beattie was his poet. The king lamented, not without pathos, in his after life, that his education had been neglected.

4. He was a dull lad, brought up by narrow-minded people. The cleverest tutors in the world could have done little, probably, to expand that small intellect, though they might have improved his tastes, and taught his perceptions some generosity. But he admired as well as he could. There is little doubt that a letter, written by the little Princess Charlotte, of Mecklenburg Strelitz—a letter containing the most feeble commonplaces about the horrors of war, and the most trivial remarks on the blessings of peace, struck the young monarch greatly, and decided him upon selecting the young princess as the sharer of his throne.

5. They say the little princess who had written the fine letter about the horrors of war—a beautiful letter, without a single blot, for which she was to be rewarded, like the heroine of the old spelling-book story—was at play, one day, with some of her young companions, in the gardens of Strelitz, and that the young ladies' conversation was, strange to say, about husbands. "Who will take such a poor little princess as I?" said Charlotte to her friend, Ida von Bulow; at that very moment the postman's horn sounded, and Ida said, "Princess, there is the sweetheart!" And so it actually turned out. The postman brought letters from the splendid young king of all England, who said, "Princess, because you have written such a beautiful letter, which does credit to your head and heart, come and be queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and the true wife of your obedient servant, George!"

6. So she jumped for joy; and went up-stairs and packed all her little trunks; and set off straightway for her kingdom in a beautiful yacht, with a harpsichord on board for her to play upon, and around her a beautiful fleet, all covered with flags and streamers, and the distinguished Madame Auerbach

complimented her with an ode, a translation of which may be read in *The Gentleman's Magazine* to the present day :

Her gallant navy through the main
Now cleaves its liquid way.
There to their Queen a chosen train
Of nymphs due reverence pay.

Europa, when conveyed by Jove
To Crete's distinguished shore,
Greater attention scarce could prove,
Or be respected more.

7. They met, and they were married, and for years they led the happiest, simplest lives sure ever led by married couple. It is said the king winced when he first saw his homely little bride ; but however that may be, he was a true and faithful husband to her, as she was a faithful and loving wife. They had the simplest pleasures—the very mildest and simplest—little country dances, to which a dozen couple were invited, and where the honest king would stand up and dance for three hours at a time to one tune : after which delicious excitement, they would go to bed without any supper (the Court people grumbling at that absence of supper), and get up quite early the next morning, and perhaps the next night have another dance ; or the queen would play on the spinet—she played pretty well, Haydn said—or the king would read to her a paper out of *The Spectator*, or perhaps one of Ogden's sermons.

8. O Arcadia ! what a life it must have been ! There used to be Sunday drawing-rooms at Court ; but the young king stopped these, as he stopped all that godless gambling whereof we have made mention. Not that George was averse to any innocent pleasures, or pleasures which he thought innocent. He was a patron of the arts, after his fashion ; kind and gracious to the artists whom he favored, and respectful to their calling. He wanted once to establish an Order of Minerva for literary and scientific characters ; the Knights were to take rank after the Knights of the Bath, and to sport a straw-

colored ribbon and a star of sixteen points. But there was such a row among the *literati* as to the persons who should be appointed, that the plan was given up, and Minerva and her star never came down amongst us.

9. He objected to painting St. Paul's, as Popish practice ; accordingly, the most clumsy heathen sculptures decorate that edifice at present. It is fortunate that the paintings, too, were spared, for painting and drawing were wofully unsound at the close of the last century , and it is far better for our eyes to contemplate whitewash (when we turn them away from the clergyman) than to look at Opie's pitchy canvases, or Fuseli's livid monsters.

And yet there is one day in the year—a day when old George loved with all his heart to attend it—when I think St. Paul's presents the noblest sight in the whole world : when five thousand charity children, with cheeks like nosegays, and sweet, fresh voices, sing the hymn which makes every heart thrill with praise and happiness.

10. I have seen a hundred grand sights in the world—coronations, Parisian splendors, Crystal Palace openings, Pope's chapels with their processions of long-tailed cardinals and quavering choirs of fat soprani—but think in all Christendom there is no such sight as Charity Children's day. As one looks at that beautiful multitude of innocents ; as the first note strikes, indeed one may almost fancy that cherubs are singing.

Of church music the king was always very fond, showing skill in it both as a critic and as a performer. Many stories, mirthful and affecting, are told of his behavior at the concerts which he ordered. When he was blind and ill, he chose the music for the Ancient Concerts once, and the music and words which he selected were from "Samson Agonistes," and all had reference to his blindness, his captivity, and his affliction. He would beat time with his music-roll as they sang the anthem in the Chapel Royal. If the page below was talkative or inattentive, down would come the music-roll on the young scapegrace's powdered head.

11. The theater was always his delight. His bishops and clergy used to attend it, thinking it was no shame to appear where that good man was seen. He is said not to have cared for Shakspeare or tragedy much; farces and pantomimes were his joy: and especially when the clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages, he would laugh so outrageously that the lovely princess by his side would have to say, "My gracious monarch, do compose yourself." But he continued to laugh, and at the very smallest farces, as long as his poor wits were left him.

12. There is something to me exceedingly touching in that simple early life of the king's. As long as his mother lived—a dozen years after his marriage with the little spinet-player—he was a great, shy, awkward boy, under the tutelage of that hard parent. She must have been a clever, domineering, cruel woman. She kept her household lonely and in gloom, mistrusting almost all people who came about her children. Seeing the young Duke of Gloucester silent and unhappy once, she sharply asked him the cause of his silence. "I am thinking," said the poor child. "Thinking, sir! and of what?" "I am thinking if ever I have a son I will not make him so unhappy as you make me."

13. The other sons were all wild, except George. Dutifully every evening George and Charlotte paid their visit to the king's mother at Carlton House. She had a throat-complaint, of which she died; but to the last, persisted in driving about the streets to show she was alive. The night before her death the resolute woman talked with her son and daughter-in-law as usual, went to bed, and was found dead there in the morning. "George, be a king!" were the words which she was forever croaking in the ears of her son: and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be.

Topham Beauclerc, an English gentleman of distinguished talents, and wit, born in 1739, was an intimate friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson. He died in 1780. David Garrick, a celebrated English actor, was born in 1716, and died in 1779. He amassed a large fortune in his profession, and was buried in great pomp beside the tomb of Shakspeare, in Westminster Abbey. Horace Walpole, fourth Earl of Oxford, a famous literary gos-

sip, amateur, and wit, was born in London in 1717, and died in 1797. He was for many years a member of Parliament. Charles James Fox, a great English orator and statesman, was born in London in 1749, and died in 1806. He came of a noble family and distinguished himself very greatly in the debates of Parliament. Joseph Haydn, a celebrated musical composer, was born on the frontiers of Austria and Hungary in 1732, and died in 1809. His master-piece is an oratorio, entitled "The Creation." Titian (tish-yan), a renowned Italian painter, was born in 1477, and died in 1576. His best paintings are a "Last Supper," in Escorial in Spain, and one at Milan, representing "Christ Crowned with Thorns."

LESSON LXVIII.

SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

William Shakspeare, the greatest dramatic genius that ever lived, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in April (probably the 23d) 1564. His father, John Shakspeare, was a glover. Of his childhood, and his early youth, nothing is known. When quite young he went to London, where he followed the profession of an actor, and met with good success. It is not known when Shakspeare began to write plays, or which one he wrote first. His first published play appeared in 1594. From this time there is reason to suppose that his principal attention was directed to the composition of his dramas, since, according to Meres, he had written *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labor Lost*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, before the end of 1598. This great dramatist appears to have enjoyed a large measure of the favor of his sovereigns, Queen Elizabeth and King James I. The poet, it is said, passed the last years of his life at Stratford, in honor and affluence. He died on the twenty-third of April (supposed to be the anniversary of his birth), 1616, at the age of fifty-two.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my Lord: Bellario greets your grace.

[Presents a letter.]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. A plague on thee, execrable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :
Repair thy wit, good youth ; or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court :—
Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] “ Your grace shall understand that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick : but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome ; his name is Balthazar ; I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant ; we turned o'er many books together ; he is furnish'd with my opinion ; which, better'd with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation ; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.”

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes :
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario ?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—

You stand within his danger, do you not? [To Antonio.

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the heart of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.

✕ *Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me; I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily do I beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Aye, his breast:
So says the bond; doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart—those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh? *Shy.* I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I'm married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;
I would lose all—aye, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands; I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!

[*Aside.*

We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;

The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
 Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
 Are, by the laws of Venice; confiscate
 Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thysself shall see the act:

For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
 Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then—pay the bond thrice,
 And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money. *Por.* Soft.

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste:—
 He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge—a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
 Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more,
 But just a pound of flesh. If thou takest more,
 Or less, than just a pound, be it but so much
 As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
 Or the division of the twentieth part
 Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale do turn
 But in the estimation of a hair—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
 He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then, the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be proved against an alien,

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice,

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That, indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contrived against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my life,

When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter ;
Two things provided more.—That for this favor,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this ; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew ; what dost thou say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence :
I am not well ; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers ;
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [Exit Shylock.

The above is a selection from the " Merchant of Venice." Antonio, a wealthy merchant of Venice, thoughtlessly signed a bond in favor of Shylock, a Jewish usurer, by which he agreed to forfeit a pound of flesh in case of failure to repay, by a stipulated time, a sum of money which he had borrowed. Being unable to meet the obligation, Portia, a rich heiress, and wife of Bassanio, a friend of Antonio's, disguises herself as a young " doctor of Rome," and manages to have the case tried before her, which trial is given in the lesson.

LESSON LXIX.

THE ATHENIAN ORATORS.

ANONYMOUS.

IT may be doubted whether any compositions which have ever been produced in the world are equally perfect in their kind with the great Athenian orations. Genius is subject to the same laws which regulate the production of corn and molasses. The supply adjusts itself to the demand. The quantity may be diminished by restrictions, and multiplied by bounties. The singular excellence to which eloquence attained at Athens is to be mainly attributed to the influence which it exerted there.

2. In turbulent times, under a constitution purely democratic, among a people educated exactly to that point at which men are most susceptible of strong and sudden impressions, acute, but not sound reasoners, warm in their feelings, unfixed in their principles, and passionate admirers of fine composition, oratory received such encouragement as it has never since obtained. There seems to be, moreover, every reason to believe that, in general intelligence, the Athenian populace far surpassed the lower orders of any community that has ever existed.

3. It must be considered, that to be a citizen was to be a legislator—a soldier—a judge—one upon whose voice might depend the fate of the wealthiest tributary state, of the most eminent public man. The lowest offices, both of agriculture and of trade, were, in common, performed by slaves. The commonwealth supplied its meanest members with the support of life, the opportunity of leisure, and the means of amusement. Books were indeed few, but they were excellent, and they were accurately known. It is not by turning over libraries, but by repeatedly perusing and intently contemplating a few great models, that the mind is best disciplined.

4. A man of letters must now read much that he soon for-

gets, and much from which he learns nothing worthy to be remembered. The best works employ, in general, but a small portion of his time. Demosthenes is said to have transcribed, six times, the History of Thucydides. If he had been a young politician of the present age, he might, in the same space of time, have skimmed innumerable newspapers and pamphlets.

5. Books, however, were the least part of the education of an Athenian citizen. Let us for a moment, transport ourselves, in thought, to that glorious city. Let us imagine that we are entering its gates, in the time of its power and glory. A crowd is assembled round a portico. All are gazing with delight at the entablature, for Phidias is putting up the frieze. We turn into another street; a rhapsodist is reciting there; men, women, children, are thronging round him; the tears are running down their cheeks; their eyes are fixed; their very breath is still; for he is telling how Priam fell at the feet of Achilles, and kissed those hands—the terrible—the murderous—which had slain so many of his sons.

6. We enter the public place. There is a ring of youths, all leaning forward, with sparkling eyes, and gestures of expectation. Socrates is pitted against the famous atheist from Ionia, and has just brought him to a contradiction in terms. But we are interrupted. The herald is crying—"Room for the Prytanes." The general assembly is to meet. The people are swarming in on every side. Proclamation is made—"Who wishes to speak?" There is a shout, and a clapping of hands. Pericles is mounting the stand. Then for a play of Sophocles; and away to sup with Aspasia. I know of no modern university which has so excellent a system of education.

7. Knowledge thus acquired, and opinions thus formed, were, indeed, likely to be, in some respects, defective. Propositions which are advanced in discourse generally result from a partial view of the question, and cannot be kept under examination long enough to be corrected. Men of great conversational powers almost universally practise a sort of lively sophistry and exaggeration, which deceives, for the moment,

both themselves and their auditors. Thus, we see doctrines, which cannot bear a close inspection, triumph perpetually in drawing-rooms, in debating societies, and even in legislative or judicial assemblies.

8. The object of oratory alone is not truth, but persuasion. The admiration of the multitude does not make Moore a greater poet than Coleridge, or Beattie a greater philosopher than Berkeley. But the criterion of eloquence is different. A speaker who exhausts the whole philosophy of a question, who displays every grace of style, yet produces no effect on his audience, may be a great essayist, a great statesman, a great master of composition, but he is not an orator. If he miss the mark, it makes no difference whether he has taken aim too high or too low.

9. The effect of the great freedom of the press in England has been, in a great measure, to destroy this distinction, and to leave among us little of what I call oratory proper. Our legislators, our candidates, on great occasions even our advocates, address themselves less to the audience than to the reporters. They think less of the few hearers than of the innumerable readers. At Athens the case was different; there the only object of the speaker was immediate conviction and persuasion. He, therefore, who would justly appreciate the merit of the Grecian orators, should place himself, as nearly as possible, in the situation of their auditors: he should divest himself of his modern feelings and requirements, and make the prejudices and interests of the Athenian citizens his own.

10. He who studies their works in this spirit will find that many of those things which, to an English reader, appear to be blemishes—the frequent violation of those excellent rules of evidence by which our courts of law are regulated—the introduction of extraneous matter—the reference to considerations of political expediency in judicial investigations—the assertions, without proof—the passionate entreaties—the furious invectives—are really proofs of the prudence and address of the speakers. He must not dwell maliciously on arguments

or phrases, but acquiesce in his first impressions. It requires repeated perusal and reflection to decide rightly on any other portion of literature. But with respect to works of which the merit depends on their instantaneous effect, the most hasty judgment is likely to be best.

Thu-çŷd'i-dēs, a celebrated Greek historian, who wrote a history of the Peloponnesian war; he lived in the fifth century B. C. Phīd'i-as, a sculptor of Athens, and one of the most celebrated artists of antiquity; he flourished in the early part of the fifth century B. C. Pēr'i'elēs, a famous Athenian, who distinguished himself as a general, statesman and orator. Died at Athens B. C. 429. Sōph'o'elēs, a celebrated tragic poet of Athens. Born B. C. 495; died 406 B. C. Prŷt'a-nēs, members of one of the ten sections into which the Senate of ancient Athens was divided. Friēze, that part of the entablature of a column which is between the architrave and the cornice.

LESSON LXX.

DEATH-BED OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

BY GEORGE LEPPARD.

MANY years ago, in a rude garret, near the loneliest suburbs of the city of London, lay a dying man. He was but half dressed, though his legs were concealed in long military boots. An aged minister stood beside the rough couch. The form was that of a strong man grown old through care more than age. There was a face that you might look upon but once, and yet wear it in your memory forever.

2. Let us bend over the bed and look upon that face. A bold forehead, seamed by one deep wrinkle visible between the brows—long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with gray; lips firmly set, yet quivering, as though they had a life separate from the life of the man: and then, two large eyes—vivid, burning, unnatural in their steady glare. Ay, there was something terrible in that face—something so full of unnatural loneliness—unspeakable despair, that the aged minister started back in horror. But look! those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air: the death-sweat stands in drops on that bold brow—the man is dying. Throb—throb—throb

beats the death watch in the shattered wall. "Would you die in the faith of the Christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the damp floor.

3. The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled, but they made no sound. Then, with the strong agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke: "Christian!" he echoed, in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart, "Will that faith give me back my honor? Come with me, old man, come with me far over the waters. Ha, we are there! This is my native town. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood; yonder the green on which I sported as a boy. But another flag waves yonder in the place of the flag that waved when I was a child.

4. "And listen, old man, were I to pass along the streets, as I passed when but a child, the very babes in their cradles would raise their tiny hands and curse me! The graves in yonder churchyard would shrink from my footsteps; and yonder flag would rain a baptism of blood upon my head!"

Suddenly the dying man arose; he tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails were blue with the death-chill, he opened a valise. He drew from thence a faded coat of blue, faced with silver, and the wreck of a battle-flag.

5. "Look ye, priest! this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as the old memories seemed stirring at his heart. "This coat I wore, when first I heard the news of Lexington: this coat I wore, when I planted the banner of stars on Ticonderoga! That bullet-hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec; and now, I am a—let me whisper it in your ear!" He hissed that single burning word into the minister's ear. "Now help me, priest! help me to put on this coat of blue; for you see"—and a ghastly smile came over his face—"there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow: no wife: no child. I must meet Death alone; but I will meet him, as I have met him in battle, without a fear!"

6. And while he stood arraying his limbs in that worm-eaten coat of blue and silver, the good minister spoke to him

of faith in Jesus. Yes, of that great faith, which pierces the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God. "Faith!" echoed that strange man who stood there, erect, with the death-chill on his brow: "Faith! can it give me back my honor? Look ye, priest! there over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades the pleasant story of the eight years war: there, in his royal halls, sits George of England, bewailing, in his idiotic voice, the loss of his colonies! And here am I!—I, who was first to raise the flag of freedom, and the first to strike a blow against that king—here am I, dying! oh, dying like a dog!"

7. The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while throb—throb—throb—beat the death-watch in the shattered wall. "Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; "silence along the lines! not a word, on peril of your lives! Hark you, Montgomery! we will meet in the center of the town:—we will meet there in victory, or die! Hist! silence, my men—not a whisper as we move up those steep rocks! Now on—my boys—now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of stars—up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark and the snow falls? Now! now one more blow, and Quebec is ours!"

8. And look! his eyes grow glassy. With that word on his lips, he stands there—ah! what a hideous picture of despair: erect, livid, ghastly: there for a moment, and then he falls! he is dead! Ah, look at that proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In that glassy eye there lingers even yet, a horrible energy—a sublimity of despair. Who is this strange man, lying alone in this rude garret: this man, who, in all his crimes, still treasured up in that blue uniform, that faded flag? Who is this being of horrible remorse—this man, whose memories seem to link something with heaven, and more with hell?

9. Let us look at that parchment, and flag. The aged min-

ister unrolls that faded flag; it is a blue banner, gleaming with thirteen stars. He unrolls that parchment; it is a colonel's commission in the Continental army, addressed to BENEDICT ARNOLD! And there, in that rude hut, while the death-watch throbbed in the shattered wall—there, unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corse of the patriot and the traitor.

10. Oh, that our own true Washington had been there, to sever that good right arm from the corse; and, while the dishonored body rotted into dust, to bring home that noble arm, and embalm it among the holiest memories of the past. For that right arm struck many a gallant blow for freedom. Yonder, at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, and Saratoga, that arm yonder, beneath the snow-white mountains, in the deep silence of the river of the dead, first raised into light the banner of the stars!

Benedict Arnold, an American general, whose memory is stained with treason, on account of his attempt to betray his country into the hands of the English. He was born in Norwich, Conn., January 3, 1740. Soon after the battle of Lexington, he received a commission as Colonel in the Continental Army. He aided Ethan Allen in the capture of Ticonderoga, in May, 1775; also endured great hardships in his long march through pathless forests, as he led his twelve hundred brave followers against Quebec. At the battle of Lake Champlain, October 11, 1776, he fought with great courage, also at the battle of Stillwater, October 7. In 1777 he was raised to the rank of Major-General. He was appointed to the command of West Point, which important post he proposed to betray into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton. The latter employed Major Andre as his agent in the negotiation. The plot was detected, Major Andre captured and shot, and Arnold barely escaped (Sept. 25, 1780) in the British sloop *Vulture*, stationed below West Point. After receiving pay for his treason, he entered the British army, and fought against his native land, committing several acts of cruelty and outrage. He passed the last days of his life in England, where he was shunned and despised by everybody. He died in London, in June, 1801.

LESSON LXXI.

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT TYNDALL.

BY CLARENCE KING.

TO our surprise, upon sweeping the horizon with my level, there appeared two peaks equal in height with us, and two rising even higher. That which looked highest of all was

a cleanly cut helmet of granite, upon the same ridge with Mount Tyndall, lying about six miles south, and fronting the desert with a bold square bluff which rises to the crest of the peak, where a white fold of snow trims it gracefully.

Mount Whitney, as we afterward called it in honor of our chief, is probably the highest land within the United States. Its summit looks glorious, but inaccessible. The general topography overlooked by us may be thus simply outlined :

2. Two parallel chains, enclosing an intermediate trough, face each other. Across this deep enclosed gulf, from wall to wall, juts the thin, but lofty and craggy ridge, or "divide," before described, which forms an important water-shed, sending those streams which enter the chasm north of it into King's River, those south forming the most important sources of the Kern, whose straight, rapidly deepening valley stretches south, carved profoundly in granite, while the King's, after flowing longitudinally in the opposite course for eight or ten miles, turns abruptly west around the base of Mount Brewer, cuts across the western ridge, opening a gate of its own, and carves a rock channel transversely down the Sierra to the California plain.

3. Fronting us stood the west chain, a great mural ridge watched over by two dominant heights, Kaweah Peak and Mount Brewer, its wonderful profile defining against the western sky a multitude of peaks and spires. Bold buttresses jut out through fields of ice, and reach down stone arms among snow and débris. North and south of us the higher, or eastern summit stretched on in miles and miles of snow-peaks, the farthest horizon still crowded with their white points.

4. East the whole range fell in sharp, hurrying abruptness to the desert, where, ten thousand feet below, lay a vast expanse of arid plain, intersected by low parallel ranges, traced from north to south. Upon the one side a thousand sculptures of stone, hard, sharp, shattered by cold into infiniteness of fractures and rift, springing up, mutely severe, into the dark, austere blue of heaven; scarred and marked, except

where snow or ice, spiked down by ragged granite bolts, shields with its pale armor these rough mountain shoulders; storm-tinted at summit, and dark where, swooping down from ragged cliff, the rocks plunge over cañon-walls into blue, silent gulfs.

5. Upon the other hand, reaching out to horizons faint and remote, lay plains clouded with the ashen hues of death; stark, wind-swept floors of white, and hill-ranges, rigidly formal, monotonously low, all lying under an unfeeling brilliance of light, which, for all its strange, unclouded clearness, has yet a vague half-darkness, a suggestion of black and shade more truly pathetic than fading twilight. No greenness soothes, no shadow cools the glare. Owen's Lake, an oval of acrid water, lies dense blue upon the brown sage plain, looking like a plate of hot metal. Traced in ancient beach-lines, here and there upon hill and plain, relics of ancient lake-shore outline the memory of a cooler past—a period of life and verdure when the stony chains were green islands among basins of wide, watery expanse.

6. The two halves of this view, both in sight at once, express the highest, the most acute, aspects of desolation—inanimate forms out of which something living has gone forever. From the desert have been dried up and blown away its seas. Their shores and white, salt-strewn bottoms lie there in the eloquence of death. Sharp white light glances from all the mountain walls, where in marks and polishings has been written the epitaph of glaciers now melted and vanished into air.

7. Vacant cañons lie open to the sun, bare, treeless, half shrouded with snow, cumbered with loads of broken débris, still as graves, except when flights of rocks rush down some chasm's throat, startling the mountains with harsh, dry rattle, their fainter echoes from below followed too quickly by dense silence. The serene sky is grave with nocturnal darkness. The earth blinds you with its light. That fair contrast we love in lower lands between bright heavens and dark cool

earth here reverses itself with terrible energy. You look up into an infinite vault, unveiled by clouds, empty and dark, from which no brightness seems to ray; an expanse with no graded perspective, no tremble, no vapory mobility, only the vast yawning of hollow space.

8. With an aspect of endless remoteness burns the small white sun, yet its light seems to pass invisibly through the sky, blazing out with intensity upon mountain and plain, flooding rock details with painfully bright reflections, and lighting up the burnt sand and stone of the desert with a strange blinding glare. There is no sentiment of beauty in the whole scene; no suggestion, however far remote, of sheltered landscape; not even the air of virgin hospitality that greets us explorers in so many uninhabited spots which, by their fertility and loveliness of grove or meadow, seem to offer man a home, or us nomads a pleasant camp-ground.

9. Silence and desolation are the themes which nature has wrought out under this eternally serious sky. A faint suggestion of life clings about the middle altitudes of the eastern slope, where black companies of pine, stunted from breathing the hot desert air, group themselves just beneath the bottom of perpetual snow, or grow in patches of cloudy darkness over the moraines, those piles of wreck crowded from their pathway by glaciers long dead. Something there is pathetic in the very emptiness of these old glacier valleys, these imperishable tracks of unseen engines.

10. One's eye ranges up their broad, open channel to the shrunken white fields, surrounding hollow amphitheaters which were once crowded with deep burdens of snow,—the birth-place of rivers of ice now wholly melted; the dry, clear heavens overhead, blank of any promise of ever rebuilding them. I have never seen Nature when she seemed so little "Mother Nature" as in this place of rocks and snow, echoes or emptiness. It impresses me as the ruins of some bygone geological period, and no part of the present order, like a specimen of chaos which has defied the finishing hand of Time.

11. Of course I see its bearings upon climate, and could read a lesson quite glibly as to its usefulness as a condenser, and tell you gravely how much California has for which she may thank these heights, and how little Nevada ; but looking from this summit with all desire to see everything, the one overmastering feeling is desolation, desolation !

Next to this, and more pleasing to notice, is the interest and richness of the granite forms ; for the whole region, from plain to plain, is built of this dense solid rock, and is sculptured under chisel of cold in shapes of great variety, yet all having a common spirit, which is purely Gothic.

12. In the much discussed origin of this order of building, I never remember to have seen, though it can hardly have escaped mention, any suggestion of the possibility of the Gothic having been inspired by granite forms. Yet, as I sat on Mount Tyndall, the whole mountains shaped themselves like ruins of cathedrals—sharp roof-ridges, pinnaced and statued : buttresses more spired and ornamented than Milan's ; receding doorways, with pointed arches carved into blank façades of granite, doors never to be opened, innumerable jutting points with here and there a single cruciform peak, its frozen roof and granite spires so strikingly Gothic, that I cannot doubt that the Alps furnished the models for early cathedrals of that order.

13. I thoroughly enjoyed the silence, which, gratefully contrasting with the surrounding tumult of form, conveyed to me a new sentiment. I have lain and listened through the heavy calm of a tropical voyage, hour after hour, longing for a sound ; and in desert nights the dead stillness has many a time awakened me from sleep. For moments, too, in my forest life, the groves made absolutely no breath of movement ; but there is around these summits the soundlessness of a vacuum. The sea stillness is that of sleep. The desert of death—this silence is like the waveless calm of space.

LESSON LXXII.

MRS. GARTH TEACHING HER CHILDREN.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

Marian C. Evans (George Eliot), was born in Derbyshire, England, about the year 1820. She is now the wife of George H. Lewes, himself an author of decided talent. Among her best known works are *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Romola*, *Silas Marner*, *Felix Holt*, and *Middlemarch*. Her productions are scholarly, instructive, and powerful, and justly entitle her to the rank of leading novelist of the day. The following extract is from *Middlemarch*.

MR. GARTH was not at the office, and Fred rode on to his house, which was a little way outside the town—a homely place with an orchard in front of it, a rambling, old-fashioned, half-timbered building, which before the town had spread had been a farm-house, but was now surrounded with the private gardens of the townsmen. We get the fonder of our houses if they have a physiognomy of their own, as our friends have. The Garth family, which was rather a large one, for Mary had four brothers and one sister, were very fond of their old house, from which all the best furniture had long been sold. Fred liked it too, knowing it by heart even to the attic, which smelled deliciously of apples and quinces, and until to-day he had never come to it without pleasant expectations; but his heart beat uneasily now with the sense that he should probably have to make his confession before Mrs. Garth, of whom he was rather more in awe than of her husband.

2. Not that she was inclined to sarcasm and to impulsive sallies, as Mary was. In her present matronly age, at least, Mrs. Garth never committed herself by overhasty speech; having, as she said, borne the yoke in her youth, and learned self-control. She had that rare sense which discerns what is inalterable, and submits to it without murmuring. Adoring her husband's virtues, she had very early made up her mind to his incapacity of minding his own interests, and had met the consequences cheerfully. She had been magnanimous enough to renounce all pride in tea-pots or children's frilling,

and had never poured any pathetic confidences into the ears of her feminine neighbors concerning Mr. Garth's want of prudence and the sums he might have had if he had been like other men. Hence these fair neighbors thought her either proud or eccentric, and sometimes spoke of her to their husbands as "your fine Mrs. Garth."

3. She was not without her criticism of them in return, being more accurately instructed than most matrons in Middlemarch, and—where is the blameless woman?—apt to be a little severe toward her own sex, which in her opinion was framed to be entirely subordinate. On the other hand, she was disproportionately indulgent toward the failings of the men, and was often heard to say that these were natural. Also, it must be admitted that Mrs. Garth was a trifle too emphatic in her resistance to what she held to be follies: the passage from governess into housewife had wrought itself a little too strongly into her consciousness, and she rarely forgot that while her grammar and accent were above the town standard, she wore a plain cap, cooked the family dinner, and darned all the stockings.

4. She had sometimes taken pupils in a peripatetic fashion, making them follow her about in the kitchen with their book or slate. She thought it good for them to see that she could make an excellent lather while she corrected their blunders "without looking"—that a woman with her sleeves tucked up above her elbows might know all about the Subjunctive Mood or the Torrid Zone—that, in short, she might possess "education" and other good things ending in "tion," and worthy to be pronounced emphatically, without being a useless doll. When she made remarks to this edifying effect she had a firm little frown on her brow, which yet did not hinder her face from looking benevolent, and her words, which came forth like a procession, were uttered in a fervid, agreeable contralto. Certainly the exemplary Mrs. Garth had her droll aspects, but her character sustained her oddities, as very fine wine sustains a flavor of skin.

5. Mrs. Garth at certain hours was always in the kitchen, and this morning she was carrying on several occupations at once there—making her pies at the well-scoured deal table on one side of that airy room, observing Sally's movements at the oven and dough-tub through an open door, and giving lessons to her youngest boy and girl, who were standing opposite to her at the table with their books and slates before them. A tub and a clothes-horse at the other end of the kitchen indicated an intermittent wash of small things also going on.

6. Mrs. Garth, with her sleeves turned above her elbows, deftly handling her pastry—applying her rolling-pin and giving ornamental pinches, while she expounded with grammatical fervor what were the right views about the concord of verbs and pronouns with “nouns of multitude or signifying many”—was a sight agreeably amusing. She was of the same curly-haired, square-faced type as Mary, but handsomer, with more delicacy of feature, a pale skin, a solid matronly figure, and a remarkable firmness of glance. Looking at the mother, you might hope that the daughter would become like her, which is a prospective advantage equal to a dowry—the mother too often standing behind the daughter like a malignant prophecy—“Such as I am she will shortly be.”

7. “Now let us go through that once more,” said Mrs. Garth, pinching an apple-puff which seemed to distract Ben, an energetic young male with a heavy brow, from due attention to the lesson. “‘Not without regard to the import of the word as conveying unity or plurality of idea’—tell me again what that means, Ben.”

(Mrs. Garth, like more celebrated educators, had her favorite ancient paths, and in a general wreck of society would have tried to hold her Lindley Murray above the waves.)

“Oh—it means—you must think what you mean,” said Ben, rather peevishly. “I hate grammar. What's the use of it?”

“To teach you to speak and write correctly, so that you can

be understood," said Mrs. Garth, with severe precision. "Should you like to speak as old Job does?"

8. "Yes," said Ben, stoutly; "it's funnier. He says, 'Yo goo'—that's just as good as 'You go.'"

"But he says, 'A ship's in the garden,' instead of 'a sheep,'" said Letty, with an air of superiority. "You might think he meant a ship off the sea."

"No, you mightn't, if you weren't silly," said Ben. "How could a ship off the sea come there?"

9. "These things belong only to pronunciation, which is the least part of grammar," said Mrs. Garth. "That apple peel is to be eaten by the pigs, Ben; if you eat it, I must give them your piece of pastry. Job has only to speak about very plain things. How do you think you would write or speak about anything more difficult, if you knew no more of grammar than he does? You would use wrong words, and put words in the wrong places, and instead of making people understand you, they would turn away from you as a tiresome person. What would you do then?"

"I shouldn't care; I should leave off," said Ben, with a sense that this was an agreeable issue where grammar was concerned.

10. "I see you are getting tired and stupid, Ben," said Mrs. Garth, accustomed to these obstructive arguments from her male offspring. Having finished her pies, she moved toward the clothes-horse, and said, "Come here and tell me the story I told you on Wednesday about Cincinnatus."

"I know! he was a farmer," said Ben.

"Now, Ben, he was a Roman—let me tell," said Letty, using her elbow contentiously.

"You silly thing, he was a Roman farmer, and he was plowing."

"Yes, but before that—that didn't come first—people wanted him," said Letty.

"Well, but you must say what sort of a man he was first," insisted Ben. "He was a wise man, like my father, and that made the people want his advice. And he was a brave man,

and could fight. And so could my father—couldn't he, mother?"

11. "Now, Ben, let me tell the story straight on, as mother told it us," said Letty, frowning. "Please, mother, tell Ben not to speak."

"Letty, I am ashamed of you," said her mother, wringing out the caps from the tub. "When your brother began, you ought to have waited to see if he could not tell the story. How rude you look, pushing and frowning, as if you wanted to conquer with your elbows! Cincinnatus, I am sure, would have been sorry to see his daughter behave so." (Mrs. Garth delivered this awful sentence with much majesty of enunciation, and Letty felt that between repressed volubility and general disesteem, that of the Romans inclusive, life was already a painful affair.) "Now, Ben."

12. "Well—oh—well—why, there was a great deal of fighting, and they were all blockheads, and—I can't tell it just how you told it—but they wanted a man to be captain and king and everything—"

"Dictator, now," said Letty, with injured looks, and not without a wish to make her mother repent.

"Very well, dictator!" said Ben, contemptuously. "But that isn't a good word: he didn't tell them to write on slates."

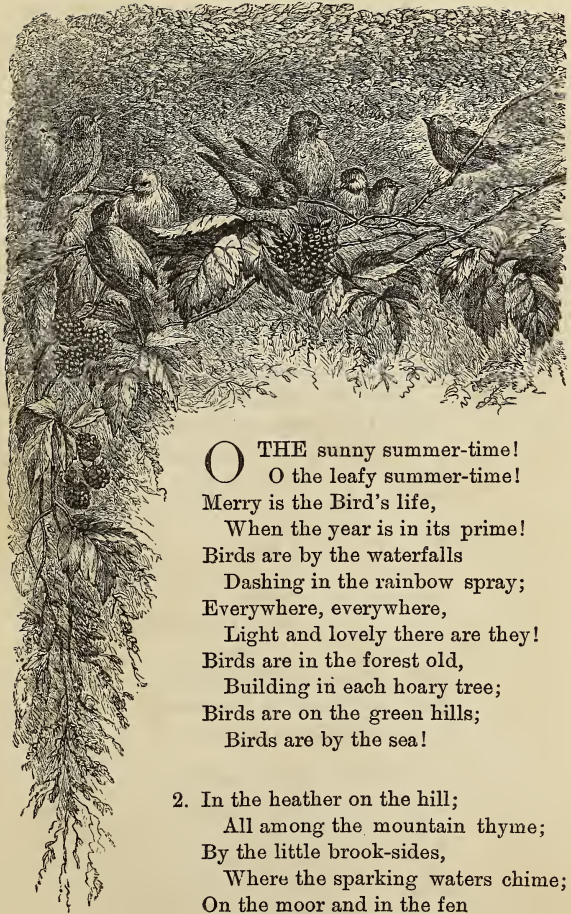
"Come, come, Ben, you are not so ignorant as that," said Mrs. Garth, carefully serious. "Hark, there is a knock at the door! Run, Letty, and open it."

LESSON LXXIII.

BIRDS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Mary Botham Howitt, wife of the eminent English author, William Howitt, was born in England in 1804. She commenced her literary career shortly after her marriage, by a volume of poems called the *Forest Minstrel*. Among her published works are translations from Miss Bremer and Hans C. Andersen, *Ballads and other Poems*, *Sketches of Natural History in Verse*, two novels, called *The Heir of West-Wayland*, and *Wood Leighton*; and in conjunction with her husband, *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*.



O THE sunny summer-time!
 O the leafy summer-time!
 Merry is the Bird's life,
 When the year is in its prime!
 Birds are by the waterfalls
 Dashing in the rainbow spray;
 Everywhere, everywhere,
 Light and lovely there are they!
 Birds are in the forest old,
 Building in each hoary tree;
 Birds are on the green hills;
 Birds are by the sea!

2. In the heather on the hill;
 All among the mountain thyme;
 By the little brook-sides,
 Where the sparking waters chime;
 On the moor and in the fen

'Mong the wortle-berries green;
In the yellow furze-bush,
There the joyous Bird is seen.
O'er the crag, and o'er the peak
Splintered, savage, wild, and bare,
On wild wing the Bird-flocks
Wheel amid the air.

3. Wheel amid the breezy air,
Singing, screaming in their flight,
Calling to their Bird-mates,
In a troubleless delight!
In the green and leafy wood,
Where the branching ferns up-curl,
Soon as is the dawning,
Wakes the mavis, and the merle;
Wakes the cuckoo on the bough;
Wakes the jay with ruddy breast;
Wakes the mother ring-dove
Brooding on her nest!
4. Some are strong and some are weak;
Some love day and some love night;--
But whate'er a Bird is,
Whate'er loves—it has delight,
In the joyous song it sings;
In the liquid air it cleaves;
In the sunshine; in the shower;
In the nest it weaves!
5. Do we wake; or do we sleep;
Go our fancies in a crowd
After many a dull care—
Birds are singing loud!
Sing then, linnet; sing then, wren;
Merle and mavis, sing your fill;
And thou, rapturous skylark,

Sing and soar up from the hill!
Sing, O nightingale, and pour
Out for us sweet fancies new!—
Singing thus for us, Birds,
We will sing of you!

LESSON LXXIV.

VERRES DENOUNCED.

CICERO.

Marcus Tullius Cicero was an illustrious Roman orator, philosopher, and statesman. He was born at Arpinum, about seventy miles southeast of Rome, on the 3d of January, 106 B. C. He was educated at Rome, and was profoundly versed in Greek literature and philosophy. He held several important and honorable offices, among which was that of Consul. The most memorable act of his administration appears in the ability and courage with which he overthrew the designs of Catiline, who had formed a conspiracy to burn the city, massacre the Senators, and seize the chief power himself. The following extract is from one of his orations against the infamous Caius Verres, who was impeached by the Sicilians for cruelty. He was killed by the soldiers of Antony on the 7th of December, 43 B. C.

THE opinion has long prevailed, Fathers, that in public prosecutions, men of wealth, however clearly convicted, are always safe. This opinion, so injurious to your order, so detrimental to the state, it is now in your power to refute. A man is on trial before you who is rich, and who hopes his riches will compass his acquittal: but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemnation in the eyes of all candid men.

2. I speak of Caius Verres, who, if he now receive not the sentence his crimes deserve, it shall not be through the lack of a criminal, or a prosecutor, but through the failure of the ministers of justice to do their duty. Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the prætorship of Verres exhibit but one continued scene of villainies?

3. The public treasure squandered, a Consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people trampled on! But his prætorship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness, and completed the lasting monument of his infamy.

4. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. His extortions from the industrious poor have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. Men the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing, while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt.

5. I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against these charges? Art thou not the tyrant prætor, who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous death on the cross that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Coranus? And what was his offense? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal persecutions!

6. For this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged and tortured. In vain did he exclaim, "I am a Roman citizen! I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence!"

7. Deaf to all remonstrance, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be inflicted. While the sacred words, "I am a Roman citizen!" were on his lips—words which, in the remotest regions, are a passport to protection—you ordered him to death upon the cross!

8. O Liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, now trampled on! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture, and put to an infamous death a Roman citizen?

9. Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the merciless monster, who, in the confidence of his

riches, strikes at the very root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be! It must not be, unless you would undermine the very foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre and ruin on the commonwealth!

LESSON LXXV.

MT. TAMALPAIS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

HOW glorious thy dwelling place !
How manifold thy beauties are !

I do not reckon time or space—

I worship thy exceeding grace,

And hasten, as a flying star,

To reach thy splendor from afar.

2. The first flush of thy morning face
Is dear to me ; thy shadowless,
Broad noon that doth all sweets confess ;
But fairer is thy even fall,
Which seem to cry with airy call
Thy roses in the wilderness.
Thy deserts blithely blossoming,
Decoy me for the love of Spring.
With all thy glare and glitter spent,
Thy quiet dusk so eloquent ;
Thy veil of vapors—the caress
Of Zephyrus, right cool and sweet—
I cannot wait to love thee less—
I cling to thee with full content,
And fall a dreaming at thy feet.
3. Anon the sudden evening gun,
Awakes me to the sinking sun
And golden glories at the gate.

The full, strong tides, that slowly run,
 Their sliding waters modulate
 To indolent soft winds that wait
 And lift a long web newly spun.
 I see the groves of scented bay,
 And night is in their fragrant mass ;
 But tassel-shadows swing and sway,
 And spangles flash and fade away
 Upon their glimmering leaves of glass—
 And there a fence of rail, quite gray,
 With ribs of sunlight in the grass—
 And here a branch full well arrayed
 With struggling beams a moment stay'd—
 Like panting butterflies afraid.

4. Lo ! shadows slipping down the slope
 And filling every narrow vale,
 The shining waters growing pale—
 The mellow-burning star of Hope
 And in the wave its silver trope.
 A slender shallop, feather-frail,
 A pencil mast and rocking sail.
 The glooms that gather at the Gate ;
 The somber lines against the sky,
 While dizzy gnats about me fly,
 And overhead the birds go by,
 Dropping a note so crystal clear,
 The spirit cannot choose but hear.

5. The hollow moon, and up between
 An oak with yard-long mosses, green
 In sunlight, now as dull as crape ;
 The mountain soften'd in its shape,
 Its perfect symmetry attained—
 And swathed in velvet folds, and stained
 With dusty purple of the grape.

LESSON LXXVI.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Marie Hugo, a celebrated French lyric poet and novelist, was born at Besançon in 1802. His first poem, on *The Advantages of Study* (1817), obtained an honorable mention from the French Academy. In 1822 he published his first volume of *Odes and Ballads*, which quickly raised him to the first rank among the French poets of his time. The literary world of France having ranged themselves in two hostile schools, styled the Classic and the Romantic, Victor Hugo became the recognized chief of the latter. Of his dramas, *Hernani* and *Marion Delorme* (1831) proved brilliant successes. Among his most successful and popular works are *Les Misérables*, a novel (1862), *The Toilers of the Sea* (1865), and poems entitled *Leaves of Autumn*. He was raised to the rank of Peer in 1845. He was banished from France for his opposition to the public measures of December 2, 1852. He retired to the Isle of Guernsey, where he still resides.

ON the morning of Waterloo, Napoleon was satisfied. The plan of battle which he had conceived was admirable. At the moment when Wellington drew back, Napoleon started up. He saw the plateau of Mont Saint Jean suddenly laid bare, and the front of the English army disappear. It rallied, but kept concealed. The Emperor half rose in his stirrups. The flash of victory passed into his eyes.

2. Along the crest of the plateau of Mont. St. Jean ran a deep ditch, which could not be seen from a distance. And on the day of the battle this sunken road was invisible, not to say terrible. The Emperor swept his glass over every point of the battle-field. He was reflecting; he seemed to count every bush. Suddenly he bent over and spoke in an undertone to the guide Lacoste. The guide made a negative sign, probably treacherous.

3. The Emperor rose up and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge. Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won. Napoleon was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder. He had found his thunderbolt. He ordered Milledu's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont. St. Jean.

4. They were three thousand five hundred. They formed a line of half a mile. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. There were twenty-six squadrons, and they had behind them a strong support.

5. Aide-de-camp Bernard brought them the Emperor's order. Ney drew his sword and placed himself at their head. The enormous squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. All this cavalry, with sabers drawn, banners waving, and trumpets sounding, formed in column by division, descended with an even movement and as one man—with the precision of a bronze battering-ram opening a breach.

6. On they rode, serious, menacing, imperturbable ; in the intervals of the musketry and artillery could be heard the sound of this colossal tramp. Being in two divisions, they formed two columns. From a distance they would be taken for two immense serpents of steel stretching themselves toward the crest of the plateau. That ran through the battle like a prodigy.

7. It seemed as if this mass had become a monster, and had but a single mind. Each squadron undulated and swelled like the ring of a polyp. They could be seen through the thick smoke, as it was broken here and there. It was one pell-mell of casques, cries, sabers ; a furious bounding of horses among the cannon, and the flourish of trumpets, a terrible and disciplined tumult ; over all, the cuirasses, like the scales of a hydra.

8. An odd numerical coincidence, twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry, formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and upon two lines—seven on the first, and six on the second—with musket to the shoulder, and eye upon their sights, waiting calm, silent, and immovable.

9. They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand

horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clicking of the sabers, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence, then, suddenly a long line of raised arms brandishing sabers appeared above the crest, with casques, trumpets, and standards, and three thousand faces, with gray moustaches, crying *Vive l'Empereur!* All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake.

10. All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannons, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Chain.

11. It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders; no power to retreat; the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French.

12. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf, and when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on. Almost a third of Dubois' brigade sank into this abyss. Here the loss of the battle began. A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates, says that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred men were buried in the sunken road of Ohain. This undoubtedly comprises all the other bodies thrown into this ravine on the morrow after the battle.

13. Napoleon, before ordering this charge of Milhaud's cui-

rassiers, had examined the ground, but could not see this hollow road, which did not make even a wrinkle on the surface of the plateau. Warned, however, and put on his guard by the little white chapel which marks its junction with the Nivelles road, he had, probably on the contingency of an obstacle, put a question to the guide Lacoste. The guide had answered no. It may almost be said that from this shake of a peasant's head came the catastrophe of Napoleon.

14. At the same time with the ravine, the artillery was unmasked. Sixty cannon and the thirteen squares thundered and flashed into the cuirassiers. The brave General Delord gave the military salute to the English battery. All the English flying artillery took position in the squares at a gallop. The cuirassiers had not even time to breathe. The disaster of the sunken road had decimated, but not discouraged them. They were men who, diminished in numbers, grew greater in heart.

15. Wathier's column alone had suffered from the disaster. Delord's, which Ney had sent obliquely to the left, as if he had a presentiment of the snare, arrived entire. The cuirassiers hurled themselves upon the English squares. At full gallop, with free rein, their sabers in their teeth, and their pistols in their hands, the attack began. There are moments in battle when the soul hardens a man, even to changing the soldier into a statue, and all this flesh becomes granite. The English battalions, desperately assailed, did not yield an inch. Then it was frightful.

16. All sides of the English squares were attacked at once. A whirlwind of frenzy enveloped them. This frigid infantry remained impassible. The first rank, with knee on the ground, received the cuirassiers on their bayonets, the second shot them down; behind the second rank, the cannoneers loaded their guns, the front of the square opened, made way for an eruption of grape, and closed again.

17. The cuirassiers answered by rushing upon them with crushing force. Their great horses reared, trampled upon

the ranks, leaped over the bayonets, and fell, gigantic, in the midst of these four living walls. The balls made gaps in the ranks of the cuirassiers, the cuirassiers made breaches in the squares. Files of men disappeared, ground down beneath the horses' feet.

18. The squares, consumed by this furious cavalry, closed up without wavering. Inexhaustible in grape, they kept up an explosion in the midst of their assailants. It was a monstrous sight. These squares were battalions no longer—they were craters; these cuirassiers were cavalry no longer—they were a tempest. Each square was a volcano attacked by a thunder-cloud; the lava fought with the lightning.

19. The square on the extreme right, the most exposed of all, being in the open field, was almost annihilated at the first shock. It was formed of the 75th regiment of Highlanders. The cuirassiers, relatively few in number, lessened by the catastrophe of the ravine, had to contend with almost the whole of the English army; but they multiplied themselves—each man became equal to ten. Nevertheless, some Hanoverian battalions fell back. Wellington saw it, and remembered his cavalry. Had Napoleon, at that very moment, remembered his infantry, he would have won the battle. This forgetfulness was his great fatal blunder.

Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, and the greatest general of modern times, was born on the island of Corsica, August 15, 1769. He was chosen Emperor of the French, May, 1804. The Battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th of June, 1815. The allied forces of Prussia and England were commanded by the Duke of Wellington, while those of France were under Napoleon. It ended in a total rout of the French army. Napoleon was banished to the island of St. Helena, where he died, after an imprisonment of nearly six years, May 5th, 1821.

LESSON LXVII.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

PART SECOND.

SUDDENLY the assailing cuirassiers perceived that they were assailed. The English cavalry was upon their back. Before them the squares, behind them Somerset; Som-

erset, with the fourteen hundred dragoon guards. Somerset had on his right Dornberg with his German light-horse, and on his left, Trip with the Belgian carbineers. The cuirassiers, attacked front, flank, and rear, by infantry and cavalry, were compelled to face in all directions. What was that to them? They were a whirlwind. Their valor became unspeakable.

2. Besides, they had behind them the ever thundering artillery. All that was necessary in order to wound such men in the back. It was no longer a conflict, it was a darkness, a fury, a giddy vortex of souls and courage, a hurricane of sword-flashes. In an instant the fourteen hundred horse-guards were but eight hundred; Fuller, their lieutenant-colonel, fell dead.

3. Ney rushed up with the lancers and chasseurs. The plateau of Mont St. Jean was taken, retaken, taken again. The cuirassiers left the cavalry to return to the infantry, or more correctly, all this terrible multitude wrestled with each other without letting go their hold. The squares still held. There were twelve assaults. Ney had four horses killed under him. Half of the cuirassiers lay on the plateau. This struggle lasted two hours. The English army was terribly shaken. There is no doubt, if they had not been crippled in their first shock by the disaster of the sunken road, the cuirassiers would have overwhelmed the center, and decided the victory.

4. Wellington, though three fourths conquered, was struck with heroic admiration. He said in a low voice: "Splendid!" The cuirassiers annihilated seven squares out of thirteen, took or spiked sixty pieces of cannon, and took from the English regiments six colors, which three cuirassiers and three chasseurs of the guard carried to the Emperor before the farm of La Belle-Alliance. The situation of Wellington was growing worse. This strange battle was like a duel between two wounded infuriates, who, while yet fighting and resisting, lose all their blood. Which of the two shall fall first?

5. The victory was still undecided. Both armies were in

need of reinforcements, which were not at hand. At five o'clock Wellington drew out his watch, and was heard to murmur these somber words, "Blucher, or night!" It was about that time that a distant line of bayonets glistened on the heights beyond Frischemont. Here is the turning point in this colossal drama. Blucher was in sight.

6. The rest is known ; the interruption of a third army, the battle thrown out of joint ; a new battle falling at nightfall upon our dismantled regiments, the whole English line assuming the offensive and pushing forward, the gigantic gap made in the French army, the English grape and the Prussian grape lending mutual aid, extermination, disaster in front, disaster in flank, the Guard entering into line amid this terrible crumbling.

7. Feeling that they were going to their death, they cried out : *Vive l'Empereur!* There is nothing more touching in history than this death-agony bursting forth in acclamations. The sky had been overcast all day. All at once, at this very moment—it was eight o'clock at night—the clouds in the horizon broke, and through the elms on the Nivelles road, streamed the sinister red light of the setting sun. The rising sun shone upon Austerlitz.

8. Each battalion of the Guard, for this final effort, was commanded by a general. When the tall caps of the Grenadiers of the Guard with their large eagle plates appeared, symmetrical, drawn up in line, calm, in the smoke of that conflict, the enemy felt respect for France ; they thought they saw twenty victories entering upon the field of battle, with wings extended, and those who were conquerors, thinking themselves conquered, recoiled ; but Wellington cried : "Up Guards, and at them!"

9. The red regiment of English Guards, lying behind the hedges, rose up, a shower of grape riddled the tricolored flag fluttering about our eagles, all hurled themselves forward, and the final carnage began. The Imperial Guard felt the army slipping away around them in the gloom, and the vast over-

throw of the rout ; they heard the *sauve qui peut!* which had replaced the *vive l'Empereur!* and with flight behind them, they held on their course, battered more and more and dying faster and faster at every step. There were no weak souls or cowards there. The privates of that band were as heroic as their general. Not a man flinched from the suicide.

10. Ney, desperate, great in all the grandeur of accepted death, bared himself to every blow in this tempest. He had his horse killed under him. Reeking with sweat, fire in his eyes, froth upon his lips, his uniform unbuttoned, one of his epaulets half cut away by the saber stroke of a horse-guard, his badge of the grand eagle pierced by a ball, bloody, covered with mud, magnificent, a broken sword in his hand, he said : “ Come and see how a Marshal of France dies upon the field of battle ! ” But in vain ; he did not die. He was haggard and exasperated. He flung this question at Drouet D'Erlon. “ What! are you not going to die ? ” He cried out in the midst of all this artillery which was mowing down a handful of men : “ Is there nothing then, for me ? Oh ! I would that all these English balls were buried in my body ! ” Unhappy man ! thou wast reserved for French bullets !

11. The rout behind the Guard was dismal. The army fell back rapidly from all sides at once. The cry : Treachery ! was followed by the cry : *Sauve qui peut!* A disbanding army is a thaw. The whole bends, cracks, snaps, floats, rolls, falls, crashes, hurries, plunges. Mysterious disintegration. Ney borrows a horse, leaps upon him, and without hat, cravat, or sword, plants himself in the Brussels road, arresting at once the English and the French. He endeavors to hold the army, he calls them back, he reproaches them, he grapples with the rout. He is swept away. The soldiers flee from him, crying : *vive Marshal Ney!*

12. Durutte's two regiments come and go, frightened, and tossed between the sabers of the Uhlans and the fire of the brigades of Kempt, Best, Pack, and Rylandt ; rout is the worst of all conflicts ; friends slay each other in their flight ;

squadrons and battalions are crushed and dispersed against each other. In vain does Napoleon make walls with the remains of the Guard; in vain does he expend his reserve squadrons in a last effort. Napoleon gallops along the fugitives, harangues them, urges, threatens, entreats. The mouths, which in the morning were crying *vive l'Empereur*, are now agape; he is hardly recognized.

13. The Prussian cavalry, just come up, spring forward, fling themselves upon the enemy, saber, cut, hack, kill, exterminate. Teams rush off, the guns are left to the care of themselves; the soldiers of the train unhitch the caissons and take the horses to escape; wagons upset, with their four wheels in the air, block up the road, and are accessories of massacre. They crush and they crowd; they trample upon the living and the dead. Arms are broken. A multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys, woods, choked up by this flight of forty thousand men. Cries, despair, knapsacks and muskets cast into the rye, passages forced at the point of the sword; no more comrades, no more officers, no more generals; inexpressible dismay.

14. In the gathering night, on a field near Genappe, Bernard and Bertrand seized by a flap of his coat and stopped a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, dragged thus far by the current of the rout, had dismounted, passed the bridle of his horse under his arm, and, with bewildered eye, was returning alone toward Waterloo. It was Napoleon endeavoring to advance again, mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream.

Sauve qui peut! (Fr.) Save himself who
can.

Bat-tāl'ion, a body of troops consisting,
in the British army, of about eight
hundred men.

LESSON LXXVIII.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

George D. Prentice, an American poet and journalist, was born at Preston, Connecticut, in 1802, and graduated at Brown University at the age of twenty-one. He founded, in 1828, *The New England Review*, and having removed to Kentucky,

became editor of the *Louisville Journal*, which soon acquired the reputation of one of the ablest and most brilliant journals in the country. He has published a small volume of beautiful poems. A book called *Prenticiana*, which contains a collection of his witticisms, appeared in 1860. He died in 1870.

'TIS midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
Of the departing year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through the heavens,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks,—and breathe
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

2.

'Tis a time

For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

3.

The year

Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man—and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous—and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones, is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

4.

It passed o'er

The battle plain, where the sword, and spear, and shield,
Flashed in the light of mid-day, and the strength
Of hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

5.

Remorseless Time!

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! What power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His own heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at night-fall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time

11

Have you ever taken of L.
O. what I have I have done

Walter

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
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